

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1918

PETER SAT BY THE FIRE WARMING HIMSELF

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

NEAR the middle of the third century, A.D., Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, wrote to his friend, Donatus, —

This is a cheerful world as I see it from my fair garden, under the shadow of my vines. But if I could ascend some high mountain, and look out over the wide lands, you know very well what I should see: brigands on the highways, pirates on the seas, armies fighting, cities burning, in the amphitheatres men murdered to please applauding crowds, selfishness and cruelty and misery and despair under all roofs. It is a bad world, Donatus, an incredibly bad world. But I have discovered in the midst of it a quiet and holy people who have learned a great secret. They have found a joy which is a thousand times better than any of the pleasures of our sinful life. They are despised and persecuted, but they care not. They are masters of their souls. They have overcome the world. These people, Donatus, are the Christians — and I am one of them.

Perhaps it is not just to accept this charming letter as a full-length portrait of the famous North African bishop, for he met a martyr's death in the end, with the fortitude we like all true bishops to display. Yet, as a passing picture, we certainly have a glimpse of how a Christian may regard this gruesome world and come to accept the cloistered and sequestered calmness of other-worldliness as the most convinc-

ing of apologetics. Cyprian's letter might have been written by any one of thousands of American prelates, bishops, dignitaries, and eminent clergymen between August, 1914, and April, 1917, and its reproduction in any one of a hundred ecclesiastical periodicals would have called forth no comment. When it is remembered that even the senior Apostle, surnamed a 'Rock,' hugged the comfortable brazier while the world's greatest tragedy was climbing swiftly to its climax, those who are in the sacred 'succession' may claim a little leniency. But not too much; nineteen centuries of penitent meditation should surely have borne some fruit.

Thoughtful men and women are asking what became of the spiritual leaders of America during those thirty-two months when Europe and parts of Asia were passing through Gehenna. What prelate or bishop or ecclesiastical dignitary essayed the work of spiritual interpretation? What convocation or conference or assembly spoke so convincingly that the national conscience must perforce listen? What book from a clerical study gave the sanctities of humanity and the sanctions of law the foremost place in current thought? What voice from altar or pulpit liberated a passion of righteous indignation and set this continent aflame with holy

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wrath? Not all the clergy of the world can be covered by Cardinal Mercier's magnificent heroism. None is absolved by the fact that the see of Canterbury failed as a spiritual primacy. The rank and file of American laymen have not formed the habit of depending upon their ecclesiastical grandparents and second cousins in Europe for spiritual or ethical guidance.

Doubtless it will be urged that the President of these United States had counseled strict neutrality in speech and thought. Even so, the very first question a vigilant spiritual leadership should have asked would concern the right to issue such a command. *There may have been an international sense in which the Administration itself was bound to be scrupulously circumspect, but since when has diplomatic usage become binding upon the souls of the successors of Moses, Elijah, Isaiah, Micah, John the Baptist, and Paul?* Since when, and by whose authority, have prophets and apostles surrendered their spiritual function of interpretation into the keeping of rulers and cabinets? Has it not been ever the chief glory of the Christian ministry that its heights of grandeur and service were found in such independent souls as Thomas à Becket, Savonarola, Huss, Wycliffe, Knox, and John Robinson? The authority of the prophet is withdrawn when he sits on the steps of a throne or the porch of a White House, and becomes the echo of the civil power; or, at least, so history seems to teach.

The situation is not at all improved when the commonalty muses upon the fact that there has been a lofty and soul-moving exposition of the terrible drama which mankind is playing out, and that the spiritual teachers have been laymen. The history, philosophy, poetry, the parables in art, the personal narrative of physical and psychical

adventure, the dispassionate gathering and sifting of evidence, the bitter cry of pain over outraged sanctities, which have built up the present ethical and spiritual consciousness of America, came chiefly from men who never claimed to possess official supernatural discernment. The priesthood which has led us through darkness and doubt, confusion and amazement, has not been of the house of Aaron; that we have reached the place of righteousness, where our spirits may face a Holy God and live, has been an uncovenanted mercy. Into what deep morass or sterile wilderness or Arctic zone we might have wandered with no guidance at all cannot even be imagined; but we surrendered ourselves to Maeterlinck, Arnold Toynbee, Lord Bryce, Raemakers, Maurice Barrès, Alfred Noyes, Owen Wister, Donald Hankey, Masfield, H. G. Wells, J. M. Beck, Frank H. Simonds, Ian Hay Beith; and these, unmitred and unordained, in varying degree and by variant methods brought us to the truth.

In the meantime, while millions of individual Gethsemanes and Calvarys were merging into a real Armageddon, many, many comforting sermons were preached from American pulpits upon Isaiah xxx, 15. 'In returning and in rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength,' until George Adam Smith's exegesis of the passage broke down from old age and malnutrition and overwork.

Ordinary laymen, who have not been accustomed to the limpid simplicity of German Biblical criticism, theology, and philosophy, may be pardoned for failing to divine the temper and trend of Teutonic thought. But every minister knows that from the days of Ferdinand Christian Baur, founder of the Tübingen School, down to the latest word from P. W. Schmiedel, there has been a patient, indefatigable, and re-

lentless effort to squeeze every possible trace of the supernatural from the Old and New Testaments. If the task had been undertaken by minions under an imperial fiat it could not have been performed more faithfully. By the time an American scholar has followed his course of training through Wellhausen, Harnack, Wendt, Pfeiderer, Ritschl, and a score of other German authorities, and has made his researches culminate in Von Hartmann and Ernst Haeckel, he has not enough of the supernatural left to run a tin toy, let alone a universe. And no one had any excuse for ignorance concerning the gigantic superman superstition of Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardt; it was described, discussed, dissected, and damned in all kinds of periodicals within six months of the breaking of the Belgian border. The inference is inevitable, that, when the leaders of a nation's life in theology and philosophy play skittles with every claim to Divine interest in the affairs of mankind, and reduce anything which goes beyond the precincts of the material to a subjective and subconscious phenomenon, they are not likely to base national conduct upon the immutable and eternal foundations of righteousness.

And we have the evidence that such has been the effect. During those awful thirty-two months of Belgium's *Via Dolorosa*, while our preachers were expounding the gospel of the lotus leaves, — 'In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength,' — the German pastors were justifying a debauchery and barbarity which would have been considered immoral even in the days before a word of our Bible was scratched on papyrus. Here are a few of their unctuously impious messages delivered after some of the worst outrages of the war had been committed: —

Pastor G. Graub: 'Our troops are assured of their mission; and they recognize

clearly, too, that the truest compassion lies in taking the sternest measures, in order to bring the war itself to an early close.'

Pastor W. Lehmann: 'We are beginning slowly, humbly, and yet with a deep gladness, to divine God's intentions. It may sound proud, my friends, but we are conscious that it is also in all humbleness that we say it: the German soul is God's; it shall and will rule over mankind.'

Pastor J. Rump: 'From all sides testimonies are flowing in as to the noble manner in which our troops conduct the war.'

Pastor H. Francke: 'Germany is precisely — who would venture to deny it? — the representative of the highest morality, of the purest humanity, of the most chastened Christianity. He, therefore, who fights for its maintenance, its victory, fights for the highest blessings of humanity itself, and for human progress. Its defeat, its decline, would mean a falling back to the worst barbarism.'

Pastor D. Baumgarten: 'We are not only compelled to accept the war that is forced upon us . . . but are even compelled to carry on this war with a cruelty, a ruthlessness, an employment of every imaginable device, unknown in any previous war. 'Whoever cannot prevail upon himself to approve from the bottom of his heart the sinking of the Lusitania — whoever cannot conquer his sense of the gigantic cruelty [*ungeheure Grausamkeit*] to unnumbered innocent victims — and give himself up to honest delight at this victorious exploit of German defensive power — him we judge to be no true German.'

This pronouncement of the Christian Pastor Baumgarten was deemed worthy of re-publication in a series of pamphlets by notable professors of Berlin University.

'Stale and marked by scissors and paste!' Yes, that is why they are quoted here; they have been the round of the monthlies, weeklies, and dailies; they were sent to America by British scholars to offset the rampant German propaganda. Every clergyman who is not an intellectual mollusk has had a bowing acquaintance with them for a

long while. They are simply the completed syllogism from premises laboriously laid in German theology and philosophy. Or, in another form, they are the ruined ethic of their wrecked dynamic.

The practical outcome of this spiritual vandalism is startling. His Imperial Majesty, the Kaiser, stands guilty of the most hideous crimes ever perpetrated by a ruler. Under the divine right of kings the doings of the Army, the Navy, the Chancellery, the Foreign Office, or the diplomatic service are the volitions of the one who wears the crown. Yet with a trail littered with the débris of wanton death and cruelty; with outraged women on every roadside whither German troops passed; with starved children dying like flies over half of Europe and Asia; with the seas dotted from horizon to horizon with human flotsam and jetsam; with helpless infancy and decrepit age alike blown to bits in quiet Kentish towns and Yorkshire summer resorts; with the lecherous Turks let loose to wallow in lust and blood among the Armenians; with captured British officers buried alive in Mesopotamia; with the entire diplomatic corps of the Empire prostituted into bacteria-distributors; with civilian captives reduced to degraded slavery; with every outrage that science could invent consecrated by sanctimonious phraseology — well, with a roster of ghastly and cowardly crimes probably more in number and blacker in hue than those of all the Roman Cæsars combined, there has not been found one single preacher or prelate in the whole of the German Empire to stand up and rebuke this blood-sodden Kaiser in the name of the God of Righteousness.

There was a time when preachers were of a different breed. In the middle of the fourth century the Roman Emperor, in a fit of anger, locked the

doors of an amphitheatre and sent his soldiers in to slay the people. For three hours the slaughter went on, and seven thousand defenseless men, women, and children were butchered. Then Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, wrote a stinging letter to Theodosius. Later, the Emperor determined to go to Church in royal state. Ambrose met him at the outer porch and raised his hand in denial. 'You may not enter,' he said, in tones of thunder. 'This is no place for such as you, unless you come in deepest shame and sorrow. Go back to your palace! Your hands drip with blood! Repent! Repent! and then come; but not now.'

Surely the sequence is as inevitable as the law of cause and effect could make it: the Kaiser is what he is because the preachers are what they are; and the preachers are what they are because the professors of theology and philosophy and biblical exegesis sold themselves to the Kaiser to tear the truth and righteousness of God out of their system of thought and leave nothing but a vacant throne in heaven and earth subject to the claim of His Imperial Majesty. It is the most damnable circle of atheistic conspiracy that the ages have known. Nevertheless, the preachers of America, who had all the facts on their library shelves and in current periodic literature, never uttered an indictment loud enough to cause the male members of their churches to fizzle a drive in their Sunday morning foursome at the Country Club.

Sometimes one is forced to question whether the ministry has ever really studied the life of Jesus of Nazareth. So much preaching reminds one of Chantry's criticism of a certain portrait painter who 'painted a head and left out all the brains and all the bones.' Sermons, far too often, recall to their hearers the pictures of Christ in the European galleries rather than the de-

lineation in the four Gospels; there are pathos and patience, resignation and refinement, meekness and mildness, an inexpressibly sad gentleness and a wistful, passionless yearning for affection; but the bolder features of the conqueror are washed out. No one would ever think of using the caption, 'Ye call me Master and Lord,' either above the homily or below the picture. Put any well-known portrait of Christ beside one of Cromwell, and Christ looks too much like a petted plaything ever to be the conqueror of the world; and yet, in the elements which make up courageous manhood Cromwell is a shadow compared with Christ.

Jesus was born in an age when reformers were obnoxious and in a land where prophets were unwelcome. In the matter of encrusted stolidity and conservatism other races are mercurial beside the Jews of the first century. The sacred books were closed; revelation was all reminiscence; 'the prophets are dead' — the people themselves passed the judgment. Jesus arose, saying, 'Moses said . . . but I say unto you.' It was as if some untrained laborer from Tompkins Corners were to proclaim, 'Yes, the Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the Supreme Court, and Congress may all agree upon that point, but I tell you they are wrong and I am right.' Probably not even a Hearst paper would give space to his words. It was a daring thing when George Fox and William Penn refused to doff their hats in church; but that was baby play by the side of Christ's insurgency when he called the Pharisees whited sepulchres and whipped the money-changers out of the sacrosanct temple. To tell the venerated leaders of his nation that they were 'vipers,' and 'tenfold the children of hell,' and that it would be 'well if a millstone were hanged about

their neck and they were cast into the midst of the sea,' was not a diplomatic approach to approved thought, and likely to make the speaker's life easy and safe. Then to tell a Samaritan woman that Jerusalem, with its temple-crowned crest, was no more to God than any common swamp, and that the Father found the real worshiper wherever the soul was sincere and the heart simple, was a statement that seemed to cut all the sacred privilege right out of the ancient Hebrew religion and throw it to the dogs in the gutter.

This man, the founder of our Christian religion, with hands calloused from the use of tools, stood up before the sternest and most exclusive of religions, bedded into the proudest and stiffest of social organisms, and said, 'I will sweep it all away and give in its place a universal faith, without temple or objective sacrifice, the binding force in a republic of souls, in which any penitent may be holier than a mitred priest and the poorest waif mightier than a sceptred king.'

Did this prophet know what he was doing? No one better! From the beginning he saw the end — shame and pain and death — yet he never shortened his lash or softened the sting of his tongue. He set his face steadfastly, marched forward with eyes unafraid, and finally flung himself upon the munitions of his enemies in a great *abandon* of passion. Members of the Sanhedrim rage and strike him; he treats Herod with incommunicable contempt; he tells Pilate that all of his fancied prefectorial power is only a myth, a name; then — on to the ghastliest death that man could suffer, an end which a trifling compromise might easily have avoided. All alone he struck the pride of his people roughly in the face, cut the underpinning from beneath the popular philosophy, grappled with the superstitions which were choking the life

out of humanity, fought relentlessly the smug complacencies and the organized hypocrisies of his race, championed the poor and outcast, interpreted the misunderstood, healed the crippled and broken, protected the weak and set a check upon the cynical power of the strong, flouted the law of the Jews and the wisdom of the Greeks and the junkerism of the Romans. Calumny and hatred could not make him pause, cajolery and flattery could not make him swerve; with never a thought of himself, never a care for consequences, never a momentary eclipse of self-confidence, he went grimly forward with his work. No one has ever outranked him in manhood, heroism, fortitude.

Of course, it may be said that this is only one aspect of Jesus. Let that be granted. Jesus had a habit of occasionally appearing 'in another form.' The only point to be settled is this: that when he was in the presence of hypocrisy or cruelty or injustice or power set to an evil purpose, he was terrible in his sternness; confronted with anything which destroyed human rights, the benignant smile died from his face and the cloud of an awful anger gathered on his brow and the lightnings of holy resentment flashed from his eyes. That is why some of his followers came to speak of 'the wrath of the Lamb.' An unconscious corroboration is found in the account of the subsequent trial of Peter and John before the rulers in Jerusalem. Recovered from the confusion into which they were thrown by the death of their Master, they began to preach. Where? Right in the very arena where the tragedy had been played out a few weeks before. They took the lion by the throat while its fangs and claws were still wet with blood. Arrested, they were brought before the council. What council? The very same which had done their Master to death and

which could kill them also — Annas, the High Priest, Caiaphas, John, and Alexander — the legalized gang which had violated moral, ceremonial, and statute law in committing a quasi-legal murder. Instead of cringing, fawning, apologizing, Peter and John crashed right into the court, calling its judges red-handed blunderers and butchers. Then, the record says, 'When they saw the boldness of Peter and John . . . they took notice of them that they had been with Jesus.' It was not a mere recollection of previous physical proximity, but an identification of spirit: the fearlessness, the straightforwardness, the disregard of consequences, the imperiousness, of the two apostles were exactly like the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth.

Long-established habit, gained in times of peace, may have caused the preachers of the Gospel to persist in thinking of Christ mainly as the healer, the comforter, the sympathizer. Yet even that article of faith, in its practical form, has been taken out of their hands by a lay organization — the Red Cross. Of the Christ of the metaphysical creeds and the Christ of ecclesiastical polity there is no record in the gospels to fall back upon. The uncomfortable query which is being asked of the ministry concerning its prophetic function during the thirty-two months from August, 1914, to April, 1917, is: 'Do you think that Jesus of Nazareth would have been neutral in word and thought while Germany was raping Belgium, distributing typhus germs through Siberia, instigating and guiding Turkey in the slaughter of the Armenians, tearing up treaties and rending international law, assassinating Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt, shielding its soldiers during the Piave fighting with the bodies of Italian women, sinking hospital ships, and acting generally on all the highways of

the world like a carefully organized band of demented fiends? Do you think he would have remained placidly silent, absorbed in multitudinous schemes of ecclesiastical procedure? If not, then why were you so scrupulously neutral, so benignly dumb?’

It is the prevailing belief among non-sectarian scholars that Christ's chief concern was to found the Kingdom of God — or the Republic of Souls — on earth, he himself being the first citizen or the elder brother. As the first citizen, he becomes the example for all later citizens. Surely, then, the very men whose exclusive vocation it is to continue building that kingdom in this generation would be the clearest interpreters of events which were overthrowing the work accomplished so laboriously during the preceding sixty generations. Let it be conceded, once for all, that there were some men who spoke to their own congregations in accents which seemed like echoes from Bethsaida, Capernaum, and Jerusalem; let it be admitted that here and there a voice rang out from the pulpit in tones of indignation, rebuke, anguish, and pity. But it is still true, granting all the exceptions claimed, that those voices did not blend into a commanding unison which swept throughout America and stirred the soul of the nation to action. The vastest of the world's tragedies came and the Church was not its interpreter.

And when, slowly and clumsily, the people of America felt their way through the few facts upon which our declaration of war was based and came to the vital and essential considerations which drew us into the struggle, it was not the Church in its corporate form or forms, and not the ministry in its organized orders, which placed themselves at the service of our armies for social, moral, and spiritual guidance and guardianship, but a lay or-

ganization — the Young Men's Christian Association. When the Y.M.C.A. asked the people of America for thirty-five millions of dollars for work in the camps, cantonments, and training-stations at home, and for the huts among United States troops abroad, the response was more than fifty millions; in Dr. John R. Mott's words, a sum which 'greatly exceeds the united annual budgets of the Home and Foreign Missions boards of all the churches of America. It constitutes the largest offering to a Christian cause ever made at a given time in the history of Christianity.' Which only proves that the typical American is eager to follow any form of Christian leadership and cares not a rap whether it be lay or clerical. It is true that here and there a clergyman has temporarily dropped his parochial duties to work with the Young Men's Christian Association or the Knights of Columbus, and a few have become regimental chaplains; but it is equally true that the majority have not even sensed the unique strategy which the convulsed and confused world-conditions have made possible. There are ministers everywhere who are still busy building their denominational fences and feverishly staking their sectarian claims. Secretaries of boards and guilds are vociferously proclaiming that the normal work of the churches must not be interrupted for an instant; and that, though our form of government may be changed as if by a revolution, and the law of supply and demand in commerce may be abrogated, and the basic industries may be controlled or appropriated by the Administration after the pattern preached by advanced Socialism, and our young men by the million may be drafted into the army, thereby disrupting social and domestic life and upsetting the equilibrium of industry, and the bottom may fall out of the stock market,

yet — the Church must go on its accustomed way without pause or jolt or change. Though the whole world be in the crucible and every other institution on earth be in the melting-pot, yet the Christian Church must be permitted to jog along, doing what it has always done, feeling as it has always felt, and enjoying the dignity and reverence it has always claimed.

How different is all this from the spirit of a letter recently received from a layman! He is the chief editorial writer on one of the most influential daily papers in America, a man of conservative, cautious mind and not in the habit of cutting loose on any theme.

The sunny wind is blowing here in an atmosphere of twenty-five degrees. The hills look bare and purple from the window. There are whitecaps in the harbor. Last night's rain washed the snow away, and that's all to the good, to my middle-aged way of thinking.

Here is the bent of my mind this Sunday morning: The world is getting down to brass tacks. (I wonder who invented that phrase and what its original significance was.) We are cutting out all sorts of non-essentials. Daniel Willard of the War Board has emphasized the need of eliminating non-essentials if we are to win the war, but he meant physical non-essentials. We must cut out mental and spiritual non-essentials too; and we are beginning to do it to a surprising and encouraging degree. As a matter of fact, the trend was in that direction before the war; the tendency has long been toward a world-wide standardization, a universal merging or pooling in the interests of efficiency.

The one question now is autocracy versus democracy. Nothing else matters for the moment. Therefore our prejudices must go; we must give up old preferences; we cannot think provincially any longer. The doctrines we laboriously taught must be foregone. What difference does it make what the political economies say? What difference does it make what the party platforms of the last generation have declared? Every hidden hypocrisy is now revealed;

every contention that was based on selfishness stands exposed; every programme of personal or factional or neighborhood greed that we clothed in a disguise of wholesomeness, which almost deceived even ourselves, disappears. Autocracy or democracy — there is our stark alternative.

We cared for certain foods and did not care for others. No matter; we shall eat what is set before us. We had our preferences in raiment. We shall take what we can get. 'The best government is that which governs least!' But now the best government is the government which lends the most effective aid to the grand alliance against Germany. We argued the relative merits and ethics of direct and indirect taxation. Now the only question is how to raise the money we need most easily and promptly.

Old obstacles break down everywhere. Nothing is sacred now — except Our Cause. Nothing can be sure of its standing in our hearts and souls except the future of human liberty. (We may go back to our prejudices by and by; there is perhaps no reason why we should not when there is time for such non-essentials.) The government has always heretofore maintained an attitude of aloofness from its thrifty citizens; it offered them nothing in the way of investments. Now its attitude toward them is one of urgent welcome; a child with twenty-five cents is free to become a creditor of the august Federal régime. Never was the government so close to its people; never, perhaps, in another sense, so far from them. But, either way, old conceptions of government are broken down. The trend is all in the direction of a weakening of tradition and form. What is the Constitution in this greatest of all crises? If it serves, we shall revere it as it is; if it does not serve, we shall amend it to suit the new duty of the new occasion. Nothing matters but the winning of the war.

We must forego our old social prejudices. We have very largely foregone them. We may like our little circle about the hearth as much as ever, and we are entitled to it; but we must not let it interfere for a moment with our larger social, national, or international obligations.

The day of the Pilgrim Fathers is over.

Like it or not, we have got to face it. New England is what we would have called till lately an alien corner of the country. It is a New Europe rather than a New England now. If we pine for an untainted Anglo-Saxon survival, we shall have to seek it among the unspoiled mountaineers of North Carolina and Tennessee. But they do not belong to the live, present-day America; they are apart from it. The main currents of the New Americanism pass them by.

Republican? Democrat? Prohibitionist or Socialist? Mere unmeaning names just now. Even American is too small for the world-emergency except as it is a synonym for liberty and democracy.

There are 168 religious denominations in the United States. There are 15 kinds of Baptists, 21 kinds of Lutherans, 12 kinds of Presbyterians, 15 kinds of Methodists. There is one religious need, one religious aspiration; it is the desire to simplify and intensify man's relations with the Eternal Power.

Wake up, America! Slough off the non-essentials. Get down to brass tacks. Live simply, think sincerely, give all you have of mind and strength to the one task before which every other task pales.

When a casual, personal letter from a layman reveals such depths and out-reachings of thought and feeling, what should be the attitude of men who have been publicly ordained and are publicly supported as the spiritual interpreters of life? When the laity are thinking in loftier and wider terms than the clergy, how long will they tolerate a laggard ministry?

Within twenty-four hours of the receipt of the above letter another one of absorbing interest came from Mesopotamia. The writer is a British staff officer somewhere on the Tigris. He writes of things so weird, so heroic, so tragic, that but for a sure knowledge of his reliability they would be unbelievable. His concluding paragraph has such an unexpectedly verbal confirmation of the conviction of the New England editor, — 'only essentials count,'

— that it seems as if the ends of the earth were in collusion. 'It is difficult to believe in God these days — but I do. I believe He has been good to me and mine. That and my faith in my wife and my country, are all that are worth having. You and I and other men have had many fetters broken these last few years, thank God! Because, after all, only essentials count, and I have a hold on the three real ones.'

Can the Christian ministry realize that in the midst of this disheveled and amazed world 'only essentials count'? Has the Christian ministry the courage to forsake everything, even the established habits of long years of happy peace, and settle down to a grapple with the facts which are driving deep into the souls of men? No one is asking for conservation or for construction today; no one expects that the old things, even those held most sacred, can survive in their familiar form, and no one has the audacity to think that a new structure can be built while the former one is still crashing upon his head. But men everywhere are groping for the essential things, they are demanding an immediate and a spiritual interpretation of the awful drama in which they are both voluntary and involuntary participants. They must have it or lose both reason and faith. In another letter from the same writer in Mesopotamia there occurs this sentence: 'It is sometimes hard to believe in Calvary, but the greatest proof of all is at hand. If the world is not redeemed this time, then I lay down my Bible and my faith and I'll go out of life drunk. 'Cos, thank God, when everything else is gone one can always flog one's brain to the last leap!'

Was there ever a time when the race had such a crimson commentary upon Calvary? Why not seize it boldly and use the glorious exegesis without apology, instead of dabbling in vague hy-

potheses about the moral influence of vicarious suffering? The men of Liège, of Mons, of the Marne, of the Somme, of the Yser, of the Tigris, of the Piave, have surely established forever that life is won by death. Redemption, in both a physical and a spiritual sense, has ceased to be a dogma by becoming the most thrilling fact in present-day consciousness. There are millions of families in America, proud and brave enough as they face their fellows, but with a Gethsemane in their souls, in which they wait for the interpreting word. What interest they ever had in the extreme subjectivity of religious experience has been lost in the shadows cast by grim objective realities.

Other men are asking what guaranties there are for the invincibility of truth, the inviolability of honor, and the immutability of righteousness; they see the clouds and darkness which are round about the Eternal, but they are anxious for confirmation that righteousness and justice are the habitation of his throne; they ask for evidence to supplant credence. With other things German, 'value judgments' have gone by the board. Men and women have also done with shibboleths. Democracy itself must be defined. When our administration, placed in office during the days of peace, proceeds to govern in a fashion which has more than the tang of despotism, citizens want to know what differentiates democracy from autocracy. Unless it is proved that there is a spiritual necessity in the temporary curtailment of liberties, the will of the Republic must sometimes rebel; unless the higher law of waived prerogative — 'free, yet not using your freedom' — is made apparent, there will be a sagging of the resolution which carried us into the conflict. Hence Russia needs interpretation; the socialistic idealism which became so immediately self-conscious that it

changed into individual materialism, a suicidal system of land-grabbing, forgetful of collective honor or obligation or opportunity.

Such questions invade the soul. In their wake follow a thousand others: What new motive has come into our patriotism, causing our youth to spring forward with a cry of gladness to face the utmost of sacrifice? Why are even the untaught multitudes accepting limitations in food, in fuel, in their narrow pleasures, without the mutterings and murmurings which the proletariat have always considered their privilege? Why are capital and labor alike showing such unexpected docility toward the government? Why are constitutional problems, like the extension of the franchise to women and the prohibition of intoxicating liquors, making strides which even the wildest fanatic would not have predicted ten years ago? Scarcely a phase or ramification of personal, social, or industrial life but demands a new reading; the most mundane things are capable of bearing a spiritual connotation; every disparted and refracted ray of knowledge is ready to reblend into the pure white light of wisdom.

If the devotions and the discipline of the clergy have not fitted them to lead the people when these and kindred questionings are articulate and insistent, what place can the ministry expect to hold, or what vital part is it likely to play, in the cosmic rehabilitation which must follow the war? Spiritual opportunities such as those of today come but rarely in the life of the race; common and even gross men are now willing to think and act upon a lofty plane which the choicest saints and most intrepid thinkers hardly reached in days gone by; a manumitted mob has crossed the Red Sea and asks the nearest way to the Promised Land.

ADVENTURES IN INDIGENCE. I

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

BOTH Stevenson and Lamb, writing of 'Beggars,' fall into what I take to be a grave misapprehension. They both write a defense, and constitute themselves advocates. Lamb brilliantly solicits our pity for these 'pensioners on our bounty'; Stevenson, though he characteristically makes himself comrade and brother of his client, and presents the 'humbuggery' of the accused as a legitimate art, nevertheless thinks himself but too evidently of a higher order, and the better gentleman of the two. Here, and it would seem in spite of himself, are patronage and condescension.

I own such an attitude shocks me and makes me apprehensive. Were I superstitious, of a certain creed, I should cross myself to ward off calamity; or were I a Greek of the ancient times, I should certainly pour a propitiatory libation to Hermes, god of wayfarers, thieves, vagabonds, mendicants, and the like. 'Poor wretches,' indeed! 'Pensioners,' they! 'Ragamuffins! humbugs!' They, with their occult powers! *They*, mind you, needing our advocacy! I could indeed bear a different testimony.

I think I began first to know the power of the poor, and to fall under their sway, when I was certainly not more than six years old. It must have been about then that I was learning to sew. This seems to have been a profession to which I was so temperamentally disinclined that my mother, to sweeten

the task, was wont during the performance of it to read to me. While I sat on a hassock at her feet scooping an unwilling perpendicular needle in and out of difficult hems, my mother would read from one of many little chapbooks and children's tracts, which were kept commonly in a flat wicker darning-basket in her wardrobe; little paper books held over from her own and her mother's childhood. They were illustrated with quaint woodcuts, and the covers of them were colored. I was allowed to choose which one was to be read.

One day—'because the time was ripe,' I suppose—I selected a little petunia-colored one, outwardly very pleasing to my fancy. It contained the story and the pictures of a miserable beggar and a haughty and unfeeling little girl. He was in rags and reclined, from feebleness I fancy, on the pavement; she walked proudly in a full-skirted dress, strapped slippers, and pantalets. She wore a dipping leghorn with streamers. Just over this she carried a most proud parasol, just under it a nose aristocratically, it may even be said unduly, high in the air.

I think I need not dwell on the tale, save to say that it was one of the genus known as 'moral.' There was only one ending possible to the story; the triumph of humility, the downfall of pride and prosperity; swift and awful retribution falling upon her of the leghorn and pantalets. I believe they allowed her in the last picture a pallet

of straw, a ragged petticoat, bare feet, clasped hands, and a prayerful reconciliation with her Maker. The story was rendered distinctly poignant for me by the fact that I possessed a parasol of pink 'pinked silk,' which was held on Sundays and certain other occasions proudly — it also — over a leghorn with streamers which dipped back and front exactly as did the little girl's in the story. But never, never, — once I had made the acquaintance of that story, — was my nose carried haughtily under it when by chance I sighted one of that race so numerous and so ancient, so well known and so little known to us all. From that day I began to know the power of the poor.

I can remember delectable candies that I did not buy, delicious soft cocoanut sticks that I never tasted, joys that I relinquished, hopes that I deferred, for the questionable but tyrannous comfort of a penny in an alien tin cup, and the inevitable 'God bless you, little lady!' which, remembering her of the leghorn and pantalets, I knew to be of necessity more desirable than the delights I forewent.

There was an old blind man there in my home town, whom I remember very keenly. He used to go up and down, he and his dog, in front of the only caravansary the place boasted, — the Hotel Latonia, — tap-tap, tap-tapping. He had the peculiar stiff hesitating walk of the blind, the strange expectant upward tilt of the face. He wore across his shoulder a strap on which was fastened a little tin cup.

I used to see the drummers and leisurely men of a certain order, their chairs tilted back against the hotel wall, their heels in the chair-rungs, their hats on the back of their heads, their thumbs in their arm-holes, their cigars tilted indifferently to heaven, and they even cracking their jokes and

slapping their knees and roaring with laughter, or perhaps yawning, perfectly unaware of the blind man, it seemed, while he passed by slowly, tap-tap, tap-tapping.

But it was never thus with me. His cane tapped, not only on the pavement, but directly on my heart. You could have heard it, had you put your ear there. It may have seemed that his eyes were turned to the sky. That was but a kind of physical delusion. I knew better. In some occult way they were searching me out and finding me. I can give you no idea of the command of the thing. Perhaps I have no need to. Your own childhood — it is not improbable — may have been under a similar dominion.

If I thought to experiment and withhold my penny, I might escape the blind man for a while; I might elude him, for instance, while the other members of the family and the guests in that old home of my childhood were gay and talkative at the supper table; or afterward, when laughter and song drowned the lesser sounds; or while I stood safe in the loved shelter of my father's arm, listening to conversations I enjoyed, even though I could not understand them; or while, in the more intimate evenings, he took his flute from its case, screwed its wonderful parts together, and, his fingers rising and falling with magic and precision on the joined wood and ivory, played 'Mary of Argyle' until I too heard the mavis singing. But later, later, when I lay alone in my bed in the nursery in the moonlight, or, if it were winter, in the waning firelight and the creeping shadows, then, *then* there came up the stairs and through the rooms the sound of the blind man's cane, tap-tap, tap-tapping. He had come for his penny. And the next time I saw him, with a chastened spirit and a sense of escape, I gave him two.

II

But my own childish subserviency to the poor did not give me so great a sense of their power as my mother's relation to them. She, it seems, was perpetually at their service. Let them but raise a hand indicating their need ever so slightly, and she moved in quick obedience, although it seemed she too must sometimes have wearied of such service. Guests were many and frequent in that old home, as I have elsewhere told; but these came either by announcement or by invitation; the poor, on the contrary, came unasked, unannounced, and exactly when they chose, as by royal prerogative. Indeed, many a time I have seen my mother excuse herself to a guest, to wait sympathetically upon a man or a woman with a basket—it might be the queen of the gypsies, with vivid memorable face; or the Wandering Jew in the very flesh; or it might be Kathleen ni Houlihan herself, all Erin looking out, haunting you, from her tragic old eyes—offering soap or laces at exorbitant prices, or other less useful wares, tendered for sale and excuse at the kitchen door.

There was one whom I especially remember—Musgrove. He was a fine marquis of a man, was Musgrove, as slender as a fiddle and with as neat a waist. He used to come to the front door and sit by the old hall clock, waiting my mother's pleasure. He had a wife and seven or nine children, and a marvelous multiplicity of woes. There was a generosity and spaciousness about the calamities of Musgrove—something mythopœic, promethean. Tragedies befell him with consistent abundance. Four or five of the seven or nine had broken their arms, almost put out their eyes, or had just escaped by a hair's breadth from permanent blanket-mortgage disability when the floor of the cottage they lived in fell through;

or they had been all but carried off wholesale by measles. Once all nine, as I remember it, were poisoned *en gros* by Sunday-school-picnic ice-cream, which left the children of others untouched. Only myths were comparable. Niobe alone, and she not altogether successfully, could have matched calamities with him.

By and by Time itself, I think, wearied of Musgrove. I think my mother, sympathetic as she was, must have come to think the arrows of outrageous fortune were falling far too thick for likelihood, even on so shining a mark as Musgrove. She came from interviews with him with a kind of gentle weariness. But Musgrove, I am very sure, had an eye for the drama. He knew his exits and his entrances, and I have reason to believe no shade of feeling in my mother's face was lost upon him.

He came one day to say good-bye; his shabbiness heightened, but brightened also, by a red cravat. It was safe now, no doubt, to allow himself this gayety. He knew that my mother would be glad to hear that, through the kindness of some one nearly as kind as herself, he had been able to obtain a position in a large city. He lacked but the money to move. After that—prosperity would be his.

My mother did not deny him his chance, Musgrove himself, you see, having contrived it so that the chance was not without a certain advantage and privilege for her. So he made his fine bow, and he and his fine marquis manners were gone.

I think my mother must have missed him. I know I did. The other pensioners came as regularly as ever—the gypsy with her grimy laces; the Jew with his tins and soap; rheumatic darkies by the dozen, frankly empty-handed; the little girl with the thin legs and with the black shawl pinned over her

head and draped down over the shy and empty basket on her arm; and the old German inventor who always brought the tragedy of old and outworn hopes along with some new invention; or, at infrequent intervals, for a touch of color, there came an Italian organ-grinder, and — if the gods were good — a monkey. But there were times when I would have exchanged them all to see Musgrove again, with his fine promethean show of endurance, his incomparable assortment of unthinkable calamities.

Another, it is true, came in his place, but he was of a wholly different type. He had not the old free manner of Musgrove, yet he was strangely appealing, too. He wore a beard and was stooped and spent and submissive, a man broken by fate. He did not complain. He did not wait rather grandly by the hall clock as Musgrove had done; no, but in the kitchen, about breakfast-time, awaiting the cook's not always cordial pleasure.

In spite of my mother's sympathy, — which should certainly have made amends for any lack of it in the cook, — he had a way of slipping in and out with a little shrinking movement of his body, like the hound that does the same to escape a blow. One would have said that body and soul flinched. He limped stiffly, and seemed always to have come a little dazed from far countries.

My mother took even a very keen interest in him. This man was more difficult to reach, but by that very token seemed no doubt the more worthy. He told no wonderful tales to tax your credulity. His very reticence was moving and hard to endure; the death of nine or seven children would have been less sad. He kept coming for quite a long time. Then the day dawned — a day quite like any other, I suppose, though it should have been dark with

cloudy portent — when, by some slight misstep, some trifling but old reference on his part when his mind was off its guard, my mother discovered as by a sudden lightning flash that this *was* Musgrove.

I have known some dramatic moments in my life, but I would not put this low on the list.

He seemed to know for an intense arrested instant that he had spoken a false line, that he had for a miserable moment forgotten his part. He staggered into it again with what I know now was fine courage, and managed in perfect character to get away. I can still see him as he departed, bent and submissive (having most meekly thanked my mother), and not forgetting to limp stiffly, going along under the falling leaves of the grape-arbor, in the autumn sunshine, the shadows of the stripped vines making a strange and moving pattern on his old coat as he went; nor have I failed to see him in all the years since, thus departing, — inevitably, irretrievably, — and have found my heart going many a time along with him.

My mother, and I with my hand in hers, went back into the quiet comfortable rooms of that old house. But if you suppose we went in any spirit of ascendancy or righteous indignation, or justification, you are indeed mistaken. To be in the right is such an easy, such a pleasant thing; what is difficult and must be tragically difficult to endure is to be artistically, tragically in the wrong. I think it likely that my mother remembered Musgrove, as I have done, through all the years, a little as a survivor might remember one who had gone down before his eyes. It is thus, you see, that Musgrove, bent and always departing, still continues to sway others with his strange powers, as it is fitting, no doubt, that one of his rare genius should do.

III

Besides those that I have mentioned, there were two especially of that ancient race whose fortunes were bound in with my early memories.

It was upon a day when I was a little more than fourteen that I came to know them. I was alone at home, save for the maids in the house, and was reading at my ease, as I loved to do, in that old verandah that fronted the south. I remember well that the book I read was *Rasselas, or The Happy Valley*.

The verandah was deep and long. Beside it ran a brick pavement, delightful in color and texture. Over this, joining the verandah, there curved a latticed grape-arbor of most gracious lines, on which grew, in lovely profusion, a wisteria, a catawba grape vine, moonflower, and traveler's-joy. When the wisteria, like a spendthrift, had lavished all its purple blossoms, and there were left but green leaves in its treasury, then the grape bloom lifted its fragrance; and when this was spent, the traveler's joy, as though it had foreseen and saved for the event, flung forth its treasure; and when at last its every petal had fallen and nothing more remained, — for the moonflower had its own prejudice, persistently refused the demands of the sun, and would open its riches only to the moon and the night moths, — then the early autumn sun, feeling through the thinning leaves, hardly expectant, would come upon that best treasure of all, stored long, against this time, in the reddening clusters of the grapes.

All these things lent I cannot say what charm inexhaustible to that old verandah, and made it a place of abiding romance and delight. The pattern of the sunshine and of the moonlight as they fell through the lattice and the leaves, on the floor of it, are things

that still haunt my memory with the sense of a lovely security, of a generous abundance, and, as it were, of the lavish inexhaustible liberality of life itself.

There, secure against interruption, I read and pondered, with the imaginative ponderings of fourteen, the strange longings of that Prince who should have been so content in the Happy Valley.

As I read, I was aware of a strange intrusion: a bent form in baggy trousers and rusty coat stooped under the weight of an old and worn harp; behind him, bent also, but by no visible burden, an old man with a violin entered the gateway of the arbor. They came very slowly and deliberately, yet without pause or uncertainty. They did not introduce themselves, being, I knew instantly, quite above such plebeian need. They asked no permission, nor solicited any tolerance. They spoke not a word. It was as if they had long outgrown the need of such earthly trivialities.

He of the rusty coat and baggy trousers, having taken a slow look at the place around, — as though to establish in his mind some mysterious identity, — let the harp slip from his shoulders to the brick pavement, adjusted it there very deliberately, and proceeded to pluck one or two of its strings with testing fingers, still looking around carefully all the while; then he adjusted his camp-stool, seated himself, pulled the worn, yet delicate and feminine, instrument toward him, so that her body lay against his shoulder, and put his hands in position to play.

The old violin, more lordly, made no concession whatever to harmony; he tuned or touched not a string, but with a really kingly gesture put his instrument in the worn hollow of his shoulder, laid his head and cheek over against it, as though lending his whole soul to

listen, raised the bow, held it for an immortal instant over the strings, and then drew out a long preliminary note — on, on, on, to the very quivering tip of the bow.

My education had not been neglected as to music. There had always been much of it in my home, where flute and voice and harp and violin and piano spoke often, and my home town was near a great musical centre, where, young as I was, I had heard the best that was to be heard. Had I been in a critical mood, I should have noted how badly the long-drawn note was drawn; I can hear still how excruciating it was, how horribly it squawked; but rendered solemn, as I was, by the strangeness of their appearance and their presence, and dimly, dimly aware of their immortal powers, it thrilled me more than I remember those of Sarasate or Ysaye to have done.

The long note at an end, without so much as a consultation of the eyes, they then began. With never a word, only with thrilling tones horribly off the key, the violin spoke, say rather wrung its hands and wailed, 'Oh, don't you remember' — ('Oh, yes; I remember!' throbbed and sobbed the harp) — 'Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?'

They played it all through, even to what must have been the 'slab of granite so gray,' varying all the while from one half to one tone off the key, the old violin lending his ear as attentively all the while to the voice of his instrument as if she spoke with the tongues of angels; his dim veiled eyes fixed on incalculable distances, like those of an eagle in captivity.

The old harp, on the contrary, kept his eyes lowered stubbornly on the vibrating strings; and the harp as he smote, quivered like some human thing struck upon its remembering heart. From the painfully reminiscent song they leaped without pause into that sec-

ond most wailful melody in the world, —

'Ah, I have sighed to rest me,
Deep in the quiet grave,' —

and played that on to the end also.

But though to the outward eye these visitors played upon the harp and violin, how much more indeed did they play upon me! Young, and sensitive, and as yet unsounded, how, with dim compelling fingers they searched and found and struck and drew from me emotions I had never known! Old and worn and bowed with life, and weather-beaten of the world, they played there in the mottled sunlight of that romantic arbor, as might Ulysses have stood mistaken and unhonored by those who had but heard of Troy. There was to me something suddenly overwhelming in the situation. Oh, who was I, to enjoy so much, in such security; to feast upon plenty, and to know the generous liberality of life, while these, doomed to the duress of the gods, went through the world, day after day, half-starved, playing miserable memorable music fearfully off the key!

Perhaps I was intense; certainly I was young; and as certainly I had all the eager vivid imagination of youth. Moreover, this was, it should not be overlooked, my very first adventure, all my own, with the poor; my first piece of entirely independent service to those mysterious powers. Meanwhile, the divinities in disguise played on — a wild, boisterous tune it was now, set to a rollicking measure and infinitely more sad for that than the sighs of 'Trovatore,' or than sweet Alice under the stone. Bent they seemed on sounding every stop. You may think they were but a grimy pair, dull and squalid; probably embittered. I can only tell you that they invoked for me that day, as with the mournful powers of the Sybil of Cumæ, love and life and death, and joy irrevocable, and memory — these they called up to pass before me,

and bade them as they went, for one summoning moment, to reveal their faces to me.

Presently, I do not know with what dark thoughts, these two would have departed, but I remembered and begged them to stay. I flew upstairs and found my purse, and emptied it, and gave them what it held. They took it without thanks, merely as lawful tribute exacted. Again they would have departed, but I begged them still to remain. Should this ancient Zeus and Hermes be allowed to depart without bread? I disappeared into the house with a beating heart. I found bread and milk and meat. I brought these and set them out for them, and drew chairs for them. All this, too, they took for granted, with some shrewd glances at me; they shuffled their feet about under the table, bent low to their plates like hungry men, and shoveled their food into their mouths dexterously with their knives, the better, no doubt, to disguise their divinity.

While they ate, I went, with a heart troubled yet high, and gathered for them grapes that hung immortally lovely in the sun. These too they ate, with a more manifest pleasure, cleaning the bunches down to the stems; and when they had made away with all they could, slipped the remaining clusters in their pockets against a less hospitable occasion.

I remember then that they went and left me standing there in a world of dreams and speculation and adventure. They had gone as they had come; but me they left forever changed. As they departed, certain doors in my young day's swung and closed mysteriously. For me the channels of life were permanently deepened. With them had departed my complacent, inexperienced attitude of mind; with them had fared forth the care-free child that I had been. This adventure all my own, con-

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ducted in my own manner, had initiated me into vast possibilities, the more impressive because but dimly seen. On me had depended for a little while these two of God knows what ancient descent. I too had begun to know and taste life. I too would begin to count my memories. Oh, strange new world! And with strange people in it!

On this world, enter, upper left stage, Leila the maid.

'O Miss Laura, honey, what you bin' doin'? Dey ain't nothin' but no-count beggars, chile. Don't you know dey mought 'a' come indo's and carried off all de silver? Dat's just de kind would steal fum you when you war n't lookin'. I ain't right sho' now dey ain't got some o' de silver in dey pockets!' And she took savage stock of what lay on the table.

O Leila, ingenuous mind! Dearly as I loved her, how little she knew! How far she was from understanding the habits and predilections of the gods! Would they trouble, do you think, to take a silver knife or fork, who can take away the priceless riches of childhood with them? Would they pause to purloin a mere petty silver spoon, who can carry off an entire golden period of your existence, and leave you with the leaden questions and dull philosophy and heavy responsibility of older years?

I should have asked their names, that I might set these in my prayers, but I had not had presence of mind enough to do that; so, that night, while I knelt by my bed, alone in the moonlight, a very devout little girl, there stood there, shadowy in the shadows, and among my nearest and dearest, on whom I asked the Lord's blessing, the old Harp and Violin; while, with my head buried passionately in my hands, I begged Providence to have an especial care of these new friends of my heart, to bless them, to let its face shine upon them, and to give them peace.

Musical beggars! I have seen them often since, in one guise or another. Sometimes they trumpet on the trombone or cornet, or blow fearful blasts upon the French horn; I have known them to finesse upon the flute or flageolet. These differences are but inconsiderable. Always I find them equally mighty. I have thought sometimes to get past them with giving them only a great deal more than I could afford. Useless frugality! futile economy! For still they will be laying ghostly hands upon you; still will they be exacting a heavier tribute and demanding that gold and silver of the soul which, as Plato is so well aware, is how infinitely more precious. These are people of power, let appearances be what they may. You may patronize them if you like, and look upon them as the down-trodden and the dregs of existence. I am indeed not so hardy. I have read a different fate in their groups and constellations.

IV

There were other poor whose influence was potent in my childhood, but I pass them by to note but one more, of a curiously strong type, who crossed my path when I might have been about sixteen. She was a Salvation Army Major, — Major Lobley, — and she had at her heels an army of poor wretches, 'flood-sufferers.' That great river on which my home town was situate had risen and overflowed its banks, and had spread devastation. As it happened, my mother had standing idle at that time three or four small houses. Into these a large and variegated band of 'flood sufferers' was assisted to move. They came, poor things, bringing their lares and penates. One, whom I take to have been an aristocrat among them, led a mule. Among them all, like a burst of sunshine over a dark and variegated landscape, came Major Lobley

and the drum. It would make a better recital, I know, if I said that she was beating it — but I am resolved to tell of things only as I remember them. The drum, however, even though silent, was to the eye sufficiently triumphant and sounding.

My acquaintance with Major Lobley began the morning after her installation. We had already, for the comfort of her clan, parted with all the available covers we could spare. She came seeking more. The maid brought me her name. I went into the parlor to receive her and to learn her errand. I take the liberty of reminding you that I was young and proud, with a traditional training and conventional pride.

In that curtained and rather sombre room, there sat Major Lobley, like a brilliant bit of sunshine. Before I knew what she was about, she was on her feet, had hold of both my hands, had kissed me on both cheeks, was holding me away from her a little, — a quick pleased gesture seen oftener on the stage than off it, — and was saying dazingly, 'Sister! Are you saved?'

They tell me that even the bravest at the Marne were demoralized by the use of poisonous gases and other methods of warfare unknown, even undreamed of, by them; and a like panic is said to have seized the Germans at first sight of the British armored monsters which ploughed over the ground disdainful of every obstacle, taking their own tracks with them. Major Lobley attacked me in a fashion I had never before even dreamed of. She was carrying her own tracks with her. None of my own aforethought invulnerable defenses were of the least use. She had thrown down and traversed the most ancient barriers. She had attacked me in the very intrenchments of my oldest traditions. Where were dignity, convention, pride of place, custom of behavior, and other supposedly

impregnable defenses? Where were distinctions of class, fortifications of good taste, intrenchments of haughtiness? Where were reserve and other iron and concrete and barbed-wire entanglements? I tell you, they were as though they were not! This glib inquiry about my soul routed me, demoralized me so completely that I do not even remember what I said. I only know that I fled precipitately for safety into the covert of the nearest subject. Was there anything she needed? And how could I serve her?

At this she was eager.

'Well, I'll tell you! We need another comfort. Darius needs a comfort for his mule. Darius is a good man and his soul is saved. Now could n't you lend another comfort to the Lord?'

'Yes,' said I, in what now seems to me a kind of hypnotized state. 'I think I can find another for you.' And I went myself and took it from my bed.

She received it with hallelujahs and went away beaming, assuring me as she went, and as on the authority of an ambassador, that I would certainly have my reward.

I make no apology for all this. I know well that I was the weak and routed one. I know that this gypsy from nowhere, with her lack of advantages and her Cinderella training among the ashes and dregs of life, had me at an astonishing disadvantage. I know that, while I stood by, in my futile pride, she went off unaccountably, in a spangled coach, as it were, carrying with her salvation and all the satisfaction in the world, happily possessed of the bed-covers without which I was to sleep somewhat chilly that night.

But I think it due to myself to say that this weakness on my part was not single. For weeks, months — as long as she stayed in the neighborhood — Major Lobley swayed people as by a spell. One would have sworn her drum-

stick was a wand. In theory, and out of her presence, we younger ones declared her presuming and impossible, but were reduced to serve her whenever she appeared. My mother and my elder sister, who were experienced and better judges, continued to give her and her thin ragged ranks daily help. Pans of biscuit, pots of soup, drifted in that northwesterly direction as by some gulf stream of sympathy which you might speculate and argue about all you liked, but whose course remained mystical and unchanged.

One point I must not fail to mention. I had worried 'somewhat concerning Darius's mule. There was, I knew, no shelter for him save a tiny woodshed just about half his size. I pictured him standing there with only his forequarters or hindquarters sheltered, and the rest of him the sport of the elements and the biting weather. Needless anxiety; futile concern! I might have read a different fate for him in Orion and Pleiades! Such anxiety comes of thinking too meanly of life. Darius had a better opinion of it, and it may be with better cause. Perhaps he argued that a power that was able to save his soul was perfectly well able to look after his mule; and rendered expectant by this belief, Darius's eyes saw what my less faithful ones would certainly have overlooked, namely, that the comfortable kitchen of the little house, with its sunshine and its neat wainscoting, made an ideal abiding-place for his friend. Here, therefore, positively benefiting by misfortune and like an animal in a fairy tale, the mule of Darius abode, and no doubt more comfortably than ever in his life before; and if his meals remained meagre, he was enabled to eke them out with a generous attention to the wainscoting.

You see! What can be said of a people like that, able to turn the most unlikely things to strange and immediate

uses, for all the world as the fairy god-mother did the pumpkin and the mice!

Here is, I am persuaded, something ancient and inherited, and acquired not in Major Lobley's brief span; something, rather, dating back to gypsy centuries, God knows how many æons ago — something that had triumphed and ruled on countless occasions before now; some freedom, some innate self-approval; some linking, it would almost seem, of the powers of poverty with the powers of the Deity.

v

Have it as you will, the finer appearance still clings to the improvident. They give you color and incident without your asking; they scatter romance and wonder with largesse, as kings. As mere memorable characters, were not the old blind man and Musgrove and Major Lobley worth the money and the anxiety they cost us? And who will contend that Darius's tradition is not to be valued above a mere wainscoting and the cost of a few repairs?

I have long believed that Æsop needs rewriting in many instances, and very especially in that of 'The Grasshopper and the Ant.' What should be told — since Æsop's creatures are intended to exemplify human behaviors and draw human morals — is how the Grasshopper spent the winter with the Ant, and ate up all the Ant's preserves and marmalades, and fiddled nightly and gayly by the Ant's fire, and managed somehow to make the Ant feel that the privilege had been all her own, to have labored long for the benefit of so interesting and so gifted a gentleman.

I can recall from time to time, all through my childhood and girlhood, that I and mine made a kind of festival of a like circumstance, and how gladly we toiled for the benefit of that class which might be said to winter perpetu-

ally on our sympathies. I do not allude merely to tableaux, fairs, private theatricals, musicales, and the like, given for the benefit of those who neither sowed nor gathered into barns. I would be afraid to say how many times, from my early years, I was for their sake a spangled fairy, a Queen Elizabeth court dame, an 'Elaine,' white, pallid, on a barge, dead of unrequited love, a Gainsborough or Romney portrait, or a Huguenot lady parting from her lover, or a demure 'Priscilla,' or a dejected 'Mariana,' or a shaken-kneed reciter of verses, or a trembling performer on the piano. I remember that there was a huge trunk in the old attic at home given over to nothing but amateur theatrical properties. I remember coming home often from dragging, wearisome rehearsals, how tired, but happy! What fun it was to toil and practice and rehearse and labor until your little bones ached 'for the benefit of ——!'

'For the benefit of'! I tell you it is a magic phrase! I remember my mother coming home again and again — from some charitable conclave I suppose — radiant and eager, as she so often was, to announce that we were once more to be permitted to labor in response to its magic. Once, after her attendance on some missionary meeting, it was conveyed to us that we were to be allowed to dress fifty dolls 'for the benefit of' as many gregarious little grasshoppers of Senegambia, to the end that their Christmas and our own should be the happier.

It had all the air of a fine adventure. It *was* a fine adventure. I really would not have missed it. Yet unless you have dressed, let us say, thirty dolls, and know that twenty more remain naked, you can hardly guess how doll-dressmaking may hang heavy, even on the most eager fingers. I can still see them all in their pretty and varied dresses, ranged triumphant at last on

top of the old square piano, that we might behold the labor of our hands — their feet straight ahead of them, their eyes fixed, staring but noncommittal, supposedly on Senegambia. It seems to me now a gay, even though at the same time a somewhat futile, thing to have done; but turn it as you will, the true privilege was ours.

We and our forebears, you see, had in perfect innocence laid by a few stores through the generations. We had preserved and retained certain standards and comfortable customs and conveniences of living; certain traditions too of education and treasures of understanding; by which token it became our privilege to entertain and provide for those cicada souls who had followed the more romantic profession of fiddling; and that we might have our privilege to the full, we were graciously permitted to set our preserves, not merely for the swarming grasshoppers of our own land: it was vouchsafed us to sustain and supply with dolls and other delights the appealing little grasshoppers of Senegambia.

Recalling all my childhood and girlhood experience with the poor, I am led by every path of logic to believe that they have some secret power of their own — some divine right and authority by which they rule, beside which the most ancient dynasties are but tricks of evanescence, and the infallibility of the Pope a mere political exigency. The powers they wield would seem to me unique. Show me a dictatorship, empire, oligarchy, system or suzerainty, seignory or pashawlic, which presides over and possesses anything commensurate with their realm; which sways and commands anything comparable to their wide dominion!

Will you show me any other people outside of the fairy-books who can put

the most fearful calamity on like a cloak and doff it at will, who can augment their families to seven or eight children overnight, and reduce them as readily to five or six the following day if it but seem to them advisable? Where outside their ranks is there any one capable of persuading you that it is a privilege to sleep cold so that some Darius you never saw or care to see shall, he and his allegorical mule, go better warmed? Who else, being neither of your kith nor kin, has such power over you that, with a mere bloodshot eye and shiver of the shoulders, they can turn your automobile, your furs, your warmth, and all your pleasant pleasures into Dead Sea apples of discomfort? Or, did any of your own class, by merely playing 'Ben Bolt,' raggedly and horribly off the key, under a grape-archer, exercise so great a power over you that, having given him what you had, you went awed and chastened of all vanity, and set his name in your prayers that night as the Church service does the king? Are these people of rank who can do this? Or will you still cling to your aristocracies?

It is likely that I shall be accused of sentimentality. Some will say that to talk of the power of the poor is but cruel irony. If I would speak wisely and not as one of the foolish women, let me live and work among the poor, or better still, be of them. This is the only way fairly to judge them.

I am of a like opinion; and am therefore resolved to ask you to let me speak of a later time, when I myself was poor, and of the wider knowledge of the powers of the poor which that circumstance afforded me. For, in my advantageous days, I was permitted only to serve the poor, the discouraged, the improvident; later, I was promoted to be, at least in a measure, of their fellowship.

(To be continued)

NEIGHBOR HANS

BY WILFRED A. JOUBERT

I

I AM an easy-going sort of a man, and in my wanderings up and down the earth, I have had many dealings with people of many kinds and very little trouble with any of them. I had long been familiar with what it means to live in a community of mixed nationalities, and have tried it as successfully in Guiana, Venezuela, and Mexico as in New York City. So I hope that the reader will not ascribe too much of the fault to me when I recount my adventures with the emigrants of another country, which took place while I was employed as manager of a large plantation in southern Mexico.

On assuming control of this enterprise, I found myself in a sparsely settled territory, where, within a radius of ninety miles, some twenty-five Americans, and a like number of Germans, were engaged in developing a rich but wild country.

That the neighborhood should be half German seemed to me of good augury, for I had always found Germans excellent citizens of the country to which they had emigrated; and in the United States I had been accustomed to regard them as an important and reliable element of our citizenship. But I reckoned without due discrimination. The Germans I had known elsewhere were solid bourgeois — simple-minded, straightforward, and hard-working. My new neighbors, on the other hand, were Junker-born. Most of them were university men of the

military caste. Their point of view, their code of ethics and of morals were as rigid and definite as they seemed prescribed and universal. In all essentials of manners, taste, and character, my Teutonic neighbors were as alike as nursery, school, university, and army life could mould them.

The history which follows consists of a few episodes culled from a somewhat rich experience. If in these pages I dwell on my business and personal dealings with a single individual, it is because Neighbor Hans, although he may have been a trifle more aggressive than many of his fellow Germans, was accurately representative of the entire group in his tenets and his methods.

When I first took charge of the Finca San Fernando, in 1909, the retiring manager gave me my first intimation of possible trouble. Neighbor Hans, he said, who controlled the abutting property of Santa Clara, had made life so unlivable for his own predecessor, an American, Pratt by name, that before two years were up, poor Pratt had returned to the States a nervous wreck; and my informant added that he himself was relinquishing the position for a far less desirable one, in order to escape 'the German plague.'

To these warnings I listened politely; but after all the years I had spent doing business with English, Irish, Scotch, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Norwegians, Chinese, Negroes, Indians, Venezuelans, and other Latin Americans, I anticipated no real difficulty with educated Germans; and in

my own mind set down both Pratt and Cook as 'poor mixers.'

For a time my forecast seemed justified. Everything started auspiciously, and one of the first calls I received was from Neighbor Hans himself, who paid his respects and expressed the hope that we should be good neighbors; for, as he added, 'Cook was never quite satisfactory, while Pratt was so utterly impossible that I could do nothing with him and finally *had* to drive him away.'

Almost my first care on taking charge of my new duties was to render myself familiar with the geography of the neighborhood. The three fincas of San Lorenzo, Santa Clara, and San Fernando were on an eight-mile trail, and were presided over respectively by Friend Cook, Neighbor Hans, and the writer. The three properties were all American in ownership, and a long-standing agreement permitted San Lorenzo and San Fernando to maintain a telephone line along the communicating trail which connected the three and which Santa Clara used, but the maintenance of which Neighbor Hans had long ago abandoned to the care of his neighbors. Quite satisfied to save himself from all difficulties of road-maintenance, Neighbor Hans was of no mind to forego the convenience of telephone communication, and he quietly attached himself to our telephone wire. When asked by what right he had tapped our wire, and if he thought it honorable to 'listen in' on our conversation as he did, his reply was my first experience with the new German *Kultur*.

'What stuff about right and honor are you talking?' exclaimed the outraged Hans. 'I will tell you what they mean. They are words for preachers to scare old women and children. Men with brains know nothing of such things. Right! What is right? Anything

that is worth doing, and that an intelligent man can do, is right. If it cannot be done it is wrong! I use your wire! Why should n't I? Can you prevent it? Try it and then see whether the wire does not break out there in the woods; and I could yet make difficulties when to repair the line your men come over. Honor? What has honor to do with it? I wish the news and listen. Besides, I must know if you and Cook talk about me. I tap your wire. I listen. It is no secret. You know I do it. I tell you I do it. There is nothing dishonorable such as you talk about. Let us speak no more about nonsense. Have a cigar? Of course now you stay to dinner. Can you loan me some corn?' And so on, and so on.

As I listened to this tirade, it was hard to believe that the speaker was a German army officer, educated and highly intelligent, and withal so interesting and entertaining that one's feelings of indignation and outraged justice would become anæsthetized under the influence of his hospitality and the conviction that his attitude was wholly impersonal, and his ideas of right and wrong the result of tradition and training which left him honest — from his point of view at least.

One day I was startled to count eighty oxen being driven across my land, and headed into a much-prized bridle-path which led nowhere except to a newly cultivated area. The oxen belonged to Neighbor Hans, and his men informed my courier that they were bound for the 'señor's' mahogany camp down the river. Puzzled as to how Neighbor Hans could reach his camp through my jungle, and angry at this lawless invasion of my territory, I ordered my horse and rode forth to investigate. My indignation may be imagined when I discovered that my favorite trail had been reduced to a hog-wallow, and that many of the new

plantings had been trampled down and destroyed. Words fail to express my feelings, however, when I followed the destroying host to an old trail which led to the river, and found branching therefrom a new, and to me unknown, trail paralleling the river. This had been cut for a mile through my jungle to a point where the oxen could be forded to the Hans camp on the opposite bank. By dropping down stream in canoes it had been a simple matter to enter our unused river-trail and cut the new road without detection.

When told of my discovery, my major-domo was as surprised as I had been, and assured me that he had given permission neither to cut the road nor for Neighbor Hans to drive the oxen across our land.

When I had composed myself somewhat, I rode over to Santa Clara, where, as usual, I was cordially welcomed by Neighbor Hans. Proceeding at once to the object of my visit, I inquired by what right he cut roads on my land, why he drove his oxen across my property without permission, whether he knew that my bridle-path had been ruined and much of the new cultivation destroyed, and what he proposed to do about it. By this time I was pretty well excited and doubtless spoke with a good deal of emphasis.

In reply, Neighbor Hans delivered himself as follows: 'I am sorry, old man, that you excite yourself about these matters, and hope that you have no idea to make trouble, for then it might be unpleasant for us both. I regret your new road is spoiled, but you should know so many oxen must destroy any road such as yours; that is to be expected. Had you made your road of stone then it could not have happened. But I know stone construction would have been difficult and expensive, so I blame you not at all for that. I have to use the road again to

return my oxen, and then you can make the road back again, for I have not to use it soon again, I think. It is bad that so many new cultivation was destroyed, but so few men could not control so many oxen. I should have sent more but could not spare them. Why did you not help with your men and save some damage? You see, after all, it was much your fault. Permission to cross your land? I can't follow you about the country asking permission for all I do. You were at Monte Cristo when I cut the river-road. I did n't know when you would return, and I can't hold my business while you pleasure yourself with trips about the country. Did you send me word last night you were back, then I could ask you for the permission; but how was I to know you were back? Now tell me that.

'Why did n't I ask your major-domo? Now I know you are not serious. Ask you. Yes. But ask your major-domo, my inferior — that is to laugh! Why should I build a road on my side when you have one already on your side? My men told me they cut no trees of value, so there can be no question of damages, so try not to be unreasonable. It seems sometimes like you much wanted to make difficulties, but take my advice. It is so much better that we live together as friends, no? Of course you now stay to dinner. I have some excellent Rhine wine just by last German boat, or do you prefer some real German beer? Better we try both. José, bring Señor Joubert the cigars, also remember he sits at table. And now everything is so nicely arranged I show you the latest German battleship in a picture by last mail. England's superiority now is only ' — and so forth.

During a period of reconstruction, when my living quarters were reduced to two rooms for all purposes, Neighbor

Hans rode over to inform me that he expected visitors, and as it would crowd him uncomfortably to provide sleeping accommodations for his guests, he had decided to have some of them spend their nights with me. Knowing the disordered condition of my abode, he had come to advise me so that I might have time to prepare. Of course they would spend their days with him, and equally of course he would entertain them, though they might require some attention in the morning should they have been up late the night before, ha, ha!

I laughed also, it was so excruciatingly funny both in presentation and contemplation — and the naïve manner in which he invited himself to take possession of my house on behalf of his friends even added a touch of pathos to the situation. Viewing my dismantled and cramped quarters, I felt obliged to decline his proposition. I even expressed my refusal in a manner quite distinct and emphatic. But what is a Yankee right against a Junker desire?

Some days later Neighbor Hans called to inform me that his friends were due to arrive on a certain day, and that we had better look to our arrangements. He displayed great annoyance and much vexation of spirit when I recalled my former positive refusal to run my place as a hotel annex to Santa Clara. He curtly informed me that it was now too late to enter into further discussion, for his friends had already started. He then proceeded to instruct me as to the removal of certain goods and chattels to other places, explaining how I could convert my office into temporary sleeping-quarters by taking out the safe and by sundry other expedients which were so simple as to be self-evident.

With true Junker efficiency he had not neglected his information bureau through a personally conducted spy-

system, and was well informed regarding the movements and possessions of his neighbors. He frequently stopped my boats as they passed his landing, and made an inventory of their cargo. He now told me how many cots, hammocks, and blankets there were on the place, and rapidly arranged their disposition. He considerably consigned me to a hammock, leaving my good American bed for the use of a stout friend who would thereby be rendered quite comfortable.

While he was thus regulating my affairs with military precision and to his own satisfaction, I stood there gasping, strangling my manhood in an endeavor to have peace at any price. Indeed, I was so occupied controlling my temper that, before I felt it safe to speak, he had jumped on his horse with a 'So long, old man, I'll be over to-morrow and see if you have everything in order,' and was riding away when I came to myself. Rushing through the woods, I headed off Neighbor Hans with a torrent of words that gushed forth in a steady stream under the pressure of feelings long held in restraint. It was the best and worst job of its kind I had ever done. From amid a profusion of variegated and picturesque phrases with which a life of walking up and down the earth had provided me, the listener could glean these prosaic statements of fact. 'You are not the German Emperor; and if you are, this is n't Germany; and if it is, I'm not a German but an American, and I'll not stand for more German arrogance. I'm going to run my own affairs in my own way, and when I wish to entertain your friends I'll invite them myself. If you or your friends land on that riverbank and start for my house in the face of my refusal to have you here, I'll take my Winchester and shoot you full of holes!'

Neighbor Hans dismounted. He

stood looking at me in astonishment, as if I had gone crazy on the spot, and ejaculated between my spasms, 'What's the matter, old man? I never saw you like this before. Calm yourself. You must be mad.'

When I finally subsided from lack of breath, he said, 'I will see you when you are calm, and if it is trouble you seek, I will accommodate you with much pleasure. I assure you I can furnish plenty. If in doubt, you can ask Pratt.'

'Well,' I retorted, 'trouble is the last thing I want; but if it comes, I'll try to meet it, and if I can't handle it, my successor will be a quick-fingered bad man from Texas.'

Hans made no reply, but flung himself into his saddle, and rode off.

When I had calmed down, I felt a bit ashamed of my own loss of temper, and wrote him an apology for the language I had used, making it plain, however, that I was not receding from my determination to remain master of my own affairs. He made no reply, nor did his friends appear. They were, as I afterwards learned, headed off by a special courier.

Recalling the fate of Pratt and the troubles of Cook, I now expected reprisals. Cattle might mysteriously die, fence-wires be cut and cattle get loose, bridges unexpectedly collapse, trees be felled across the trails, telephone wires be constantly cut down, the river-channel closed to navigation by cunningly arranged obstructions, and I might be continually in the saddle answering summonses of distant tribunals, getting free from one trumped-up charge only to meet another. These devices and many more had been employed against Pratt and others. A peaceful American, who fights fair if he has to fight at all, is at a great disadvantage in defending himself against a petty war of frightfulness.

II

As the days passed, however, with no signs of trouble, my feeling of apprehension gradually wore away, and I settled down to the enjoyment of the first undisturbed tranquillity and freedom I had enjoyed since entering the zone of German influence. Neighbor Hans had been an almost daily visitor, seeking accommodation of one kind or another; and so accustomed had he become to depending upon San Fernando for aid in every difficulty, that I took it for granted that he had given up all thought of open war. My time and work had been constantly interrupted in meeting his appeals for assistance, and from annoyance these continuous requests had become a serious nuisance. Accommodation grew to be imposition, and with my increasing reluctance, his requests became demands. Yet the one and only time that I had asked a favor of Hans it had been abruptly refused.

My greatest source of difficulty was the care of a telephone line running to the Finca Santa Felicia, ten miles distant, where Friend Russell maintained an independent wire in connection with the other American fincas along the road, thus bringing my ranch into communication with Agua Fria, our nearest town, twenty miles distant. To secure through connection, all the managers on the route must be summoned from field or office; and of course it was expected that this would be done only under very special circumstances. Ordinarily, messages were expected to be relayed at convenience, the matter being a pure courtesy extended by one neighbor to another. All the Anglo-Saxon managers were scrupulous in their use of this privilege, but Neighbor Hans who maintained not one bridge, not a mile of road or rod of wire, held himself superior to all constraint what-

soever, and would call for Agua Fria on the telephone when and as often as he wished. Many and many a time Neighbor Hans has favored me with an entire day at my farm, trying to get into communication with his friends in Agua Fria. On such occasions my only possible occupation was the entertainment of Neighbor Hans, and it was during these periods that I was regaled with prophecies of the rapid approach of 'the Day,' when England should be crushed.

'To the English people,' remarked Neighbor Hans, 'we shall show no mercy. It is for the English officers only we have respect, for they are gentlemen like the Germans.'

The crushing of England was an obsession with him, but sometimes he wandered further afield, and it was evident that this was but the first step in a grander scheme. The calculating brutality of the way he talked made me uncomfortable, and sometimes I felt half sick that an educated and apparently normal human being could harbor such thoughts and ambitions. At times I protested that the destruction of Great Britain would remove a great factor in human progress and the spread of civilization, and he would reply, 'It makes no difference what she has done in the past, now she must be destroyed.'

Once, when I argued that the intelligent German masses, especially the Socialists who were so strong in Germany, would oppose a war so criminal, he laughed, and looking at me in a pitying way said, 'Old man, sometimes I admire your innocence, but again you are so simple. In the States I have seen those big headlines of your yellow press. We have that same type now already in every printing shop in Germany. When we declare war, we have the papers come out in big print like your American papers, telling of Ger-

many attacked, and calling upon the people to defend their homes and Fatherland from thieves and murderers. Then in twenty-four hours there are no more Socialists, but all are Germans, Germans in the army, fighting a hated enemy. I tell you, war comes; it comes. And it comes in not more than three years.'

Well, it was the convenience of that telephone line to Agua Fria which at last brought Neighbor Hans to resume 'friendly relations' following our little difficulty. His demeanor toward me had undergone a complete transformation. He knocked at the door, entered only upon my invitation, inquired if I was busy and if he might use the telephone. I knew, however, that this considerate attitude was but temporary, and merely because he had decided that it was not in his interest to bring about an open breach at that time. Then ensued such a daily use of the telephone that my friends advised me that it must cease or the privilege would be withdrawn. When I finally mentioned this to Neighbor Hans, he exclaimed, 'Ah, so, now I understand. Tell your friends I must talk with my friends. If this is not longer permitted, I take it as an unfriendly act and know what to do. They had better think it over. Better, perhaps, I see them myself and talk about it.'

And so, in addition to a nuisance now become chronic, I could see another crisis approaching. To avoid this I deliberately neglected the line; but Neighbor Hans, ignoring the hint, began to complain of its condition, and commented sharply on my poor management. He even rode over the line, and was good enough to report to me where it required attention. Coming in from the fields one day, I found him sitting in my office with the instrument in pieces, overhauling the batteries in an endeavor to discover why the instru-

ment did not work, as repeated ringing had brought no response from Santa Felicia. I did not find it necessary to tell him that neither Santa Felicia nor any other station would answer again the old signals, still conspicuously posted beside the instrument.

Then happened the event for which I had so long waited. A violent storm laid low nearly two miles of wire, which I gathered in. The line became a thing of the past, and I went back to mounted messengers, requiring at times three days for a round trip to town. Neighbor Hans complained, cajoled, threatened, and in a final appeal went so far as to offer to contribute 'something' toward the restoration of the line; but on the plea of economy I steadfastly refused to consider its rehabilitation. With the passage of time, he became reconciled to the situation, and this issue was safely passed. Peace at any price! Had I refused him the use of the line, or had I removed the wire without nature's aid, he would have considered it a *casus belli*.

About this time Neighbor Hans took a trip to Agua Fria, accompanied by his titled German wife and boy. To avoid the Santa Felicia trail, rendered almost impassable by heavy rains, he selected the longer but better San Isidro road, a property presided over by Neighbor Wilhelm. Now Neighbor Wilhelm and Neighbor Hans, though both were Germans, were not friends; and when Wilhelm saw Hans and his party riding down his road, he waxed wroth and ordered the trail closed against their return. Holding up a woman and a small boy in a jungle country, with hours of *détour* over difficult and dangerous trails, and long distances between habitations, is not a brave and gallant act; but then, when two 'cultured' Germans are not on friendly terms, women and children have no right to go abroad. It was not

Neighbor Wilhelm's fault, any more than it was the fault of Von Tirpitz that women and children sailed on the Lusitania. It was unfortunate, it is true, but certainly no fair-minded person could find fault with Wilhelm because a lady of considerable charm and attainments had married his enemy, Hans.

Well, to continue, I was returning from Agua Fria at the time, and as it turned out, I was the goat that was caught in the trap. In the depth of the jungle, where a steep-sided and deep arroyo could be crossed only by a narrow bridge, some trees had been felled, completely blocking the bridge. It was fortunate that at that particular point there happened to be no very large trees susceptible of being used as a barricade; but, as things were, in order to avoid a five-hour *détour*, my horse-boy and I spent two hours with our machetes cutting a passage for our mounts. As for Hans, word reached him, and consequently he brought his family home by another route.

A few days after this incident I complained to Neighbor Wilhelm that it did not seem fair, just to spite one individual, to close so important a trail against his other neighbors. He answered that his honor would not permit him to allow Neighbor Hans to come on his property, and if others suffered in consequence, he was sorry, but he could not help it.

This is a truthful history which I am setting down; but if the reader should ever chance to be the welcome guest of this most genial host, and have an opportunity to enjoy the conversation of this experienced, traveled, and educated man, he will say, 'It is impossible; Herr Wilhelm never could do such things. He is a gentleman. Either that man Joubert is not telling the truth or it is another Wilhelm that he has in mind.'

But, reader, I assure you that it is the same Wilhelm, as it is the same Hans.

To appreciate the incident which I have just related, it must be understood that it was not only custom, but a matter of pride, for each property-owner to maintain a good communication trail across his land, connecting with the trails maintained by his neighbors; for it was only by such coöperation that travel over large sections of the country was possible. The exceptions to this rule were the Germans of university-military caste, who, in petty spite against their neighbors, repeatedly obstructed trails and resorted to other harassing methods, in order to have revenge on some enemy, real or imaginary. Among the Americans no enmities existed, while the Germans were divided into jealous groups. This was fortunate for us, for, had the Germans pulled together, it would have been difficult for an American to remain in the district, unless he was willing to submit to German domination.

Still another incident may prove illustrative. One day, while hunting, Friend Cook came upon some fresh mahogany stumps. Following a timber trail newly made, he came to the river, where, to his amazement, he saw some twenty logs all rafted to float away. Making inquiry, he discovered almost immediately that the cutting and rafting had been done by employees of Neighbor Hans, who at the time happened to be working mahogany. Fortified in his proofs by a government survey, Friend Cook called upon Neighbor Hans for satisfaction and settlement. He found him in great spirits, and inclined to be satirical; but as soon as Friend Cook had made the purpose of his visit painfully clear, then Neighbor Hans grew insolently indignant at both charge and claim. When, however, Cook placed an embargo on the logs,

Hans was glad to sign an agreement, promising to pay a ridiculously small and merely nominal stumpage fee. Good-natured Neighbor Cook, desiring only to have the moral ascendancy in the dispute, waived his right to the logs and the value thereof, in order to avoid a troublesome fight which might delay his departure to the States, where he was impatient to go to visit his sick wife.

A few days later, when Friend Cook had started northward, Neighbor Hans rode across my place on his way home from down river. He dismounted and came up to the house in a noticeably bad humor. With a brief greeting he burst forth with, 'It seems your friend Cook looks for trouble. He will get plenty, you may be sure of that! Takes me for a fool, huh! I will show him something. While my men work he sleeps in his house. Why does he not watch his land? Does he think I follow my men and look where they go? How can I tell whether they go on his place or not? No, I look out for my own land, not for my neighbor's. That is their affair. I have troubles enough of my own, without taking on other people's. It is his mistake and not mine if his trees are cut down. Now you tell him for me I pay him not one red cent for those logs. Last night I float the logs down stream to another jurisdiction, and that paper I sign no longer has value. I sign it to fool him.¹ Now he will find out what kind of man I am. He makes a mistake to fight Hans. I will show him.'²

¹ A thesis since officially indorsed by the Chancellor of the German Empire.

² By virtue of measures inaugurated by telegraph on the part of Neighbor Hans, Friend Cook was held up by the authorities at the port of departure. Before the officials could satisfy themselves that no reason existed for detaining Cook, he had been put to considerable expense and trouble, including a long and vexatious delay. — THE AUTHOR.

That night I had a good deal to think about, and a few days later, seeking sympathy I rode over to Finca Santa Felicia, and laid my trials before Friend Russell. But, instead of commiseration, my host turned on me. 'As a friend,' said he, 'I advise you not to repeat to others what you have just told me; for if you do, you will lose the respect of every man in this section. I cannot understand it. I supposed you were a man of spirit. Why, I'd like to see anybody put anything like that over on me.'

That was all the satisfaction I got on that day; but shortly afterwards, Neighbor Hans passed my home, riding a horse which bore a curious resemblance to that of Friend Russell. I remarked on the likeness to Hans, who promptly admitted that it was Russell's horse, which he had been 'obliged to borrow,' as his own mount had gone lame when he reached Santa Felicia.

A week later Friend Russell came in on a mule, making hasty inquiry as to whether I had seen his horse. I informed him that Neighbor Hans had ridden it through the week before. Russell looked at me with an expression which gave me entertainment. 'Hans,' he ejaculated, 'has one big nerve.'

'Where is the nerve?' I asked, as blandly as you please; 'you lent him the horse, did n't you?'

'Lent nothin',' snorted Russell; 'Hans took my horse from the corral and left his lame one. I knew nothing of it till I went for my horse and found

it gone. My men saw Hans take it, but supposed I had given him permission. That's what I call nerve. He might have sent it back anyway. I'm going after it, and if you hear any noise over yonder it's me doing things.'

And Friend Russell disappeared on his mule in the direction of Santa Clara. It was late in the afternoon when he returned, riding his horse and leading the mule. Hans had explained that, being short of help, he could not send the animal back at once, and besides he had had to use it to visit his own property, a three days' trip into the *campo*.

'Well, what did you say to him Russell?'

'Oh, I did n't say much,' replied Russell; 'you see, I was right glad to get my horse back, and besides he opened up some of that old Rhine-wine stuff and treated me pretty white, and though I felt rather sore, I thought I'd better let it go at that.'

'Well,' said I, 'let me advise you as a friend never to repeat that happening to any one about here, as you might lose their respect. By Jove! I'm surprised. I thought you were a man of courage. *I'd like to see any one put anything like that over on me.*'

Such were these neighbors, university-taught and army-bred. When the newspapers of early August, 1914, reached me and I read with horror of the invasion of Belgium, my hands dropped to my lap, and I exclaimed aloud, 'Neighbor Hans is loose in Europe, too!'

CHERRY VALLEY

BY KATHERINE MAYO

I

THIS was early in the force's history — so early that as yet no sub-station of State Police had ever been planted in Washington County.

Captain Pitcher, commanding 'A' Troop, was now about to place one there, and, in reviewing the territory, had selected Burgettstown as the location for the new outpost. Burgettstown, close to the Ohio line, lies some sixty miles from the troop's home barracks.

Sergeant Charles Jacobs, late 3rd United States Cavalry, Private Gjertsen, late corporal of United States Marines, and two other troopers, composed the new detail. On sending the men off, the captain made them a farewell speech. That speech, for him, was a long one, yet every word of it carved its indelible mark.

'You men have to make good in that county. You are going to establish a name for the force. Do your full duty. Get what you go for. Keep every act above criticism. And *never* "start anything" first.'

Burgettstown is a typical farming community — quiet, orderly, prosperous, and as vulnerable as an oyster without its shell. The constable of Burgettstown was seventy years old, and, although far from well-preserved, his quavering strength might yet have sufficed for all the home-bred needs of the bailiwick. But, as it happened, the real needs of Burgettstown were not home-bred at all.

There was Cherry Valley, for example, only four short miles away.

Cherry Valley was the central point in a circle of mining plants. It possessed their one and only store — a company store; it had some places of dubious amusement. It had also a large and bad negro element, mingled with that sort of white stock that will so mingle.

Cherry Valley, by its own proud word, was a 'tough proposition,' and from its toughness emanated a considerable part of Burgettstown's woes. They ranged from chicken-stealing and drunken Sunday sprees to the firing of haystacks and barns, thefts of crops, and attacks upon women in lonely places. And no local means of protection with which Burgettstown was endowed operated against them in the slightest degree.

Yet these things had become so much a part of Burgettstown's daily life as to be accepted more or less like the weather that Providence is pleased to send, on a par with the discipline of a world of travail and sojourning, to be borne with resignation and to be taken as they came.

Burgettstown, as yet, had no personal knowledge of the power and purpose of a State Police, and in so far as it substituted surmise for experience, its surmise ran that the force must be simply a new-fangled avenue of graft, a creation of costly, arrogant uselessness. The farmers, therefore, in their farmers' skepticism as to all new things, held aloof and looked askance.

And so it happened that the first

applicant for help to call at the substation door was a very humble one indeed. It was a harmless old negro, who, by some mischance, had incurred the wrath of one of the black bullies of the Cherry Valley gang. The bully had promised to kill this white-poll'd ancient on sight, and, as he habitually 'toted a gun,' he was likely to carry out his threat at their first meeting.

'Certainly ain't gwine to be no meet-in' if I sees him first,' the old man declared with conviction; 'but I cyan't have eyes all round my head at once, an' I cyan't rest nights tryin' to keep 'em so. If you could help me, boss, I certainly would be thankful. Nobody else won't, not in dis world! I'se begged 'em all.'

He had sworn out a warrant for the apprehension of his persecutor, and had taken the warrant to the constable, in due and proper course. But the constable, honest gray-beard that he was, feigned no ability to serve that writ. He knew that the burly black rascal would at best snatch it out of his hand and tear it up before his face, and that he would be lucky to escape merely with ridicule and without bodily injury. So the constable had flatly refused the attempt. The patient old negro had then plodded back to the squire.

'Dis here writ — please, sah, constable say he won't serve it. What I gwine to do next?'

'Don't know. Guess there ain't anything to do next,' opined the squire.

'But, squire, I'se *too* afraid! Dat man gwine to kill me, sure!'

'Well, then, I guess you'd better move away from here. Go some place where he won't find you. That would be my idea.'

The suppliant stood for a moment silent, with hanging head. Then, with a sigh, he started down the path from the squire's door. Perhaps something

in the humble dejection of the figure touched the justice slightly. Perhaps he suddenly remembered that this man could wield a whitewash brush a little bit better than any one else in the borough, and that in haying time he came in handily.

'Look here, you!' he shouted down the path, 'there's those State Police just come to town. I don't reckon they'll do anything for you, but it could n't hurt to walk over and ask 'em before you pack up. Your time ain't worth much, anyhow.'

'Certainly we will serve this warrant,' said Sergeant Jacobs, having read the writ. 'Why not?'

The old negro could scarcely credit his ears. 'But — but Cherry Valley's an awful wicked place, and Cherry Valley fights by de bunch. Razors — and knives — an' every kind of gun.'

'Now, uncle, don't you fret. Go along home and eat your dinner in peace. We'll take care of you. Leave Cherry Valley to us.'

The old man stared, while his lips moved. He seemed to be repeating the words to himself, savoring them one by one. Slowly his heart shone through his wrinkled mask, translated. Fifty years had rolled away. Once more he stood in a world that he knew — among 'real white folks' at home. He clasped his knotted hands while the tears rolled down his cheeks.

'O master! master, *dear!*' he sobbed and laughed together, falling unconsciously upon the long-hushed name. 'D-don't let 'em hurt you over there. Don't let 'em harm one lil' hair of yo' precious haid! Dis nigger ain't wuth it!'

'May de Lord forgive me!' he said again, as he watched the sergeant and Private Gjertsen ride out of sight, down the Cherry Valley road. 'May de Lord have mercy on my sinful soul! I certainly did think He done called all his old-time peoples home!'

It was a Saturday afternoon — the afternoon of pay-day. The gangs had gathered in Cherry Valley, and the weekly trouble was already afoot. Men and women had been drinking heavily, quarrels were progressing, ugly combinations had formed. As the two troopers rode down the street, a cloud of hostile questions surrounded them. Who were they? Why had they come?

Their uniform was unknown here, their name and purpose were almost as strange. But they looked like men claiming authority, and Cherry Valley in theory denied authority utterly. In the concrete it had never seen it — knew it not at all.

Sergeant Jacobs glanced in at the windows of the company store as they passed. The windows were filled with lowering faces, among them some that were American and of the better sort.

Said the sergeant to Trooper Gjertsen, —

‘I’ll wager we have n’t a friend in the whole village — Americans, foreigners, negroes, every one of them is ready to fight.’

They rode on a few yards farther, coming to a house on whose porch a stalwart negro lounged.

‘As we’re strangers everywhere, we may as well begin here,’ remarked the sergeant, dismounting.

They tied their horses and entered.

Within the thick squalor of the place some fifteen or twenty negroes were playing poker and drinking. To the query of the sergeant they answered, with surly scowls, that the man he sought was not in that house.

Satisfying themselves that this was probably true, the troopers proceeded to another and yet other negro abodes, still with a like result. Everywhere the same surly quasi-insolence, the same hostile withholding of all information, suggestions, or help.

Finally they approached a house at

whose front door a slatternly white woman sat, while a little mulatto girl stood on the back porch. In some vague way the two suggested a guard.

‘We’ll try this place,’ said Sergeant Jacobs. ‘I’ll take the front door, Gjertsen. You go to the rear.’

Both officers asked the seeming sentries whether the negro named in the warrant was within the house. Both received a defiant ‘No!’ Then they entered, from their respective sides, and together made a thorough search of the ground floor. The search proved barren. The troopers mounted to the second and only remaining floor. Here also their hunt revealed nothing. Disappointed, they descended the stairs, and were about leaving the house, when an indefinable shade on the face of the white woman made them pause.

‘Are you quite sure that this man is not in the house?’

‘Sure? Of course I’m sure!’ the woman snapped back.

The sergeant looked her square in the eye, long and steadily. ‘I’ll just go up and have another glance,’ he began.

‘Can’t you take a lady’s word, then, you coward, you —’ And she babbled off, like a hot geyser, into a torrent of mud.

‘And I’ll bring him down with me in a moment,’ concluded the sergeant imperturbably, his foot on the stair.

‘There’s just this one place left, and he must be in it,’ Sergeant Jacobs was saying, a moment later.

He stood before the chimney-breast in the rear chamber, gazing at the chimney-hole. In point of size that hole might conceivably have admitted the body of a man. But it was stuffed tight with old blankets and gunny-sacks, to keep the wind away, and the blankets and gunny-sacks were gray with a season’s dust.

‘If he’s in there, they’ve done it well!’ exclaimed Gjertsen.

They had, indeed, done it with talent. Fine white coal-ash, scattered over the hastily arranged cloths and then fanned off to avoid unnatural surplus, suggested an inference that might easily deceive. But when the two officers had jerked the last obstructing gunny-sack out of that chimney-hole the view that rewarded them comprised one large splay-foot.

They got him down, sooty and perspiring, and very wroth. They searched him for arms and found that he had turned his gun and razor over to the woman before making his ascent. At first he was confused, but as he breathed less creosote he grew more threatening and bold.

'We'll handcuff this man,' said the sergeant.

As the irons clicked fast, the woman burst out again into railings. 'Tin soldiers!' she screamed, and launched into her malodorous vocabulary.

II

Meanwhile, a mob of no mean dimensions had assembled around the house. It numbered several hundred persons, chiefly negroes and foreign miners, with the negroes everywhere well to the fore. Sergeant Jacobs, with a practiced glance, estimated its temper and its probable trend of thought. Much, as he well knew, depended on the justice of that quick estimate. His object was, first, to get his prisoner out of Cherry Valley and over to the Burgettstown jail without harm to the man; and, second but not less, to avoid any outbreak and consequent birth of ill feeling on the part of the crowd itself.

'Got to make good in that county,' Captain Pitcher had said. 'You are going to establish a name for the force.'

And back in the first days, when all

the force were recruits together, had not the major himself impressed upon his troopers, one and all, —

'In making an arrest you may use no force beyond the minimum necessary.'

That crowd, then, must not be allowed to conceive ideas that would necessitate violence.

'They will centre at first on the horses,' the sergeant theorized to himself. 'I'll amuse them with the horses while Gjertsen gets ahead with the man. 'Gjertsen,' he said, 'remain dismounted and start away with the prisoner. I'll follow you.'

Sergeant Jacobs killed as much time as he could in untying the two mounts. The crowd looked on, intent, sullen, and muttering. At last one in the front rank shouted, —

'What are you taking this man away for?'

'Why do you ask?' responded the officer.

'I got a right to know. He lives here. I demand to know.'

The speaker was a blue-black giant with a mouth like a collapsible megaphone. His manner was truculent.

'If you want to find out,' coolly replied the sergeant, 'come down to the squire's office by and by. Then you can hear all about it.'

The murmurs of the negroes swelled, bordered on abuse. The sergeant faced around.

'I am an officer of the State Police,' said he, very sharply and distinctly. 'Remember that you are permitted to show no disrespect and to use no bad language concerning the uniform of the State of Pennsylvania, which I wear.'

As yet they guessed but dimly of what he spoke. The meaning had still to be proved to them. But something in his bearing gave them pause, nevertheless.

With all their lawless ill-will, with all their old impunity, with all their

swarming numbers, they hesitated and held back in the presence of this one stranger. In the crowd there were a hundred young men of far more than the sergeant's weight, men of ox-like strength, bred to blood and violence. A sheriff's posse, however well armed, would have been their half-holiday joy. But this solitary figure now confronting them diffused some unknown influence — was as strange as if it had descended from Mars. The uniform, color of a thunder-cloud, severe as if cast in steel, suggesting a power somewhere unseen; the body that moulded the uniform, lithe, clean-muscled, hard, suggested an iron discipline that itself is power; the face, clear-cut, lean, quick, with dark, live eyes, faithfully promising surprise to whoever should go too far — all these contributed their parts. The crowd held back.

Meanwhile, Sergeant Jacobs, watching the progress of his comrade, saw him safely turn the corner of the street. In a moment more he would be passing the Coal Company's store. 'There,' thought the sergeant, 'we shall certainly get backing. The superintendent will come out with his men.'

Leading the horses, and at a deliberate pace, not to excite the mob, he moved on to rejoin Gjertsen.

They passed the company store. It was crowded with the very people on whom officers of the State should have been able to count for staunch support. But not a man of them came forth. Instead, they hung in the windows and doors, with jeers on their faces, voicing grotesque solicitude as to the fate of 'tin soldiers' in Cherry Valley — betting on the number of pieces into which they would be dissected before the hour was done.

The two officers paid no heed — kept straight on their homeward course. The manacled negro walked before them. The crowd, bunched dark and

swollen, like swarming bees, hung buzzing where the sergeant had left it.

'I guess we're all right now,' said Gjertsen.

'We'll mount in a moment,' the sergeant assented.

But at this the prisoner, who had so far submitted, sullenly dumb, aroused himself to dispute his fate.

'I ain't goin' to walk to Burgettstown,' he announced. 'If you want me to go to Burgettstown, you got to take me in a rig.'

'Keep right along going. We can't get any conveyance here. A four-mile walk won't hurt anybody,' answered the sergeant good-naturedly.

The fellow slouched on for a few yards, obedient though glowering. But he had caught his cue. His aim now was to communicate it to his timorous friends behind.

'By Moses, I ain't — goin' — on!' he bellowed; and stopped short in his tracks.

'Go on,' said the sergeant.

The prisoner obeyed once more. But he had gained a moment's time, and time was all that was needed for his policy to take effect. This also the troopers appreciated.

Another rod or two, and then the black played his trump card. He flung himself flat on the ground. 'I won't walk no fo' miles for nobody!' he howled. 'I won't walk no fo' miles for nobody on earth! Yah! Yah! Yah!'

Trooper Gjertsen jerked him upright. It was not too easily done, for the fellow made himself a dead, disjointed, flaccid mass. Yet done it was, and quickly, for such a job. Meanwhile Sergeant Jacobs held the horses, and kept a corner of his eye on the crowd.

The crowd was moving at last. The big blue-black spokesman, leading it, was coming on at a dead run. By the posture of his hand, the sergeant thought that he was holding concealed

a revolver. Therefore, interposing himself between Private Gjertsen with his captive and the oncoming giant, and holding the horses with his left arm as a man holds a shield, he awaited the moment. It came. He saw that the negro's hands were empty — and that he was making for the prisoner first.

'Here,' shouted the new arrival, at the top of his bull-like lungs, 'you don't *have* to go with these men. *They* don't have no authority here. *They can't* take you, I say.'

From the rapidly nearing crowd rose an inarticulate howl of applause.

Sergeant Jacobs, enveloped in calm, proceeded like a methodical nurse with an infant lunatic. Without difficulty or seeming exertion, he encircled the big negro with his grip, pinning the two flapping arms tight to the body.

He had dropped the horses. Apache, he knew, would stand alone, like the friend and brother that he was, in the hour of need.

'Take the cuff off that other fellow's right hand, Gjertsen. Snap it on this one's left. — So! There's a pair of love-birds for you! — Now, you two, you are *not* going to start a riot. *March!*'

The thing was done so quickly, so unexpectedly, that it had the effect of a stroke of fate. The big bold leader, the dare-devil spokesman, had been plucked like a wayside weed. In an instant it was over. Shame sat upon him. His place of glory could know him no more.

Where the leader had fallen so desperately, would the crew rush in and dare? It parleyed. It hesitated.

But the two burly blacks were not yet subdued. 'We'll have our rights!' bellowed the giant, a sea-lawyer ashore. 'You're *obliged* to give us transportation.'

'Transpo'tation! Transpo'tation!' howled the other. 'We want transpo'tation!'

'You can't compel us to walk. It's against the law.'

Said Sergeant Jacobs, 'You'll walk or be dragged.'

Then each trooper pulled his hitching-strap from his saddle, each fastened a strap to a negro's unmanacled wrist, and mounted.

'Start up,' ordered the sergeant.

The blacks came to their feet with sprawling haste. Handcuffed together like Siamese twins, and with their free hands lariatied by a taut line, they had no choice.

'Well — I guess we'll walk,' growled one.

'Until you're done guessing and are quite sure of it, you'll walk as you are,' the sergeant replied.

They plunged on for a few yards, between the two horses.

'Please, sir, won't you *kindly* allow us to walk in front of the horses in the natural way, *if* you please, sir!'

It was the big spokesman this time, his insolence suddenly gone.

As Gjertsen unfastened the straps, the sergeant looked back. The crowd, so shortly before on the ragged verge of an outbreak that would have put enmity between the people and the force in that valley for years to come — that crowd of hostile hundreds was melting away. No more fight was left in it. It was thinking. It was going home. It was almost won to a laugh.

'I believe the major would like that,' Sergeant Jacobs murmured.

'I think Captain Pitcher would say it's a right start,' Gjertsen elaborated. 'But there were moments —'

'There were,' the sergeant concurred.

The march ended at the squire's office door.

'Now, what about the other man?' asked the justice, having disposed of the subject of the first arrest.

'In his case,' responded the sergeant,

'we ask for a considerable penalty. These are our first arrests in Washington County. We intend to be fair, square, and not too severe. But this man tried his best to cause a riot in resistance to the execution of the Law. We do not intend to encourage such enterprise.'

'I'll give him four months,' said the squire.

Later, the prisoner begged that he might speak to Sergeant Jacobs alone.

'Cap'n,' said he, 'squire's given me four months. But before I go away, I want to explain to you that I did n't know you was a State Police officer. Did n't know what a State Police officer is. I came up from Virginy, I did. I thought you was just like all the militia down there — just tin soldiers that nobody don't mind. An', cap'n, I want to ask your pardon before I go away, because, when I get out, Cherry Valley ain't no place for me *unless you know I'm your man.*'

'Marse Sergeant Jacobs' man, indeed!' snorted old Uncle White-wool when he heard the tale. He had already

attached himself, body, soul, and lonely heart, to his new hero, and had endowed him with all the attributes of long ago. 'Marse Sergeant Jacobs don't have no use fo' *dat* common new trash! I'se de onlies' nigger he tolerate 'bout his pusson. My name is Jacobs, sah, if you please. I'se changed it to suit de occasion.'

Such was the introduction of the State Police to Washington County; and the sub-station details, one after another over a long period, followed a good start. But at last came a day when the 'economy' of the State Legislature so operated that Burgettstown sub-station must be withdrawn for lack of funds to sustain its Spartan cost; and then was afforded a gauge of the real feeling of the farmers toward the force. That thinly populated region sent in a petition signed by nearly four thousand persons, urgently protesting against the withdrawal of the devoted friends and protectors without whose presence they scarcely now knew how to live.

FROM SEA TO MOUNTAIN-TOP IN MALAYSIA

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

WITH a frantic dab of my butterfly-net I scooped up a big sea-snake banded with scarlet and blue, writhing and striving to stand on his flat tail and climb out. The Chinaboy who manœuvred the sampan against the tide screamed, '*Uler laut! Uler bisa!*'

and even my Eurasian collector did not look happy at the approaching bagful of poisonous snake.

Like an extremely unsteady Colossus of Rhodes, I stood astride the bow, facing the racing tide, and now and then dipped up treasures which were borne toward me. This was an Alice-in-Wonderland inversion of my im-

aged first day in the Malay Peninsula. I had pictured mountainous jungles with their buffalo-like *sladangs*, with tigers and peacocks, and with gayly garbed Malays in sarong and kris. Here I was, close to shore, but marooned by red tape for a day and a night. Even the quarantine officials could find no fault with my going zoölogizing off the steamer, and so, greatly to the edification of the passengers and crew, I spent hours in scooping weird things from the swift tide.

Aside from their scientific interest, our catches were marvels of beautiful color. There were jelly-fish of opalescent silver, scalloped with sepia, alive with medusa locks—a tangle of writhing, stinging strands. To a touch of the hand these were like burning nettles; the slightest contact with any worm or crab meant death; and yet, in our glass jars, swimming in and out of the terrible tresses, were little fish, some silvery pink, others glowing with a sheen of coppery gold. Immune from paralysis and death, these small, communal creatures not only were fearless of the tentacles, but subsisted on the prey of the jelly-fish, living their whole lives as parasitic guests, unbidden, yet protected and fed by their involuntary hosts. Iridescent, feathery-footed sea-worms, pale green sea-snakes, blue translucent shrimps—all came to our net; and when the sun sank, I dabbled for phosphorescent creatures of strange forms and unknown names. With the water reflecting the tarnished silver of a lop-sided moon, I finally climbed on board, and the Chinaboy steward refused to make up my berth until the sea-snakes were safe in the alcohol tanks.

Before I turned in, I went to my favorite spot, the very point of the bow, and watched the brilliant phosphorescence. The anchor-chains of the steamer, and the stern, and even my face

high above the water, were brightly lighted by the baleful, greenish wave which ever rolled outward, driven by the onrushing tide; and overhead the green glow of the great tail of Halley's comet, sicklied by the moonlight, seemed also to partake of the phosphorescent illumination. Far up in the peak of the steamer's bow, hidden in some rusty crevice, a cricket chirped strongly, continuously, and shrilly—a tiny passenger who had sung at intervals all the way from Calcutta. He had paid no fare, and to-night he might, if he chose, defy the quarantine which kept me so impatiently immured. He would spread his wings and fly ashore to this strange region so many hundreds of miles south of the low marshes of the Hoogly.

My second day in Malaysia was almost spoiled by an attempt to eat a durian. Eating a durian, or, as in my case, essaying to do so, is an experience not soon lost to memory. Its achievement must be productive of a noticeable growth of *ego*. I often think how I should enjoy being able casually to boast, 'I have eaten durians in the East,' or, 'This tastes as good as a durian.' The durian has a powerful personality. It is large and green, not unlike a breadfruit, and it is covered with unpleasant spikes. But these, I am told, are no deterrent to the man or beast who has once acquired the durian habit—who, by complete suppression or mortification of the organs of smell, has succeeded in swallowing even a section of the fruit. It grows on tall trees, and natives will sit for days waiting for a ripening durian to drop. White children, once immune, prefer it to all other fruit; tigers will approach close to Malay villages, risking their lives to vary their carnivorous diet with a mouthful of durian.

If simplicity in diction indicates strength, I will state tersely that the

durian has an odor. In deference to passengers who are not durianivorous, Lascars are forbidden to bring the fruit on any tourist steamer. Yet if a stoker in the deepest coal-bunker has broken the rule and smuggled one on board, his brother on the lookout in the crow's-nest will soon know and become envious. With rotten eggs as a basis, if one adds sour milk and lusty Limburger cheese *ad lib.*, an extremely unpleasant mixture may be produced. It quite fails, however, as an adequate simile to durian. The odor and taste of durian are unique, unparalleled, and they did not pass from my mind during my second Malaysian day. I am at a loss to explain why durian is not the favorite food of vultures and the exclusive preoccupation in life of burying beetles.

As thoroughly as my first day in Malaysia had been circumscribed by quarantine and salt-water, so was my second hectored by kindness. Within tantalizing sight of distant jungles, conscious of the calls of strange birds and the scent of wild blossoms, I had perforce to make my manners to courteous officials who, with their wives, left nothing of entertainment undone. Over beautiful roads I was swiftly motored to a most interesting laboratory for the study of tropical disease. Here were yardfuls of most amusing-looking fowls, all apparently in the last stage of intoxication. They staggered about, stepping on their own toes, and looking as mortified as it is possible for hens to look. As a matter of fact, they were temporarily paralyzed by a diet of polished rice. A change to the unhusked rice, rich in phosphorus, would at once restore health. The condition corresponded in all particulars to beriberi, the disease so common among the rice-eating Malays.

From the laboratory I sped through the dust to a wonderful botanical gar-

den, one which had been accorded heedful care for many years, with great trees and palms, luxuriant tropical shrubs, and giant Malayan orchids with flower-stalks seven feet in length. Here magpie robins and drongos, ground doves and bulbuls, nested or sang, and here all seemed peaceful. And yet the very sense of undisturbed rest, of balance and permanence, was fraught with a deep sense of unreality. Within a month this entire valley was to be dammed and filled to the brim with reservoir water, and all these lakes and drives, the arbors and elaborate flower-beds, the palms with their birds' nests, and the myriads of other contented homes, would be buried many yards deep in cool, fresh water. The impending doom of all plants and all sedentary animal life was intensely oppressive. It was far more ominous than the presage of a disastrous storm, infinitely more portentous than the approach of a northern winter. To the imagination it was as appalling as the onrush of an overwhelming forest fire.

The only observation which remains in my memory was strange enough to be significant of the abnormal fate of these beautiful gardens. I saw a young duckling killed and partly pulled under, and when I looked carefully into the troubled waters I was astonished to see that the bird had been slain by an insect, one of those great water-bugs which in the States are commonly known as 'electric-light' or 'kissing' bugs. The powerful insect had submerged up and driven its beak deep into the breast of the duckling, which had died after a few futile struggles.

From this valley of the shadow I was hurried on to the usual country club and clock-golf and tea, and then the inevitable formal dinner. Not until the exhausting day was at last at an end did I realize the splendid spirit of hospitality which prompted it, and

I knew that I should duplicate the experience whenever any of these rare-souled English folk found their way to New York, around on the opposite side of the planet.

Late in the evening I walked through the native quarter of the town of Kwala Lumpur. Then for the first time I began to appreciate how completely the Chinese are elbowing the Malays to the wall. The latter are excellent syces and grooms, but in all other capacities one thinks only of Mongolians.

Even at this late hour one tiny photographer's shop was open, with the proprietor, a short but clean-limbed young Chinaboy, squatted just within. His eyes were narrowest of slits, his pipe with its microscopic bowl was held lightly between his teeth. He might have been fast asleep. But at the first indication of my hesitancy, of my prospective interest, Chinaboy rose swiftly, his pipe vanished, and his eyes opened to ovals. Smilingly I wished 'Goodleeving.'

II

In days to come Chinaboy did work for me and did it well, and I was the richer for knowing him, for watching his quiet assurance, his unassuming dignity. But best of all was his story, which was narrated with insight and imagination by the wife of a government official. It is a tale which is duplicated daily, perhaps hourly, wherever Malay and Chinese come into contact — a tale of the quiet usurpation, by thrift and steadiness of purpose, of almost every field of endeavor by these patient Mongolians.

Not many months before, in this very street, Anggun Ana, photographer, kept a tiny shop — ugly, untidy, built of rough boards as are most Malay shops, and not particularly cleanly

within. In every way it resembled its owner, except that Anggun Ana was not ugly. A lazy man is always good-natured, and no good-natured person is really ugly.

On his counter lay an untouched order. It was a hard job of films of assorted sizes, and he did not like it. For two hours Anggun Ana sat in the doorway wondering whether to begin work on them the next morning or the morning after.

'Am velly good Chinaboy,' said a liquid voice in his ear, rousing him from a doze. 'Can dust, sleep floors, eat velly little.' Chinaboy, neatly clad in a faded smock and a braided queue, stood before Anggun Ana and made a low bow, which tickled the pride of the Malay. 'Am velly good boy,' insisted the small Mongolian, explaining that he would work for his rice and a place to sleep.

Anggun Ana considered the applicant with patronizing outward gravity and inward jubilation. After the prolonged haggling which the East demands before the consummation of the smallest bargain, he engaged him at his own terms, — one bowl of rice a day, — conveying the impression that he was thereby doing Chinaboy an immeasurable favor. The latter seemed to have no word with which to express his gratitude. Slowly and earnestly, three times, with many bows, he said, 'Muchee 'blige!'

Chinaboy, apprentice, attended punctiliously to business for Anggun Ana, photographer. He swept, dusted, cooked, and studied the inner mysteries of photography, while his master dozed in the shade. At night he slept under the counter, with his ever more faded blue smock, which he had washed before nightfall, spread out on the line to dry. Chinaboy omitted no detail of duty, wasted no time in play, won the approval of his master, and

held himself in constant readiness for the opportunity which an optimistic mind always knows is just ahead.

One day, six months later, an Englishman brought in some films — a large order which must be done at once. Anggun Ana had gone to the corner to buy some sweet cakes. The Englishman suggested that Chinaboy go search for his master immediately. But the latter shrugged his shoulders, gathered the films in his apron and said, 'Can do,' with such modesty and assurance that the Englishman agreed to the bargain.

The films and prints were delivered at the hotel two hours before the appointed time, with no mistakes and the work well done. A few more tourists dropped into Anggun Ana's shop in the next two months. Each time the proprietor was out and Chinaboy did the work — and kept the money.

Then one night a new little bandbox of a shop budded off from the godown across the street. Chinaboy had graduated from his apprenticeship. He had moved up to the grade of proprietor, as his brightly painted and incorrectly spelled sign indicated. His shop was clean, always clean, and tidy, and orders were executed promptly even when Chinaboy had to work all night to finish them. Into a black lacquer box trickled a thin, yet surely swelling stream of money. On the day the box was filled, Chinaboy walked across the street and bought out Anggun Ana at his own price, just as months before he had bargained to work at his own price.

Anggun Ana is now attached to a planter's ménage and sleeps near the horses. Chinaboy has moved down to the corner opposite the hotel and employs three assistants, none of them Malays.

Thus the steady, quiet, unyielding conquest of Malaysia is being carried forward by Chinaboys — first immi-

grants, later apprentices, and at last proprietors. They come from an overcrowded, impoverished land which only reluctantly yields its increase. They are trained to industry, tenacity, and thrift. Before their attack the good-natured, slow-moving, indolent Malay goes down to quiet, certain defeat.

In my short evening's walk I had abundant opportunity to observe the lesser, subtle workings which in due time will effect racial distribution in all the Far East. People were dominant in my mind; the jungle was for the morrow.

Three hours of intensive effort the next morning set various people and official departments in motion, perfecting arrangements for the trip into the interior. When I had given it sufficient impetus, I turned the matter over to competent hands, Aladdin's and others, and made my way as speedily as I could to the nearest jungle. I could hope only for a short plunge to-day, and on the advice of a bronzed planter whose love of the wilderness shone in his eyes when I told of my coming trip, I motored out to a *bukit*, or mountain, in which were some interesting limestone caves.

My day with these caves was unforgettable. Gulliver and Alice and Seumas might have accompanied me and would not have been bored, so strange were the great caverns. Even the approach held something of mystery, for while they were etched into the base of a high precipitous mountain, this was invisible until one stood suddenly before it. After passing along roads beaded with thatched coolie huts and little Chinese shops, the purring motor turned into a lane-like path and I drove past all the rubber trees in the world — thousands and thousands of them. Like the rows of pulque plants on the Mexican uplands, the trunks of the rubber trees seemed to revolve as I

passed, like the spokes of some gigantic horizontal wheel. Then we stopped suddenly, and looking up I saw a great cliff looming high overhead. It was clothed in green, except where it was out at elbow with patches of raw, white limestone. Before I left the car, a strong scent — unpleasant, exciting, and entirely strange — was wafted down on some current of air from the cave.

A stiff climb of a hundred yards brought me to the mouth of the dark cave — a great, gaping, black hole, the edges draped with graceful vines. I entered and, after going a hundred feet, looked back and saw an exquisite bit of the tropical landscape: palms, distant blue mountains, and white clouds framed in the jet-black jagged aperture.

The great height was overwhelming; the graceful, dome-like summit of the cavern stretched up and up into the very vitals of the mountain. Then I plunged into darkness and lighted my electric searchlight, which seemed at first the merest bit of light ray. On and on I went, and at last, far in the distance, perceived a faint glimmer from high overhead. A rustling sound at my feet drew my light downward, and there were untold thousands of great brown cockroaches, all striving to bury themselves out of sight in the soft, sawdust-like flooring, the century-old guano of the bats. I had to go with great care, for huge jagged rocks and deformed stalagmites obstructed the path in every direction.

I reached the rift in the lofty roof, and the glare blinded me for the moment, although it was tempered with a tracery veil of green. I had already begun to adapt myself to the everlasting darkness. At my feet the light fell softened, diluted with a subterranean twilight. In the centre of this part of the cave, directly under the cleft in the roof, was a curious, gigantic stalag-

mite, still forming from the constant dripping, two hundred feet overhead — a stalagmite of great size and extreme irregularity. The first casual glance showed it vividly to the eye as two weird, unnamable beasts struggling with each other. No feature or limb was distinct, and yet the suggestiveness of the whole was irresistible. Virile with the strength of a Rodin, the lime-saturated water had splashed it into visibility, depositing the swell of muscles and the tracery of veins through all the passing years, to the musical tapping of the falling drops. And in all the great extent of the passage of the cavern, the statue had been brought into being in the only spot where it would be visible by the light of the outer world. My eyes were probably the first to perceive and appreciate the remarkable resemblance to a work of art carefully planned and elaborately executed by the genius of man.

For a long time I sat here, finding the odor of the bats less pungent than elsewhere, and here I watched the ghostly creatures dash past. From the inky darkness of some hidden fissure they dropped almost to my face; then, with a whip of their leathery wings, they turned and vanished in the dark cavern ahead. The noise their wings made was incredibly loud; sometimes a purring, as fifty small ones whirled past together; then a sharp singing, and finally an astonishing whistling twang as a single giant bat twisted and flickered on his frightened way.

Another sound was the musical, hollow dripping of slowly falling drops on some thin resonant bit of stone, a metronome marking the passing of inky black hours and years and centuries; for in this cavern there are no days. Every noise I made, whether of voice or footfall, was taken up and magnified and passed upward from ledge to ledge,

until it reached the roof and returned again to me. It was changed, however, — wholly altered; for it seemed that no sound of healthy creature could remain pure in this dim, durable darkness, the sepulchre of unburied bats, the underworld of hateful, bleached things, of sunless, hopeless blackness. The obscurity seemed, by reason of its uninterrupted ages of persistence, to have condensed, the ebony air to have liquefied. There was no twilight of imagination, inspired by knowledge of coming day. Only quiet, eternal night.

From the black gulf ahead came, now and then, low distant mumblings, mingled with the shrill squeaks of the bats, and into this vocal void I now plunged, with the searchlight playing at my feet to avoid tripping and falling. I found that I had entered a veritable Dante's Inferno, and pictured to myself some still more dreadful 'round' as presently to open out ahead. The sighing, gibbering, squeaking spirits or devils were there in multitudes, brushing my face or fighting among themselves as they clung to the slippery fissures high, high overhead. More than once my light led me down a small, blind side lane, into which I stumbled as far as possible. At the end of one such corridor was a roundish hole leading irregularly downward, far beyond the rays of my light. Another contracted very slowly, until the damp walls touched my head and sides and I drew nervously back, glad to escape from the sense of suffocation — as if the walls were actually closing about me, inevitably, irrevocably.

Every stone I overturned revealed numbers of tall, slender spirals — the homes of dark-loving snails; and ever the roaches in their myriads hurried away from my light. Then I came upon tragedy — fitly staged in this black hell. A commotion on the black mould directed me to where a poor bat

had recently fallen, having by some accident broken its shoulder, and lay, like fallen Lucifer, gnashing its teeth and helplessly turning from side to side. More than this, two horrible gnomes fled at my approach — a long, sinuous serpent, white from its generations of life within the cave, and a huge centipede, pale, translucent green, sinister as death itself. I shuddered as I beheld this ghastly tableau, serpent and centipede both emblematic of poisonous death, preparing to feast upon a yet living bat, devil-winged and devil-faced.

The predatory ones escaped me, though I wanted the snake. I put the bat out of his misery, his evil squeaking rage at fate remaining undiminished to the very last breath. On his nose were the great leaves of skin which aided him in dodging the obstacles in his path of darkness — organs which must have failed him for a fatal moment.

Farther on I turned sharp corners and wound my path around strange angles, disturbing unending hosts of bats and finding many recently dead, together with unnumbered skeletons half buried in the guano. Now and then a centipede fled from my tiny pencil of light, and once I broke open a nest of stinging ants, blind but ferocious, which attacked me and made me flee for several yards headlong, heedless of bruising, jagged obstacles.

Then my feet sank suddenly in ooze and water, and, flashing the light ahead, I saw it reflected from the ripples of an underground river flowing with no more than a murmur out of one yawning hole into the opposite wall of the cavern, mysterious as the Styx. Beyond this I might not pass. The current was swift and it was far over my depth. I had no wish to be swept deep into the bowels of these mighty Malay mountains, although the Nibe-

lungs might well have chosen such a place for their labors.

III

From Kwala Lumpur to Kwala Kubu is only a few miles by an energetic little railway, which lurches and pitches sideways, but in spite of this never ceases to advance. The time passed quickly as I chugged and jerked over the rails the next day, for I had two antithetical diversions. I could look out of the window and instantly yield to the hypnotic spell of the revolving wheel of the rubber trees, rendered more pastel and potent by the intervening mist of driving rain. Or, consulting my bethumbed handbook of Malay, I could mumble, '*Buleh kasi habis kasut itu?*' One sentence I omitted, making no effort to learn: '*Pergi ka pasar beli buah durian satu biji,*' which, being translated, is, 'Go to the market and buy me a durian!'

When I alighted at the forlorn, drenched little station I called out to Aladdin, '*Panggil kuli tiga orang!*'

He smiled, and three coolies were summoned at once, and over me crept the glow which such pseudo-linguistic ability ever brings to one who is altogether without natural talent in this direction.

In the dâk-bungalow at Kwala Kubu, the Chinaboy *chowkidar*, queue in pocket, shod in shoes of silent felt, served my breakfast. I was at last on the threshold of a strange expedition in a land to which no letter ever came correctly addressed, so unknown was it to the outside world. At this moment the strangest thing in sight was my breakfast. It consisted chiefly of tins of tiny Mongolian finches,—hummingbirds in size, squabs in taste,—canned a dozen to a tin.

As I devoured the pitiful little birds, bones and all, I looked up at the great

Malay mountain-range, the backbone of the finger peninsula which stretches southward from Siam to within sight of the *bund* of Singapore itself. Mountains, so the Malays say, are the wall of the world, shutting out great winds and beasts of prey. And they believe that a strange race—the Yajuj—are forever striving to bore through, and when they succeed, then will come the end of all things. The great limestone caves scattered throughout the mountains are places where the Yajuj have attempted and failed. There is nothing impossible or unbelievable in all this, when one comes to know Malay mountains in all their weirdness.

At this moment, across the high range, there wandered slowly through the jungle pheasants, giant ocellated argus—pheasants never yet seen alive by a white man. I knew that somewhere in that great unexplored tumble of mountains they lived, and it was to find them and their kindred that I had come half round the world. But now I had no time to think of them or of possible means of discovering them, for Aladdin, super-servant, rushed up as fast as his newly donned Malay sarong skirt would permit, and breathlessly announced, 'Sahib, lorry ready.' So I had to don my pith topee and regretfully leave three squablets swimming in their butter sauce; for the motor-lorry was wheezing and spitting, and His Majesty's mail waits for no one.

Thus I made my ascent to the summit of the great mountain range, amid a continuous whirl of choking dust which quite obliterated the scenery. I might have imagined myself caught up in a cloud, as worthy biblical characters were wont to be, only I am sure they were spared the odor of burning oil and rubber, and their ears were not assailed with a syncopated obstruction in the brake mechanism which, before

the end of the trip, vied with the efforts and effect of any brain-fever bird.

When we emerged from our cloud and excavated our eyes we found a wonderland, a little rose-covered dâk cottage with an immaculately saronged Singhalese in attendance, and tiffin of curry and tea. This was Semangko Pass — the Darjeeling and the Simla of the Malay Peninsula.

Semangko Pass struck deep into memory as the most beautiful of the tropical mountains of the East where I strove to match my senses against those of the jungle pheasants. The dâk was perched on a little flat saddle at the very crest of the ridge, at less than three thousand feet above the blue waters of the Indian Ocean. On all sides the sharp-toothed mountains rose still higher, steep but jungle-clad, cutting the sky into all sorts of irregular bits of glory.

The days were wonderful, and the alternations of sun and wind were as exciting as the discovery of the strange Malayan beasts and birds. The sun rose softly — no breeze moved cloud or leaf, and even the light came at first moderately, indirectly, reflected from the higher peaks, or heliographed from the mirror of a half-hidden, distant waterfall. In early afternoon — one never knew just when — the faintest of breezes sifted down and blurred the lacery of tree-fern shadows. The wind was cool and soon strengthened, and by night the air was surging violently through the gap, siphoned from the cold summits down to the hot, humid valleys.

Day after day one reawakened to the sense of tropical surroundings from a conviction of a northern autumn, with the wind full of swirling leaves and the fronds sighing with the same sad cadence as the needles of scented pines of the northland.

The first night I listened to this

strange sound of wind in the eaves of the bungalow, and the moans of the engineer's fever-stricken little baby, brought here for relief from the hot coast. And then I slept, and was awakened by the distant, faint chorus of *wa-was*, the long-handed gibbons, a sound as thrilling, as full of age-hidden memory meaning as the morning chant of the red howlers in the South American jungles.

The liana-draped trunks and the majestic jungle trees were the finest in all the East, second only to those of Amazonia, but the tree-ferns were beyond words — tall, graceful, with great unfolding fronds half-clenched, swathed in wool of richest foxy-red. Here, in this maze of mountain jungle, through its autumnal days and its wild, tropic nights, lived two splendid races of birds. One was the bronze-tailed peacock pheasant, the other the giant ocellated argus. Both were a challenge to my utmost effort. Neither had been seen by a white man; of neither had we any facts of home or courtship or food or foe.

So in khaki and moccasins, with gun and glasses and compass, I stepped into the filmy shadows of fern-fronds drooping high above my head, and essayed to awaken my senses from the dulling erosion with which hotels and formal dinners, railways and motors had overlaid them. Never have I encountered more worthy antagonists, and I was proud in the end to be able to record one victory and one drawn battle. I found the peacock pheasants. The ocellated argus I heard and trapped, but the sight of a living bird awaits a better woodsman than I.

The Selangor side of the pass seemed to be pheasantless, so I worked chiefly to the East, in Pahang itself. I climbed the steep, upsloping jungle to an elevation of nearly forty-five hundred feet, creeping laboriously through bamboo

tangles or holding on to long liana guy-ropes, along precipitous, pathless banks. Sometimes the going was so heartbreakingly rough that I progressed only a mile in a half-day's tramp.

It was on one of these trips that I scored victory and saw the first bronze-tails. Late one afternoon I reached a steep land-slip which, a few months before, had carried away a wide swath of jungle, leaving the disintegrated rock exposed or decorated with the new-sprouted plumes of yellow green bamboo. I had had a long, tiresome tramp, and was two miles from camp, across a deep, dark valley. At the edge of an open glade, sheltered by dense bamboos and close to the crest of a sharp ridge, I waited for an hour or longer—a lucky hour as it proved. After removing the usual unpleasant collection of leeches, I sat quietly and watched the jungle life about me. A single tall tree leaned far out over the great earthen scar, its roots half exposed, soon to loosen and end its century of growth in an ignominious slide to the tangle far below.

From the topmost branches several bronzed drongos were flycatching and uttering their loud chattering song. A sudden *whoof! whoof!* of wings sounded close overhead and four heavy-pinioned hornbills alighted awkwardly, each striking its hollow anvil in turn, the air fairly ringing with the deep metallic sound. Then one of the birds discovered me, and the four swept off again with outstretched necks and a roar of wings.

Ten minutes later a tupaia, or tree-shrew, ran out along a dead bamboo stem and began to pull off the sheaths, poking his sharp nose under them, presumably after insects. A second appeared and thereupon ensued a fight of the fiercest character. At first it was a pursuit, the two flying along bamboos,

up tree-trunks, and even leaping three feet or more through the air. They closed at last on a branch and the fur flew from the mass of twisting limbs and bodies. Then over they went, separated in mid-air, and each stretched out his four legs to the fullest extent. Close to me they dropped, both landing on the great fronds of a tree-fern. They caught hold, rested panting a moment, and then vanished.

Hardly had they gone when a distant movement caught my eye and I looked intently along the ridge. There, in full view, were three bronze-tailed pheasants, apparently looking directly at me, although a screen of bamboo leaves intervened. I soon saw that the sudden fall of the tupaia was what had attracted their attention. As I watched, two others appeared. They remained in sight about four minutes. One of the old birds never stirred from the spot on which I first caught sight of him,—head raised, alertly turning now this way, now that. The others moved about, stepping daintily and high. Two scratched for a while in the rain-washed gravel, one of them soon turning its attention to a clump of yellow flowers, picking the blossoms and swallowing them eagerly.

One of the adult birds stepped into a spot of full sunlight, the last which penetrated the foliage from the setting sun, and for a moment fluffed out every feather. The wings were lowered, the tail spread, and thus for a full minute did the splendid bird do homage to the last rays of the sun. The gray head and breast were alive with the tiny white spots which showed as living sparks in the sunlight. Each feather of the rich rufous upper plumage seemed consciously aglow through its individual eye, as if it could see itself reflected in the gorgeous mirrors of the tail. These long tapering feathers were spread apart and their surfaces

changed from green to violet, then to purple and back to emerald again as the angle shifted. I fairly held my breath for fear of putting an end to the rare display. At last the sun's rays died away, and simultaneously the bird's tail closed and hid the iridescent glory of the feathers. With low clucks the little covey walked slowly into a fern tangle. I hastened to the crest of the ridge, but neither saw nor heard anything more of the birds, though I could look far down into the damp, dark depths of the ravine, through a maze of bamboo columns and feathery fronds.

From a great distance came the base and treble of the wa-was, rising in wild, rollicking cadence. A fraying end of cloud-mist drifted past, warning me that a storm was brewing; and the shrill, metallic ring of the six-o'clock bees marked the swift approach of dusk. I knew that the wild creatures of the night were waking all about me, from the tiny civets which would soon start out in search of mice and insects, to the black leopard, whose roar I had heard the night before and whose fresh track I would pass on the way to camp. Once I was startled by a sudden rush and squeak, but it was only a spiny-haired rat fleeing from some unknown danger. The darkness settled down as I reached my hammock, emphasizing the many spicy jungle odors and ushering a wind which rattled the bamboos and shook every loosened leaf to the ground.

IV

It is difficult to write of the great ocellated argus pheasant because of the indescribable marvel of itself and its life. Its myriad-eyed wing feathers, its complex courtship display, its secret dancing-ground in the heart of the jungle—all set it apart as a bird superlative and distinguished. In its great spe-

cialization of pattern and habit it has achieved a position perhaps furthest from its lizard-bird ancestry. Wary as it was, and much rarer than the giant gray argus, I made out to patch together a fairly satisfactory life-history from bits gleaned here and there—a deserted nest, a dancing-ground, a freshly trapped bird. Thrice my relations with it verged upon intimacy, when I just missed seeing it. And the very failure, the suspense never wholly to be lifted, impressed the details more vividly on my mind.

Once I watched—as always, alone—by a clearing which I supposed to belong to a gray argus; but after an hour, an ocellated argus pheasant approached, coming nearly within sight and then circling warily about. As I sat quietly amid the swaying stems of bamboos and the trembling fronds of tree-ferns, babblers in families, and small birds in loose flocks of several species occasionally passed, on their twittering, fly-catching paths of life. It was late afternoon and the creatures of the jungle were making the most of the last hours of daylight. Gaudily colored squirrels leaped overhead, and now and then a tree-shrew pushed his sharp muzzle around a neighboring trunk and stared at me, but unaccountably did not give the alarm. Close to me a bee-eater—lilac-fronted, flame-breasted—swooped after the dancing gnats. Long-tailed drongos were courting a small, unornamented female—three of them swooping about her at one time. As they flew and dipped and volplaned, the two round feather-racket tail-tips swept after them, apparently wholly unconnected by any physical bond. Two cock broadbills fought continually, with constant enthusiasm and equal discretion. In the rare intervals between their long-continued bouts both repaired to the upper air, high above the forest, for refreshment, and there

soared about, for all the world like diminutive vultures, now and then dashing sideways after an insect. Small green parrakeets quartered the pheasant's clearing again and again, and a pair of giant, sombre-hued woodpeckers, bigger than ivorybills, hammered vigorously, sending down chips upon the cleared arena.

All these voices and sounds seemed to show that there was no danger near; the usual life of the jungle was undisturbed; but the pheasant knew better. I had neglected some little precaution, and some stray strand of suspicious evidence had warned the bird that all was scarcely well. The woodpeckers might hammer and the drongos scream, but he was conscious of a something which drew a dead-line about his arena. He called, but half-heartedly, and after a reconnaissance he returned to some unknown covert. I could not let him know that I had no gun and that a half-hour's watch of his unconscious jungle life was all for which I hoped.

Another time only a transient physical disability prevented me from seeing one of these birds. An ocellated pheasant had been calling at dusk, and on my way back to camp I turned aside and followed a narrow game-trail to a stream. A loud rustle made me crouch low, but the animal, whatever it was, made its way off. I waited for five minutes and then the call of the great bird rang out directly behind me. So loud was it, I thought at first it came from overhead. Then a second time, and my ears rightly oriented it as a few yards behind. The light was failing. In a few minutes it would be dark, and I could hear the bird moving. I was hidden by a barrier of scrub. I attempted to leap to my feet and turned as I rose; but instead I merely fell awkwardly backward. Both of my feet were paralyzed, asleep, and would not support me. A second effort suc-

ceeded and I saw the swaying stems close together behind the fleeing bird, but never a glimpse even of a tail-feather.

My third experience was the most thrilling of all. Along the central Malayan range of mountains, on the Pahang side, rise innumerable little streams, mere rills at first, which soon gain in volume, rill added to rill, until a good-sized brook bubbles over the rocks and slides smoothly over fallen bamboo stems. Wading and splashing along these stream-beds is by far the most convenient means of exploring this region. Often the sides of the ravines are so precipitous that it is impossible to pass across or along them.

For two nights I had slung my hammock from the giant grasses beside one of these tiny Pahang tributaries and had listened to a new sound. At frequent intervals, for a half-hour at a time, the loud call would ring out. It was almost the call of the great gray argus, but there was a strange intonation which attracted my attention at once. I realized at last that it was the evening call of the Malayan ocellated argus pheasant. While I never heard the calls of both species in the same evening, yet the difference was very marked. There was a muffled resonance about the cry of the ocellated bird which the cry of the other lacked; it sounded fully as loud, but was without that penetrating quality which carried the tones of the argus through fern and bamboo, over ravines and jungle slopes, to such great distances. It was more harmonious, less harsh.

Disregarding the rumors of tigers and black leopards, I crept through the jungle in the dead of night, the damp mist rising thickly from the reeking ground about me, and the white trunks of the jungle trees looming up like ghosts. I made my course by compass and broken lianas and laid it by the

occasional wild scream of the bird. Finally I seemed to be approaching. Nearer and nearer sounded the call, appearing almost as if the bird were walking toward me. Then my electric search-light showed an impenetrable tangle of rotan and thorn-palms — a maze of myriad recurved hooks. Even in bright daylight one might not pass through this without laboriously cutting a trail, foot by foot.

So here I waited, crouched at the foot of a clump of lofty bamboos, my light shut off, and realizing as never before, the mystery of a tropical jungle at night. A quarter of a mile away, the magnificent bird was calling at intervals, from just some such place as I was in. When my eyes recovered from the glare of the light, I found that the jungle was far from dark. The night was moonless and not a glimmer of star came through the thick foliage overhead. But a thousand shapes of twig and leaf shone dimly with the steady dull blue-green phosphorus glow of fox-fire.

Once a firefly passed through the bamboos — a mere shooting star amid all these terrestrial constellations. The mould beneath my feet might change to peat, or, in future ages, to coal, but even then the alchemy of fire would be needed to awaken the imprisoned light. Here, from plants still erect, which were blossoming but a short month ago, a

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thousand gleams shone forth, defying the blackness of night.

Some small animal passed to windward of me, sniffed, and fled at full speed. The wings of a bat or other flying creature whistled near, while ever the resonant call of the ocellated bird rang out, mocking my helplessness. The firefly could make its way through tangle and thorns to the very spot where the bird stood. The small four-footed creature of the night could creep noiselessly over dried bamboo sheaths until his little eyes marked the swelling throat of the calling pheasant. But here was I, with a powerful electric light, with the most penetrating of night-glasses, with knowledge of savage woodlore, and with human reasoning power; and yet with feet shod with noise, with clothing to catch on every thorn — a hollow mockery of a 'lord of creation'!

Again the bird called, and I interpreted its message. The law of compensation! I was helpless to reach it, I was degenerate indeed in the activities of the primitive jungle-folk, but I thrilled at the mysteries of the nocturnal life. My pulse leaped at the wild call — not from a carnivore's desire for food, or from the startled terror of the lesser wilderness people, but because of the human-born thirst for knowledge, from the delights of the imagination which are for man alone.

PROFESSOR'S PROGRESS. VI

A NOVEL OF CONTEMPORANEOUS ADVENTURE

I

(It may not necessarily be a misfortune, but it is something of a dilemma, that, as he approaches the end of his task, the present chronicler should be confronted by an unexplainable blank in his field-notes. The temptation to substitute invention for fact is strong, but must be resisted. Perhaps, to the attentive reader of the earlier chapters, the gap in the narrative will not present insuperable difficulties.)

... 'Not at all,' said Latimer, 'there is, very emphatically, such a thing as the glory of war. If you know where to look for it.'

'To be sure,' said Dawson wearily. 'The romance of war; the spirit of sacrifice; a nation rising as one man to the call of duty. There's as much romance to a battle nowadays as to a coat-and-pants factory.'

Latimer looked at Margaret and kept himself in hand.

'I agree,' he said sweetly. 'But that is enough, is n't it? Our contemporary magazine literature is aglow with the romance of Business. There is the Romance of Standard Oil and the Romance of Bethlehem Steel and the Romance of the Western Union and of the United States Biscuit Company. By which people mean the romance of very big things that were once very small. On the score of bigness there is something to be said for the war.'

'Big? Yes,' laughed Dawson. 'Twenty million men up to their waists in the

mud, challenging vermin and pneumonia for a cause they know nothing about.'

'Well, perhaps,' said Latimer. 'Assume that there is as little flaming enthusiasm in this war as there was, let us say, in the French Revolution or the Crusades or the battle of Marathon. Let us admit that the Idea, Duty, Liberty, Country, and all that sort of thing exist mainly in the newspapers which stir up war, and in the sculptors and painters who commemorate it. Probably the farmer of '76 did not march to battle with quite the glow depicted in *The Spirit of '76*; the French Revolutionary armies were undoubtedly conscripted; and the Crusades were nourished largely by a spirit of boredom and the hope of plunder. Let us admit that at all times the generality of men have been patriots because they have had to be. I will go so far even as to say that Mr. Dawson's Social Revolution will be brought about by a popular army of indifferents and illiterates and cowards around a nucleus of red-blooded, two-fisted men who love the excitement of the thing, and they in turn led by a few men who know what they are about.'

'That is rather hard on Dawson,' grinned Manning. 'And what is more, I don't believe you mean it.'

'Besides,' interrupted Hartmann, 'I want to get into New York before midnight.'

'I mean it very seriously within the limitations of the argument imposed upon me by Mr. Dawson,' said Latimer. 'That is, if there is no glory in the

present war, then there has never been glory and never will be. Can't you see, my dear Manning, how absurd it is to argue that there has been romance in the past and will be in the future, but that there is none to-day just because we are too close to the reek of the trenches, the mud, the pain, the monotony that drives men mad, and the ignoble tricks of the diplomats? War close at hand has always been like that; and not only war. What were the wire-pullings and ignoble bargains, I wonder, that preceded Constantine's conversion to Christianity? What was the process of petty bookkeeping and bribegiving that preceded the sailing of three small vessels from the harbor of Palos in 1492? What were the intrigues and the hypocrisies and egotisms that ushered in the first performance of *Tristan*? Either there is no glory to life at any time, or there is glory to life at all times: to the men who are now twisting with rheumatism and vermin around Verdun as to the men who hungered and scoffed and dragged their gangrened limbs under the banner of Joan of Arc. I don't believe that the Maid of Orleans's soldiers were any more holy or ardent than Joffre's men.'

'I don't quite understand,' said Margaret, falling into the give and take of the scene. 'Do you or don't you believe that the soldiers to-day are inspired by an idea?'

'Not consciously, my dear, so far as the great majority is concerned. It is only afterwards that the formula-maker looks over the facts and discovers that on the Somme or in the Carpathians half a million men gave their lives for an idea. It is not for the idea of Fatherland or Democracy that most of them stand in trenches, thinking only of food and sleep, pumping their rifles at an unseen foe whom they do not hate except as the cause that keeps them up to the waist in water and without food

and sleep. They do it as a matter of course.'

'Exactly,' cried Dawson. 'Just as before the war they shoveled coal or piled manure or posted up ledgers as a matter of course. Where is the glory in that?'

'Only the glory that abides in fidelity to the job,' said Latimer. 'That is the glory which attaches to the great mass of mankind in peace and in war. The more you make war mechanical, the more you reduce it to the technique of a biscuit-factory or a coat-and-pants factory, by that much more you emphasize the essential glory of the common man's instinct for seeing a job through. The glory of war stands out when you think of war, not as romance or duty or sacrifice or idea, but as Work. Bill and Tommy and Jean and Hans in the trenches may curse at the diplomats who have brought them into the mess, grumble at the officers who lead them into death-traps, at the commissariat that underfeeds them, at the orderlies who come too late with their stretchers and morphine; but that is precisely the same way in which a man responds to his employer, his foreman, and his grocer and butcher, in peace-time. Few of us, in the normal life, relish the particular job set for us, but the job as a whole is something which will not admit of question. Suppose we do ask the men in the trenches why they are fighting and they cannot tell us why. What then? They are fighting because for the time being war is Work.'

'Latimer,' said Hartmann, 'I will now proceed outside to look over the car and I will sound the horn three times at five-minute intervals. After the third plast, I debar.'

He shook hands with Manning and went out.

'If you wish,' said Latimer to Manning, 'you may say that this is the tragedy as well as the glory of war; that

men who would rather build are ordered to burn, men who would rather sow and reap are ordered to lay waste, men who would rather create are ordered to destroy. But whatever may be the spiritual condition of the men on top who issue the orders, there can be no doubt about the men who obey orders. It is the passion for work — misdirected, perverted, betrayed; but the passion is there. Precisely because war has been bereft of its glow, its adventure, its variety, and has been reduced to a monotone of mud and blood and suffering, it is a tribute to the spirit that will bend to the task. As between the man who says, "I die for France," and the man who says, "It's in the day's work," it is the latter who expresses the higher and more permanent sentiment.'

'To be sure,' sneered Dawson; 'the dignity of labor.'

II

Latimer got to his feet with a lurch and strode close to Dawson. His face was flushed and his breath came in little puffs from his distended nostrils. Margaret jumped up, as much in alarm for Latimer as for Dawson. But it was not to be assault and battery except in a legal sense. Latimer's heavy hand fell upon Dawson's shoulder and forced that slender youth deep into his chair.

'Young man,' said Latimer, 'we may as well have it out now and for all. Listen to me.'

'But I assure you I have no quarrel with you, Dr. Latimer,' cried the frightened young iconoclast. 'Nothing except honest intellectual differences.'

For all her anxiety Margaret had to turn away and smile.

'For some time,' said Latimer, 'I have, more or less consecutively, tried to classify you, Mr. Dawson. I have tried to place you as socialist, æsthete, anarchist, pagan, reformer, progressive,

and have found it difficult to decide upon the exact category. But now I have it. You are essentially none of the things I have mentioned, Mr. Dawson. You are just a puppy.'

'Hello!' said Manning; and he fell to packing tobacco into his pipe at top speed.

'That,' said Dawson with a forced smile, 'is one of the privileges which old age formerly was supposed to possess. As a substitute for reason, calling names is a traditional mode of attack.'

He tried to rise from the chair, but that solid hand pressed him down.

'Listen to me,' said Latimer. 'I am going to presume a little further on this privilege you have mentioned. I am going to tell you why and how you are a puppy. This you are, not in your individual character, which I find rather attractive, but to the extent that you are the victim of an all too common attitude.'

The first blare of the auto horn was hailed with silent relief by all but one in the room. It might interrupt a state of tension which was growing painful. Latimer alone failed to hear Hartmann's signal.

'Now the outstanding attribute of the puppy psychology,' said Latimer, 'is its lack of piety for all things, including itself. I do not, for instance, ask you to reverence me or the things I believe in. But I might ask you not to slur the things you yourself profess to believe in. Take this Dignity of Labor.'

'There is nothing to take,' said Dawson.

'That was the meaning of your sneer,' said Latimer. 'You meant that it was a shoddy badge of honor, devised by the oppressors of labor to soothe the oppressed. You meant that we underpay the workman in wages and make it up in dignity. You meant that we speak of the dignity of labor while we, of the upper classes, would do almost

anything in the world but labor. You meant that in our hearts we consider the workingman a footless idiot, and that we see no dignity in his stunted figure, or his rags, or in his meek submission to injustice.'

'You have stated it admirably, Dr. Latimer,' said Dawson.

'Let me tell you, now,' said Latimer, 'what the effect has been upon me of much reading in the literature of the wrongs of labor. And it is this: no exploiter of labor, in his inmost heart, has ever thought concerning the workingmen the disgusting, degrading things which are the commonplaces of your conversation and your oratory.'

'Too harsh, too harsh!' said Manning.

'The simple truth,' cried Latimer. 'Unquestionably you have meant well, but there are the facts. Long before there was a "social conscience" in this country, you will recall, Manning, that the newspaper cartoonist had his type of Labor just as he had his type for Capital and Uncle Sam and Liberty, and what not. And how was Labor represented? As a splendid male, of thews and muscle, bare-armed, with leather apron and sledge-hammer, a figure the Greeks would have loved. This type of labor survives — in the capitalist press. But when your Radical and Socialist friends of Labor draw a cartoon, it is of a slave and a defective, a semi-Caliban. And when you begin to elaborate on your picture, good heavens, what is there that you have not said about the worker in the way of calumny! In order to drive home your case against the capitalist system, you have not hesitated — My dear Dawson, do you know what you have behaved like? Like the ingenious people who make a living by bringing accident suits against street-railway corporations. You are the fake doctors who swear to fictitious damage suffered by

the plaintiff — backbone permanently wrenched, eyesight affected, nervous system shattered, in addition to that undeniable twisted ankle.'

'That is just what exploitation has done for the worker,' said Dawson.

'Never as bad as you would make it out, my dear fellow. Say that we of the capitalist classes had our reason for speaking of the dignity of the laborer: still we did assign him a quality. You speak of him as a brute. We spoke of the laborer in his cottage. With you he never has a home, but a den; with you the worker is a slum-dweller. We used to draw chromos of the worker on Saturday night, with the children at his knee. You deny him the capacity for playing the father and the husband — because he is overworked, to be sure, but you deny him his humanity just the same. Strange, is n't it? that good old mossbacks like our ancient ballad-writers should have written of jolly millers on the Dee; that a fine crusted Whig like Macaulay should thrill to sturdy butchers who rush from the stall with cleaver in hand to hew down thrones and tyrants; that a cavalier like Walter Scott should have been fascinated by the gay apprentice lads of the mediæval towns; but that you, the champions of labor, should always be speaking of the laborer as a mean, joyless, abject, soulless, appetiteless brute.'

'This is what the factory system has done for the free workers of former days,' said Dawson.

'Go to the head of the class, my boy. You have said your lesson perfectly,' smiled Latimer. 'But you know it is all nonsense, this chatter about the whirl of the wheels and the monotony of the factory and the worker reduced to a cog in the machine. Do you really think that the peasant in the field, that slow, patient ox, gets more of the joy out of life, more variety, more human excitement, than your factory-worker?

Do you believe that the men and women who broke their backs over the spinning wheels, in the old cottages, had more freedom, more leisure, more creative impulse than your cotton operatives of to-day? Why are the young men and women crowding from the country into the towns? Is it for the gray life of the factory, or is it for the movies? My dear young man, there is more of the joy of life and more of health in the city-worker to-day than the workers have known at any time in the history of labor. But it is a big subject and does not concern me at present.'

The auto horn outside broke into a fury of protest. Manning walked to the window and with his arms semaphored to Hartmann for a few moments' indulgence.

'The plain fact is, of course, that your labor champions, with the best intentions in the world, have blackened the character of labor. What have you done for the women of the workers? This: in order to drive home your plea for minimum wages, for shorter hours, — just and inevitable, I feel, — you have not been ashamed to create the impression that every daughter of the workers is a potential recruit, a probable recruit, for prostitution; and some of your most ardent friends of the working-class have gone so far as to say that they do not blame the working-girl who sells herself in order to purchase the comforts which society has denied her. Pah!'

'Easily verifiable by statistics,' said Dawson.

'Ladimer!' shouted Hartmann, looming up in the doorway: 'is it your intention dot I perish of abolexy on the open highway? Come!'

'Away with your nasty formulas of

the slum-dwellers! The father brutalized by toil; the mother incapable of affection and service to her children; the boy destined to grow up a criminal; the girl destined to walk the streets! I doubt if for the sake of your good intentions it will ever be forgiven you that you have degraded the worker to a position his worst oppressor has not assigned him. And the horror of it is in the magnificent opportunity you have missed!

'Ladimer,' wailed Hartmann.

'What an argument you might have made of it! You might have said, "Look: in the face of exhausting labor, of continuous anxiety about livelihood, of the permanent menace of ill health and old age, see how strong the worker is, how cheery, how capable of the elemental joys of parenthood, neighborliness, charity, unselfish devotion to the common interest! You might have shown that, whereas business is a combat in which friend does not spare friend, and brother brother, the unionized worker will not hesitate to endure starvation in defense of his class interests. And then you should have said, "If this treasure of fine manhood and clean womanhood can persist in spite of our iniquitous economic system, what would not the worker become if he received his due?" Instead of denying the dignity of labor you should have enhanced it, exaggerated it, and made it the title for greater claims and greater privileges. Everything, Dawson, can be forgiven except the sin against the spirit; against the spirit of the working masses whom you have reduced to slum-dwellers and candidates for the brothel. Pah! Good-bye, Manning. I will write you. Good-bye, Margaret,' — and he bent his lips to hers. 'Good-bye, Dawson. Home, Hartmann.'

(The End)

ONE OF THEM. II

BY ELIZABETH HASANOVITZ

I

Two weeks later, I had got strong enough to go to work. As I did not want to work in the presence of my former employer, I did not return there.

One of Clara's friends, a cutter, took me up to the place where he was employed. It also was a non-union shop. There were quite a number of shops that remained unorganized, the workers refusing to go down, trusting the bosses' promise to better their conditions without the help of the Union; like sheep led by wolves, who make them believe that the shepherd deprives them of liberty; that he does not allow them to run in the spacious fields and gather the best grass for themselves; that without the shepherd they would enjoy more freedom. The foolish sheep, influenced by the wolves, would run away from the shepherd, only to be eaten by the hungry wolves who had purposely led them away from protection. They perished — victims of their own stupidity.

It was the height of the season, labor was scarce, the boss was obliged to grant all the union conditions, in order to prevent his workers from leaving his place. The system in that shop was very different from that in my first place. Later I learned that each shop has its own system. I felt like a beginner again.

The forelady, Yetta, bless her heart, was a kind and gentle person. She gave me all the necessary instructions, so that I got used to the work quickly.

Week-work prevailed in the place. I expected to get seven dollars a week to start with; but how great was my astonishment when in my pay envelope I found ten dollars! Destiny seemed to play with me. I was so happy that evening when I brought my pay home. Breathlessly, I ran to break the news to Clara, and holding the envelope tight in my hand, told her to guess how much. She could not guess. The highest she could think of was eight; but when I placed the envelope near her eyes, she shouted with joy, —

'Here, here! You are a regular dressmaker already!'

'Why, how dare you think otherwise?' I answered in the same tone.

It was not the money that made me feel so happy, it was my worth that I thought of. I could not have expected to get ten dollars a week after having only a few weeks' experience. My former boss, claiming to be a good friend of mine when I made five dollars a week, used to remind me that he did not think that I was worth even that much. Though a friend, he took advantage of a learner, as nearly every other manufacturer does.

Now that I was able to make ends meet more easily, my mind was at peace again. I began to think of my home and decided to send for my younger brother, a physically strong-built lad of eighteen. He, I thought, having a good trade, will soon be able to earn money, and both of us will help the rest of the family. Here again my

friend Clara! She gave me a loan of fifty dollars, on payments of three dollars a week. The money I sent home for my brother's ticket. I went on improving in my work from day to day. Very shortly afterwards I was employed in the sample-room to work on samples from time to time, and so I became a sample-maker.

Things once more went on smoothly. The strength of youth conquered. My cheerfulness returned. Again I went among my friends, entertaining them with song and infecting them with my joyousness. Even in the shop I felt happy. My neighbors were very kind and gentle, each one helping the other out of difficulties in her work.

At lunch-time I was always among the workers; very few would go out to lunch. Bologna, *salome*, corned beef, the Italian's egg-plant fried in a lot of olive oil — all spread such a mixed, unpleasant smell over the shop. The few girls at my table would sit together, exchanging food with each other — a cherry chocolate for an apple, a piece of orange for a banana, a corned-beef sandwich for some whitefish, and many other varieties. I would take part in the conversation, but I never shared in the exchange of food. Their kind offerings to me I refused, for I had nothing to give in return. My lunch consisted of either a cheese sandwich and milk, or an egg and milk. The pint of milk I bought every morning had to be used up, so I had a small bottle and would always bring the rest of the milk for my lunch.

'No wonder you are so white, living on milk so exclusively,' they would often tease me.

I told them that I liked nothing else, though often their pickles and smoked delicacies would awaken a sharp appetite in me.

Their conversation, very different from the vulgarities of the girls in the

sweater shop, was much pleasanter. Very little talk about 'fellers,' swell evening pumps, lace petticoats that the six dollar wage-earners were constantly discussing, in the sweater shop. Here we talked about questions of the day, world-happenings, music, art, literature, and trade questions. One fault I found with them — their indifference to being members of the Dress-and-Waist-Makers' Union. They would belong, they all agreed, if they worked in a union shop; but they would not trouble to unionize this shop.

Now that I was provided with work again, I had time to think a little of myself. It was a long time that I had not had any kind of recreation. Before, I had not had any money, and then I was too busy to think of it. I longed so much for a good opera or drama, for they were the only places where my mind felt at ease. As food was necessary for my stomach hunger, music and drama were necessary for my mental hunger. Not being able to see or hear of our world's masterpieces, I had to find satisfaction in reading them. My fantasia would often stage such wonderful sceneries, that when I happened to see the thing after I read it, I would often feel disappointed, for the impersonation on the stage would be much poorer than in my imagination.

At that time the Century Opera Company gave operas at popular prices. When I had my last debt paid up to my friend, Clara, I at once went to the Opera House, securing tickets for five dollars at twenty-five cents each, so that I was provided with opera tickets for the next few weeks. I had also secured tickets for the Manhattan Opera Company, where the world's greatest dancer, Pavlova, danced at that time. For Caruso I paid the highest prices. He would often cost me a few lunches and dinners that I saved from, in order to have enough money

for a standing ticket. Sometimes I would go right from work, without any dinner, to stand in line for general admission. If it happened to rain, my dress would be soaked through and through, and with wet clothes I would stand through the performance, changing from foot to foot, while there were often plenty of empty seats in the orchestra. Very often I would pay with a cold the next day. But the magic of the music was so great, that I forgot my cold as soon as it was over, and went again when I had another opportunity.

The opera house was the only place where I envied the rich. I did not envy their expensive clothes, nor their many valuable, useless diamonds; I envied their comfortable chairs, which were reserved for them, standing the most of the time during the performance empty. They would more often come in the second act, and leave the house at the beginning of the last; some of them would yawn all through the performance. Of course, the greater part of the audience sat listening to the opera with great pleasure. But many sat as if fulfilling a duty in listening to the music.

Besides the theatre, I also attended the different lectures about modern literature that I was so fond of. My favorite authors were Ibsen, Strindberg, Maeterlinck, Prshebishevsky, Gorky, Andreev, and many others.

At home, in Russia, I always had time enough to read. In the small town where I lived, there was no library. There was a small unimportant library in the public school, but only for the scholars, not for the public. With the exception of the cities, where there were good libraries, the government thought it unnecessary to install libraries. Our town was big enough to keep two *monopol* (stores of vodka), — that drink being a cause of ruin to

the people, — but not for a library to enlighten the people's minds.

A group of us young girls and boys got together, and with our own money, after a long time of hard struggle, created a small library, hoping to increase it from time to time. Not being able to get a permit from the government, we had to keep it in secret. But the chief of police soon learned of it. He immediately made a visit, searching for forbidden literature. The result of his visit was the destruction of our library, at that time two hundred roubles' worth, and the arrest of many of our members. The worst thing of all was, that he sold our books, obtained through such hardship, to his officers, for ten, fifteen cents a book, and we could never get them back. We were left without any literature at all. This was only a part of the many discouraging experiences I had in my native home, Russia.

Russia! How hateful the word sounds to me! The ignorance in which Russia is keeping her people, the many obstacles she puts in the way of my nation, particularly the limitations of the civil rights for us, the desolation of our lives, and private ownership, that Russia is practicing so often, lights a fire of hate for her in our hearts, that burns for a lifetime.

When our library was destroyed, we began to think of some other way of getting literature, for we could not get along without it.

Many of us began to subscribe to weekly magazines, which gave very good classics as premiums in addition to the magazine. Some subscribed for the monthly magazine, *The Modern World*, in which many of the modern writers participated. A few of us had friends in the city, who supplied them with books through the mail. We would mostly read and discuss together. That helped us in widening

our ideas and understanding of what we read. If any one happened to visit the city, he or she would attend as many lectures as possible; also the theatre; and they would come home with a supply of impressions, — with the criticism of the lectures and performances, — and share it with the rest, who sat at home waiting impatiently for literary, dramatical, and musical news. Hard as it was for us to get what we wanted, still we succeeded in reading all the best classics, Russian and foreign as well, also a great deal of the modern literature. Our teachers,¹ who mostly came from the city, would be astonished at our wide knowledge in the literary world. As a matter of fact, we, who met with such hardship in getting literature, knew much more than most of the city students, who had the privilege of the best libraries.

Since I left home, I have done very little reading. The struggle for my existence, the worry about work, the trouble in the shops which I passed through, occupied my mind and time.

Now that I was more or less economically better off, I gave myself up entirely to reading. I often visited the Public Library. I was not used to get everything as easily as I could get it in the New York Library, and it made me feel happy. If there is anything to pay this city credit for, that is her libraries and museums of art and history.

Two evenings in the week I went to the Opera, the rest of the evenings I spent either in attending lectures, or reading, or at union meetings. But that did not satisfy me. I realized that it was necessary for me to study the English language. I also realized that the shop was no place for me. The shop as it is under the present system

is good for no human being to work in, for it does not comply with the human necessities.

It is not only the experience of my own trade I speak of. I come in contact with people who work at all kinds of trades, and each one's life is worse than the other's. I saw no future for me sitting in the shop. It is impossible to lead a decent, comfortable living, such as a human being is entitled to, for the earnings they get at the present time. In order to get some better kind of a profession, I had to study English. But how was I to do it? After work, I felt too tired to study. I made several attempts to do it, but had to stop it as soon as I began, for I was not strong enough to stand a day's work and an evening of study.

My friend Clara accompanied me to the theatre — to the last bench of the family circle, so high that the people on the stage looked like dwarfs. Here we sat silently waiting for the music to start. My friend Clara made several attempts to raise a conversation, but I tried to avoid it; it was hard for me to talk. I was tired of telling her the same old stories over and over. She more or less made peace with her surroundings; economically she was much better off; as an expert dressmaker she worked in a steady private establishment, for a decent salary. Besides the work, she found satisfaction in belonging to different clubs, while I got tired of those clubs. They were too dry for me. Her spiritual development was on a much smaller scale than mine, and she would easily be inspired by things that did not interest me at all. My temper was a more revolutionary one, and I was more sensitive.

'You must learn to take things easy,' she would say.

'No, Clara, you are wrong; would the people not take life so easy, we would have a much better world than

¹ We had private teachers, for as I have already mentioned, we were not admitted into the educational institutions. — THE AUTHOR.

such as we have now,' were my arguments to her.

At last the music started. I was all transformed into attention. I bathed my soul in the wonderful sounds of the music, trying to wash off the heavy melancholy that possessed me, and kept on gnawing, gnawing my heart and soul.

Who has once heard that opera surely remembers the sweet music and beautiful words of the aria from the third act in *Tosca*: —

The stars were twinkling —
Everything around was asleep;
Absorbed in thoughts alone I wandered.

Oh, wonderful wink,
Oh, celestial happiness,
As a wonderful dream all passed away —

and so on. I felt a thousand angels dancing around me when the world's greatest artist, Caruso, began the aria in his wonderful voice. How I wished it would never end! How I dreaded to be brought back to thoughts of my present miserable life! On our way home, I was very silent. I thought of the successful artists whose early life I read about; who knows — perhaps if I would once have a chance to show my abilities — I had a good soprano voice — but I immediately caught myself on that daring thought.

But I am very emotional. Many people at home in Russia would advise me to select a stage career; myself, I had the highest wish to become an actress, but my parents would not listen to it — they had the worst opinion of an actress; they saw no art in it.

Being in New York, I often thought of it, but I was afraid to try, for I knew nobody who could give me an introduction to the stage, and I, not knowing the English language, could not succeed in trying all alone without anybody's help.

'I am growing impatient to walk

with you all the way home so quietly; say something: how did you like the opera?'

My friend Clara was used to have me share my inspirations with her as soon as we walked out of the Opera House; sometimes she would walk with me for hours, listening to my conversation about music, drama, and art in general. I had nothing to say; I felt too pessimistical.

II

Although the conditions in my shop were just as good as in the best union shops, and we had everything except the recognition of the Union, still, I was anxious to have it organized. I confess, it was puzzling to me, at first, why the boss objected to his people joining the Union. As long as union conditions prevailed in the shop, why not allow the workers to belong where they would? Some of the members in the shop were union members. On my question, why they did not have the shop organized, they would answer me carelessly, 'We should worry so long as we have union conditions.' I suffered by their ignorant answers. I recalled the thousands of young girls who had so bitterly fought their fight only a few weeks before, and I argued with my co-workers.

'Don't you know that we have got everything just because so many thousands of girls fought for it? You yourselves stated that the standards were much lower here before the general strike was called. You only got increases when the girls in the other shops won them. Do you think that our boss, no matter how kind he is, would reduce four hours a week, if it were not for the strike? We workers must all do our share. It is not fair to stay aside and let others fight and spend their money to keep up an or-

ganization when we all get the good benefits from it. There must be reasons why the boss does not want a union shop. I am not criticizing our boss, I admit that he is a fair man; but don't you know that for the desire of making more money, the bosses, even the best of them, will exploit their workers to the utmost. That is why we must be organized, so that we can stand up against them. In unity is our strength. We must belong to a union, in order to protect ourselves against the ruling hand of capitalism.'

But the workers cared to know next to nothing about it. Some of the girls would answer me rudely, —

'You better shut up; if you don't, you will get fired. There was another girl in the shop and she tried to agitate for the Union and she was discharged.'

I would often talk to Clara about my desire to organize the shop. She also warned me not to do it. 'The dull season is approaching; you have not any money saved up to face it, so what will you do in case you are fired?'

But I could not rest. I felt like a criminal, to work in a trade that is organized, and not belong to the ranks. I could not have imagined that there still were so many people who did not understand the value of organization. But I soon found the reason why.

As a rule, a worker in a shop brings up his or her friends or relatives; that friend or relative another friend, and so on; so that, in most cases, the shop contains workers who are closely related to each other. The consequence is, that, if one seems to be misinformed about unionism, all of them get the same idea. If one of them is warned by the boss to keep away from union people, mostly all of them obey him.

Particularly among Italians, the bringing up of friends is practiced. Realizing that with lack of knowledge of the trade-union movement, I could

help very little to make them see my point of view, I decided to report to the Union, hoping that they would send some one to unionize the place.

When I went to the office of the Union, I saw the head organizer, and told him about my shop. He appeared to be interested, and explained that the organizers were only too glad to help out those who wanted to be helped; that for years they had been trying to enlighten the workers' minds, to awaken them to self-consciousness and help them organize into a union.

'Without a union, the bosses drove their workers like slaves, they did not fear the individual; if any one protested, he or she would be heartlessly thrown out of the shop. But when a protest comes from all the workers, not only from one shop, but from all shops equally, the bosses must listen to them and treat them justly; if they do not, then the workers strike. It is very sad to admit that there are still workers who do not care how they are treated. Instead of demanding their rights, they keep trying schemes to win the bosses' favor in order to get a dollar raise.'

He spoke the truth. There are many workers who would do anything, even injure a fellow worker, in order to get a raise.

Somehow my boss learned that I had complained to the Union. Any one else in my place would have been fired without explanation; but I worked for ten dollars a week, and worked mostly on samples, while a samplemaker's minimum wage was fourteen dollars. That is why the boss first tried to speak to me and warn me.

In the morning, when I came to work, the designer, a very gentle woman, always previously welcoming me with a smile, seemed to be angry.

'Why, Lizzie, I am surprised with you, such a sensible girl as I thought you, to act so silly.'

I guessed what she was at, but said, 'What is the matter?' acting as if I knew nothing.

'Tell me, are you dissatisfied with your position? Is there anything wrong with this place?'

'No,' I answered, 'I'm satisfied and I think the place is all right.'

'Then what is the sense in going to the damn Union?'

'"Damn Union"! How dare you?' I wanted to reply, but I controlled myself.

'Well,' I said, 'I see no harm in it.'

'It is for your sake I warn you. I'm only a friend to you. Don't you know that the leaders of the Union only care for your money; they do not do a thing for you. They are grafters, that is all they are.'

I smiled again. Poor soul, she was so sure of what she said.

In the meantime, the boss came in, called me aside, and with the authority of a professor, he began to lecture me.

'Look here, little girl, I'm a man who is fair and square as possible. I always treat my workers as good as I can. Everybody is pleased with their positions; are not you? Did I not try to give you all chances for advancement?'

'Yes, you did, and it was very nice of you; but you did not raise me in accordance with my advancement,' I answered.

'Oh, you'll get a raise next season. You don't expect me to raise you the first season? But to the point: you have no idea what grafters the leaders are. There has been no strike which has not been sold by them. They get the poor working-people's money, and use it for their own benefit. Now, I am sorry for my own people. Why should they waste their money earned through hard labor? The Union is only a bluff, there is nothing to it, it is no use for the workers. Now, if you want to be a

sensible girl, do your work, do not mix in others' business. You can stay here, and I'll raise you a dollar a week when next season begins; now I can't. You see the dull season is coming already. Another week, and there will be very little work to do.'

I thanked him for his kindness and sat down to work. Now I understood why people in that shop feared the Union. They were fed with the same kind of lectures continually. No wonder they had the idea of Unionism in general, as a place where the workers were cheated. How was I to change their minds? How was I to explain to them that this was only a trick of the bosses to poison the workers' minds? Later, when I worked in other shops, I heard the same story told to the workers by the bosses.

In order to learn the accomplishments of our unions in the last strike, I went and joined the Union. In the shops where a high grade of dresses are made, the season often ends at the beginning of April. On the coming Saturday, at one o'clock, the boss informed his workers that, on account of the approaching dull times, he was compelled to reduce their wages two or three dollars a week, demanding however the same full week's work.

What were the workers to do? Here they were like sheep led away by a wolf from the shepherd. They had listened to the boss when he promised them all they desired, in order to keep them from the Union; and now, when the busy season was over, he took advantage of the workers who had no union to protect them, and reduced their wages, being sure that in the dull season they would stay for less.

Did the workers at last realize it? Some did, and left the place: those who remained were too ignorant to realize it.

When I came on Monday to work,

everything seemed so different. No more the former gentleness; the foreman was more particular about the work, more exacting in his demands. It was slower, so he had more time to watch everything. Even the nice Yetta was not so gentle, but I knew it was not her fault. She had to obey the instructions of the boss.

The first of May was approaching. The Union made all preparations for a grand march.

The first of May had two meanings for me. As a schoolteacher at home, I always celebrated that day by going off to the woods, with my pupils, and merrily spent the day in songs and games, that celebration having for its sole reason the greeting of the best day of spring. And so sweet were the memories of those bygone days!

The second more important meaning was the 'International Labor Holiday.' I decided to stop work, even if the boss should try to compel me to work. In vain did I try to inspire my co-workers with the significance of the First of May. They refused to give up a day's wages for such a sentimentality.

The day fell on Thursday, a bright warm spring day. The many thousands of young girls, in uniforms of white waists with red collars, all in line, were ready to march on. The sun illuminated their pale but happy faces as they walked through the avenues and streets. Looking up at the skyscrapers where they slaved all year, their shiny eyes would gleam with pride and hope, as if they would speak and warn the world, 'Behold you who keep us in the darkness, no more are we to slave for you! Together we stand now, men, women, creators of wealth, and together we shall stand to fight for our rights!'

I kept my holiday, joined a small separate division of girls who gathered from different non-union shops and,

like myself, perhaps risked their jobs for observing the holiday. I spent the rest of the day happily with my friends. But for that day I paid with many, many miserable weeks that followed.

The sun's rays, creeping into my tiny room on the top floor, joyfully played on my face when I awoke early the next morning. I lay in bed, leisurely stretching and relaxing my poor legs, tired from marching. I was still full of the events of yesterday. My heart beat with warmth as I lay enjoying my sun-bath. The clock struck seven; time to get ready for work!

Humming a favorite Russian song, I quickly dressed, took my ordinary breakfast, a roll and a cup of milk which seemed so tasteful that morning, and down I marched to the shop. It was a glorious morning. The little buds on the trees in Madison Square were just opening up into beautiful bloom and spread such a pleasant fragrance around. The small fountain in the centre bubbled, bubbled, splashing out right and left. I stopped for a moment to welcome the cold sprinkle on my face.

The great mass of workers who were passing by all seemed light-hearted. It was the beautiful morning, the warm sun, the awakening of the green, that spread the good humor on their faces.

I liked the world and wanted to greet everybody and everything, 'Good morning, good morning!' — 'A fine morning!' — 'A glorious morning!' — 'Well, how did you like the march?' — 'Was it not splendid?' — 'Indeed, it was wonderful!' was heard all around as the workers met on their way to the shops.

'Good morning,' said I merrily to the foreman, who happened to be the first to meet me when I entered the shop.

'Good morning,' came an angry sound from his nose.

'It is too nice a morning to be angry,' I teased the foreman.

'If you think that you can make a living on nice mornings or May holidays, why do you come to the shop?' he asked severely.

I understood that something was wrong, and that my good humor would not gain the foreman's favor, so I quietly went over to my machine, and bent my head over my work.

Meanwhile, the girls began to fill up their places at the machines. Some would stop near me, while passing, and ask how the march looked.

'It cost me a day's wages to know, and I think that it is too expensive to tell,' was my reply to all of them.

'Good morning, Miss Union-lady.'

I jumped up, instinctively feeling that it was I who was addressed.

A sudden laughter spread over the shop from the workers, much amused by that greeting.

On the other side of the table stood the boss, calling me angrily. With a sudden foreboding of some evil happening, I walked over to him.

'Look here, miss, you know that I think that you are too smart for my place.'

'What is it?' I interrupted.

'What is it? Just as if you did n't know! I don't want you to make trouble in my shop. What business have you to bother my workers? You made some of them stop from work when I was in a rush to finish out a lot of dresses.'

'Why, you complain all the time that there was nothing to do and your workers sit idle. How did you happen to have such a rush all of a sudden?'

'Oh, you get on my nerve! I am not going to stand it any longer,' he said disgustedly, and walked away.

On Saturday, I received my pay and was discharged. So I lost my job for celebrating the first of May.

Now that I had to look for another job, I made up my mind to get a place only in a union shop. I thought that in the union shops the bosses just carry out every clause agreed to in the Protocol; but I soon found out that the workers had to fight for every bit that was coming to them according to the agreement.

The dull season had already begun, and it was not easy to find a job. Those who had their shops kept their positions: no new help was needed. In the shops where a cheap line of dresses or waists were made, the busy season lasts until July. I might be able to get a place on a cheap line of dresses. I had worked on a good line of dresses, that require more skill and care; I could expect to earn but little on the cheaper grades where speed was required more than skill.

At that time some members of the Coöperative League had kept—and still keep, a few apartments together. I learned from the people who lived there that it cost very cheap. As I had not enough money to live on, I moved into their coöperative house. Indeed, the expenses were small: \$3.50 per month for a room,—two people in each,—and \$2.50 per week for two meals a day, mornings and evenings.

Reeking with sweat, my head aching from the July heat, I wandered around until I found myself on a bench at Riverside Drive. The thought that I had to go out early in the morning to look for another position, and fearing that I might strike a job similar to my previous ones, made me so unhappy that I felt I could much easier jump into the Hudson than look for any more work; and work I had got to get, for I was so short in money that I hardly had enough for the little expenses we had in the coöperation. It was for the last six weeks that I had no more than two scanty meals a day. I had to provide

for carfare and could not spare a dime for a lunch. Now my younger brother was soon to come from Russia. I had to provide something for him when he comes.

The sun already hid her last golden rays. Twilight set upon the Hudson. I still sat on a bench and had no notion to move. It was a very warm evening. Everything around was so beautiful! It seemed to me a paradise-like, in comparison with my room, where the air was so choking in the July month. Boats — all kinds of them — swam up and down the river. The noise of the motor-boats allured me to the waters; it made me feel homesick. There on the river surrounded by willow trees we would row and sing. Sometimes our happy young voices would be heard for miles and appreciated by the old folks, who sat resting peacefully on the benches near their homes. How sweet those days passed! Now I sit here broken-hearted, disappointed, and tired out.

'Life, life — O Happiness, where is thy sweetness!' murmured I, in such mortal anguish for life. A heavy melancholy took possession of me and dragged me, dragged me down to the waters where the many little fires of the Palisades took their evening dips in the dark, quiet waves of the Hudson River. I forgot everything. The choking shops, my home, everything passed away. I saw the spacious river below, I saw the graceful trees around me, and I was a little happy. Would not my stomach remind me of hunger, I would not have thought of leaving the park, so comfortable. I had had nothing to eat since early morning, and made my way towards home.

I walked along Riverside, looking into the windows of the colossal hotels and beautiful private palaces. No light was seen in any of them. The places were left by the people for their sum-

mer resorts. It's a pity that such comfortable houses were empty the most of the year. Their dwellers flew around the country, from one resort to another to spend their time. They never worried for their to-morrow's bread, they never feared to lose their jobs, they never wandered in the parks with hungry stomachs. They had people, thousands of people, somewhere in mines, or factories, or stores, who starved for them, who hammered the gold for them. The only worry those dwellers have is how to spend the gold created by such hard labor of so many thousands of people, who part with their happiness and so often with their lives for the pleasure of those few idlers, who spend their life in continuous vacations and eternal luxury. How many people of the East Side, how many families of the cooped tenement-houses, enjoy these comfortable dwellings and lovely air of the Riverside Park and Hudson River?

Thought I, here the houses stood all locked up, of no use to anybody. They would only reopen for a month or so, when their landlord happens to come from Europe to make preparations for the next journey. Oh, how unfair, how unfair the present system of life is! thought I. Here am I, who want to work, who would gladly sell her hands for a decent wage, but gets nothing, and those who never think of work have too much.

Did I envy the rich that evening? Oh, no! I hated them, I hated them; for to me they seemed worse than highway robbers — robbers who fear nobody in the world, who rule the world with their iron power.

Two years in the golden country! What did I accomplish? A weak stomach, headaches every other day, a paler face, inflamed eyes, and my nose — my nose began also to complain. It wanted a doctor and I could not afford to pay

any doctor bills. To a dispensary I had no time to go, and I would not, even if time I had, for they ignored the patient there too much. One dollar made a world of difference. For a dollar the doctor would gently open the door for the patient, would offer a thousand of smiles, take his time, and examine the patient thoroughly. In the dispensary one has to waste some time and all day to get his turn; and when at last one gets the chance to see the doctor, the latter treats him so indignantly and sends such looks, that it makes one feel as though one did not come to the doctor for advice but to spoil his good moods.

If my mother only could know, if she could only know! But never should she know! It is enough for her, when she had to part with us. As she wrote once to me, 'Another child left, another wound in mother's heart! Oh, where are my children, my little birds? Was mother's nest too small for them? Oh, if I only was a free bird now, if I only had wings, I would fly, fly, through night and day, through storm and sunshine, through oceans and forests and find my children, who left mother to find a better life, to build better nests. For so many years I struggled; in the long stormy winter nights, I watched over you, cherished you. With my tears and prayers to God I obtained your lives when death stood many a time at your bedside, waiting for mother to give you up. Never did I give you up. You were my pride, you were my light in the dark life of my struggle against poverty. And you gave up mother so easily! You left your home with no regret! You left your mother to her tears! Oh, where are you now? Are you happy, are you warm, are you fed? If I could only embrace you once more, feel you near my wounded heart! Other people have the pleasure to hear you talk, to hear

you laugh, to hear you sing! Are you still singing, my little daughter, or was your voice forgotten under the heavy burden of the new life?'

That letter made me hysterical for a few hours when I first received it, and long afterwards whenever I reread it, I could not control myself from crying. There is so much tragedy in each word of that letter. The tragedy of all the Jewish mothers, whose children escape from where they suffer. They escape from the Russian brutality, from the Galician poverty. The youth do not want to bow their heads as the parents do, to stand for so much misery. Oh, so much! Youth wants life, happiness. In the hunt for a better, more free life, they part with their dear parents; they part full of hope to be reunited in a better land in better circumstances. But more often the hopes are crushed, the lives are broken. Not all are able to reunite, and they remain parted far, far away from one another. The eternal anxiety for one another tears their hearts and souls in pieces. Neither the children in America nor the parents in the foreign lands can ever be happy when they are parted.

'Never should she know!' I repeated to myself; and to comfort her I immediately sat down to write a letter to my mother.

'Much beloved Mother, — First of all I want to inform you that I am in perfect health and happiness, wishing to hear the same from you.' Here I stopped. 'Wishing to hear the same from you?' Goodness, I surely do not wish to curse my mother! I tore the letter.

But what shall I tell her? What shall I write to her about? I started another one.

'My best of best Mothers, — With delight I read your last letter. I was so happy to learn that everything at home is in order. Please, mother, don't

cry. It worries me terribly. We are not dead, we are alive. We'll try our very best to have you all with us in the nearest future. Oh, how happy I shall be when I'll have you all with us. Sorrow will be forgotten and the guardian angels will spread their wings over us and watch over our happiness, and never, never again will we part! Tell the children that I will answer their letters some other time. Nathan's poem, which he dedicated to me, was very hearty, but I don't like his grammar in it. This was always his weak part. Tell him to pay more attention to the Russian grammar. You know, mother, I do think that he is an able little fellow. He is only sixteen now, and if he has good opportunities, he'll make success.

'With pride you tell me mother that little Eva is my double — that physically and mentally she resembles me. I want to hope that she should be much better than I have been and more successful.

'How is Sarah? Is she diligent in her studies? Is Dora stronger now than she was? Have you any letters from Israel, or he writes only when he needs

money? Poor fellow, for two more years he must serve his country.'

He serves the country which rejected all his applications to enter any educational institution. His highest ambition since childhood was to enter a school of fine arts. The little portraits that he painted were very promising, but as a Jew only one in a thousand could ever have a chance to enter such schools, and mostly those who had the money; so that he, my brother Israel, never realized his wish. At present, when I write these lines, he is back home from the war with a wounded leg.

'Please, mother, send me his address. I want to write a letter to him. About us you should not worry. We are all right.

'My best regards to all the children and father — to him I'll write tomorrow. I have so much to tell him! Our correspondence discussions were stopped for quite a long time, and I want to begin again. Is he still working so hard?

'Mother dear, take care of yourself, father and children. Yours with love,
'LEEZA.'

(To be concluded)

TO N. S., WHO DIED IN BATTLE

I KNEW you glad to go; I envied you.
To pour the glory of your young life forth
In one libation — what more happy lot?
Be spared the slow, sad drip of dreams and hopes,
Of loves and memories, that leaves us dry
And bitter, seared and bleared with creeping age —
Who would not die in battle? Life cut short?
Nay, blossomed in a moment, rich with fruit,
Blossom and fruit together, which the years
Might never ripen, uneventful years
Of nursery-gardening one small, precious self,
Which seeds and dies and none knows why it was.

I knew you glad to go; you knew not why —
The sting of high adventure in your blood,
The salt of danger savoring nights and days;
And in your heart the wave of some unknown
Deep feeling shared with comrades, that bore you on
The tideways that the coward never knows,
Nor he who hoards his life for his own ends.

O happy boy, you have not lost your years!
You lived them through and through in those brief days
When you stood facing death. They are not lost:
They rushed together as the waters rush
From many sources; you had all in one.

You filled your little cup with all experience,
And drank the golden foam, and left the dregs,
And tossed the cup away. Why should we mourn
Your happiness? You burned clear flame, while he

TO N. S., WHO DIED IN BATTLE

Who treads the endless march of dusty years
 Grows blind and choked with dust before he dies,
 And dying goes back to the primal dust,
 And has not lived so long in those long years
 As you in your few, vibrant golden months
 When like a spendthrift you gave all you were.

LOYALTY ONCE MORE

BY L. P. JACKS

I

I AM writing this article on the first anniversary of the death of Josiah Royce — 'the philosopher of loyalty.' He was my teacher and a personal friend deeply beloved. For many years we saw each other only at rare intervals, but whenever we met, we seemed to take up our friendship from the point we had reached on the last occasion. Towards the end of his life, in 1913, we were together for two months, in Oxford. Day by day we talked of 'loyalty' and of the 'great community'; or, rather, he talked, for my part was mainly that of the listener. But I said enough to show that I agreed with him, not perhaps in the form he gave to his arguments, but in the aim to which his thought was directed and in the motive which inspired him. He knew that essentially we were of one heart in the matter, and almost the last thing he said to me was a kind of charge. 'Since you believe in loyalty,' he said, 'push it, make it known, give it currency.' I answered that I would, and this article, written on the anniversary of his death, is part of the fulfillment of my promise.

Loyalty, as I understand it, is not merely a philosophical conception, but a spirit, a temper, and a power. It is the secret of human fellowship and gives driving force to human ideals. You may see it at work in families and in groups of friends, where, without written law and almost without conscious design, men and women coöperate in a strenuous, fruitful, happy life, trusting each other and cheerfully making good each other's defects.

Loyalty has no 'definite programme,' and yet it is the mother of all the programmes that lead to good results. When it is absent, ideals are barren; they degenerate into themes for eloquence, they become literary properties, they are the stock-in-trade of talking men, they provoke wordy quarrels and end in phrasemongery and cant. Only when loyalty is present can we say that good ideas rule the world, or indeed that they have any chance of ruling it. The wisest scheme that was ever devised for insuring or enforcing an improvement in human affairs would founder inevitably unless the parties to it were loyal. A single traitor might wreck it or convert it to his own ends. All progress

rests on the willing consent of loyal hearts.

There is vastly more loyalty in the world than there was when Royce laid down his pen. During the last three years, and during the last year especially, the stars in their courses have been fighting for his doctrine. They are the 'great allies' of truth. There are moments when events come over to the side of the prophet, when history takes up his cause, and then it is, and not till then, that his ideas begin their march to victory. What cannot be effected by a generation, or a century, of propaganda, may be effected in a few years by a turn of events. The stir that propaganda makes, the war of argument to which it gives rise, is, alas, no measure of its success, and many great ideas have produced literatures but have not changed the minds of men.

Power is needed to give effect to the simplest and most obvious of moral truths; and this power, which mere argument can never generate (though we think it can), may arise quite suddenly from conjunction in the world's affairs or from great deeds nobly done. This has actually happened to the idea in which Royce summed up the teaching of a lifetime. Loyalty has acquired an immense accession of power as a working force in human life. It has been born in millions of hearts which never before had felt the inspiration of a great cause, and it has deepened its roots in hearts that were loyal already. It has expanded to a new scale and won a new loftiness. At this moment the growth of loyalty is the most promising thing in the world. It contains the seeds of a thousand spontaneous reformations. We have more to hope from it than from any one, or all, of the schemes, plans, and programmes for the 'reconstruction of society' which have poured from the study and the press during the last three years. Without

loyalty not one of them will succeed. With loyalty many of them are superfluous. But no one whose eyes are open to what is going on will despair. Loyalty is growing, and nothing could give us a fairer promise of a general resurrection in the better tendencies of human life.

Two leagues of nations, each on a greater scale than any of which history bears record, have come into existence. It is true they have been formed for the purpose of fighting one another — a seemingly sinister fact. And yet I can recall one or two instances of lifelong friendship that had their origin in precisely that manner! But let us leave that aside for the moment. Looking at the two groups in turn, we see in each of them a breaking-down of the walls of division between nation and nation. Each of them represents an association of mankind, far from complete, it is true, yet closer in texture and wider in compass than the boldest dreamer would have thought possible ten years ago. Viewed on its human side, is it not an astonishing and portentous thing that Americans, British, Russians, French, Italians, Japanese, to be counted in their total by hundreds of millions, should find themselves associated in a common purpose, and learning through that purpose to understand, to respect, to trust, and, if I may venture the word, to love one another?

Great as the political significance of this fact undoubtedly is, its psychological importance is vastly greater. As a contribution to the growth of sympathy, of the broadmindedness which teaches men to take a generous view of each other's merits, to respect each other's rights, and to make allowance for each other's idiosyncracies, who can doubt that we have, in this alone, a real advance in the education of the human race? And of course the same thing has been happening on the other side.

Whichever group we consider, we see within it the breaking down of misunderstandings and suspicions, and therefore with an immense growth in the capacity of men for acting together, for bearing great burdens in common, for combining effort on a unitary aim; all of which, translated into human terms, means the growth of loyalty and mutual trust in the coöperating elements. Beginning in the widest circles of national or international life, the change is slowly working its way inward to private character and giving to every man among us a new consciousness of his part as a citizen of the world, as a member of 'the great community.' It is changes like these that give *power* to moral ideas, power such as propaganda can never create.

But here we are confronted with the sinister fact to which I have alluded, that the two groups, however each may be united in itself, are arrayed against one another in the fiercest of opposition. I am glad to embrace the difficulty at this point, for though it takes us from the sure ground of history on to the dangerous ground of prediction or guesswork, no question could be better fitted to give us an insight into what loyalty is and into the manner of its working.

I confess that I have little faith in any kind of verbal or literary propaganda for reconciling the belligerent groups. I doubt if it were possible even for the voice of an angel to preach their enmity into friendship. Nothing that we can *say* will bring this thing to pass. But I have a great and assured faith in the working out of certain psychological tendencies which are deeply rooted in the excellent part of human nature; and I think we can count with certainty on these tendencies being greatly helped by the march of events. Oppositions, when pushed to the extreme point, develop the principles of their

own reconciliation. This is what has actually happened under our eyes.

It is as certain as anything can be in this world, that great revulsions of feeling will take place in both camps on the conclusion of the war. There are tolerant men in both — at least we may assume that there are; but I greatly doubt if the most tolerant man on either side would find in his present feeling toward the enemy a true index of what his state of mind will be a few years hence. It is, however, among the intolerant, among those who have been blinded by hatred, — and we know pretty well where these are to be found, — that the revulsion will be most strongly marked.

As to the length of time that these changes may take, much will depend on the precise form in which the war comes to an end — that last act of the drama on which the curtain has yet to rise. We can conceive an ending for the war which would lead to a greater embitterment of human relations than any we have witnessed heretofore. The war has settled down into a definite contest between good and evil; and if evil were suffered to triumph, it is impossible to paint the moral depression that would fall upon the civilized world, or the sinister passions that would haunt mankind during the coming years. In that event 'the hope of the great community' would be set back for generations.

None of us can say that this is impossible; though I think it in the last degree unlikely. But even if the worst were to come to the worst, the war has already produced conditions which sooner or later would turn the victory of evil into its defeat. At the present moment, no form of military triumph is possible to Germany which would enable her to fulfill any of the evil dreams with which she entered upon the conflict. Her victory would leave

her faced with problems which she could not solve, and before which she would inevitably fall.

II

When the war is over the civilized world will have upon its shoulders an economic burden which, when we seek to express it in figures, may well appal the stoutest heart. Exhausted credit, depleted resources, reduced man-power, shortage of food-supplies, will be universal. Great communities have been scattered and disorganized, cities have been devastated, fertile regions turned into deserts, ships sent to the bottom of the sea. Millions of homes have lost their breadwinners and are mourning their dead. In this condition the world will find itself faced with the burden of economic tasks so enormous that centuries will hardly suffice to liquidate them. The robbers who set out to sack the world's treasure-house will find that the treasures have sadly diminished.

Viewing the burden in its purely economic aspect, there is one condition and one condition only on which it can be borne by the communities to whose lot it has fallen. *It can be borne if, and only if, they unite in bearing it.* The nations of the civilized world will have to make their choice, and to make it quickly, between peace, friendship, coöperation on the one hand, and economic ruin on the other. Nothing short of an immense effort, continued through many years, and to which every one of the belligerents must be a coöperant party, will suffice to avert the disaster which now threatens mankind. If we imagine that effort made, made on a world-wide scale and in a spirit of loyal union by all the parties concerned to make it, the result would be an enormous accession of economic power, and we can well believe that in its presence the difficulty would be overcome. If we imagine the

contrary conditions, each nation fighting for its own hand economically, or the world divided into two groups, in which the present military war is prolonged into an economic war, with the attendant wastage and destructiveness, our hopes of recovery must be correspondingly diminished and the extreme case must vanish altogether.

There is a disposition in many quarters to treat the economic problem on a national basis, or, at least, on a group basis. But I am convinced that a strict consideration of its nature will reveal it as a world-problem which can only be solved internationally. The United States possesses peculiar advantages which may seem to give exemption from the extreme form of the peril, but it may well be doubted if these, great as they are, would make America a real exception to the rest of the world. So far as the other belligerents are concerned, the case is quite clear. They will be confronted with economic conditions which they cannot meet without each other's aid. They must choose, as I have said, between coöperation and ruin. The task is so great that nothing short of a combined international effort can accomplish it. 'Goodwill or downfall' must be the motto of them all.

And not only must loyal coöperation be the law among the nations in their totality. It must be equally the law among the various groups, classes, parties, and individuals in each of the nations concerned. In the immensely difficult conditions that await us *after* the war we shall find a new application for the lesson we have learned *during* the war — the lesson of working and enduring together, the weak not shrinking from their share, the strong willingly accepting more than falls to them on a counting of heads. Sacrifice and effort will be demanded all round, and that on a scale yet greater than that to which the war has accustomed us.

Everything depends on the response. If by one means or another capital and labor can be brought to an accommodation, if classes can be induced to sink their jealousies and suspicions, and if we can all make up our minds to pull *together*, then we shall assuredly pull *through* and pull through triumphantly. We shall then look back on this war as having taught us the lesson that brought us at last to our senses; and good will come out of evil. But if the old misunderstandings still flourish, if our industrial life is to repeat the old process of wasting its best energies on internal strife, I see nothing but confusion and defeat in store for industrial civilization. In all these matters we have come to the parting of the ways. We must either change our temper and our methods, or we must perish.

Now, mere propaganda will never induce us to undertake so vast a reformation. Words such as I am writing now, even if they possessed a thousandfold the little force they have, would never induce us to do it. But that which words and propaganda cannot effect is often, as I have said, forced upon mankind by the march of events. It is these things that will compel us to make our choice. And for my part I cannot doubt that the choice will be rightly made — not all at once, of course, not without sharp reminders additional to those we already have, but in the long run and inevitably, and perhaps sooner than present indications seem to warrant.

The capacity for acting together which the war has revealed in each group of belligerent nations is so remarkable that we may well expect that it will develop still further and achieve the last result of a world-wide coöperation. I anticipate that the next development of the coöperative spirit will take this form. Under pressure of mighty and, let us hope, beneficent, forces which act from beyond our con-

trol, it will start as a movement toward the unity of nations, toward closer relations in the family of mankind as a whole. Beginning thus as a world-movement and working from the circumference inwards, it will profoundly modify the ethos and internal structure of each individual state. The *spirit* of coöperation — vastly more important than the letter — will thus be let loose; it will be introduced into the general atmosphere of human life, and slowly but surely the attitude of classes, parties, and individuals to one another will fall into harmony with its promptings.

There is another consideration which goes far to confirm these hopes. Let us remember once more the human character of our problem. Like theology, progress is ultimately an affair of the heart. It is not to be measured by the social theories in circulation, by what is being currently thought or said about society, or by the actual laws that are in existence or under contemplation in consequence of these theories. Its true measure is the degree of *good fellowship*, of mutual trust and respect, which exists between nation and nation, between man and man. We advance just in so far as we learn to take pleasure in each other's existence; which is almost as much as to say that progress should be measured, not by the laws that we make, but by the laws that we can do without. The truly progressive society is not that which makes good laws to prevent bad men hurting their neighbors; it is the society in which such laws are less needed with the lapse of time; in which men behave themselves decently to one another, not because the police compel them so to do, but because they have no idea of doing anything else — the very keynote of 'loyalty.'

Such, I take it, is the true ideal of democracy. It is an ideal of good-will.

It is the fellowship of faithful souls; where common sense, good temper and kind feeling do the work of law. Its ultimate roots are in the human heart.

Can we foresee any progress on these lines as likely to issue from the present state of the world? I think we can. True, the signs of the moment are adverse; at least, many of them are. Hate rides the wind. But we need to look deeper. It is precisely when we think of the part that hate is now playing in the relations of mankind, that we have the best ground for predicting strong revulsions of feeling in the near future.

The economic burden is by no means the only fact from which we may draw the hint of a coming fellowship. In the course of the war ten million men have been slain, the population of a flourishing state, and Mr. Gerard has told us that if their bodies were placed in a double row they would reach from New York to San Francisco. Surely we may predict that, when this and all that it implies is contemplated in the calmer times that are to come, those ten million dead will become a sacred possession common to all the belligerents. Shall we not say hereafter that every one of the ten million was a partner with every other in performing a great act of 'atonement' for the human race? Royce at least would have said so, and I think we may take it that he was a true prophet.

The American people can hardly be strangers to this thought. Has not their own history made them familiar with it? I know not what remnants of bitterness may still survive, but is there not a point of view from which the patriotic American, as he looks back on the Civil War, loses all sense of distinction between the men who fell for the cause that triumphed and the men who fell for the cause that failed? Are they not *all* America's dead? Is not their

faithfulness a common heritage? May not the North say to the South and the South to the North, 'Thy dead are mine, and my dead are thine. They bore the chastisement of our common peace and even by their stripes we are healed.'

I do not despair of living to see the day when, in the capital of each belligerent country, and in its great cities, monuments will be erected to the mighty host of the fallen, *on which no distinction will be drawn between friend and foe*. Round them will be gathered the men and women of all nations. 'We suffered together, we bore the same sorrows, we made the same sacrifice, we paid the same price.' From some such simple confession, now impossible perhaps, but by no means impossible in the great revulsion of feeling that is sure to follow, the 'hope of the great community' will be brought one stage nearer to its realization.

On these grounds I cannot but believe, in spite of the surrounding darkness, that the stars in their courses are fighting for the ideas which Royce left with us. Such a monument as I have described in the last paragraph would be also, I conceive, the most fitting monument of my friend; and where could it stand so well as on American soil? We all know what Royce thought of the war, of the cause at stake, and of his country's destiny, now so splendidly fulfilled. We all know where, beyond the issues of the war, his heart was fixed. His memory would be honored by a monument which should thus embody his deepest thought. Is it inconceivable that we who were his friends or disciples may one day combine in erecting some tablet or piece of stone, on which he who taught us to believe in the great community and the millions who died to make it real may be commemorated together?

WHY TEACH?

BY ROBERT M. GAY

It is hard to convince a business man that college teaching is work. My business friends, although they may envy me for nothing else, envy me for what they are pleased to call my leisure. One of them, who sat behind a window in a bank and with nicely modulated hauteur regarded those who approached, never failed to congratulate me on my spare time. Even though my deposits and withdrawals did not seriously affect the yearly reports of his institution, he could unbend to me as one softens toward a care-free child. I was one who lived apart from the machinery of business, supplying it, as it were, an occasional meagre drop of oil — one to be protected from the flying spokes and pistons. 'Naughty, naughty,' he seemed to say; 'must n't touch!' when I ventured a remark on the condition of the 'street.'

Not very many college professors ever looked in at his *grille*; I guessed this, and therefore did not begrudge him his patronizing airs and graces. In his eyes I was a learned infant, not the less in need of a nurse because I was too old to have one. I took his advice in good part and let him bask in my atmosphere — not exactly paradisiacal, but in some degree supramundane or interlunar (not to say mildly lunatic). He had never been at college himself and his ideas of college professors were ingenuous. I think that he pictured me as one likely to boil my watch and time it with an egg, or to pat my own child's head on the street and say,

'Whose little boy are you?' He had many such stories, always of college professors, and he enjoyed them so much that I gave him several others. This made him still more glad to see me; for a tired business man likes to have something to chuckle over during his hours of recuperation.

I was especially interested in his notions of my employment. I had once told him that I taught twelve hours a week, and his arithmetical brain instantly fell to figuring. After a minute or so, he whistled softly.

'Gee!' said he; 'leaving out Saturdays and Sundays, that makes only two and two-fifths hours a day! And do you mean to tell me they pay you good money for that?'

'But that is n't all I do,' said I.

'No, of course not,' he assented delicately; 'you have to read up.'

'Yes.'

'But even so, after a year or two you must know your subject pretty well, and then —'

He paused with a faraway look on his face, as of one who was gazing on and on and on through interminable vistas of leisure.

It would have been too bad to disturb his dream, and I left him. When I appeared a month later, however, his first words were, —

'Did you say twelve hours?'

'Yes,' I returned; 'but you remember I told you that that is not all I do.'

'No, of course,' he agreed reluctantly; 'I've thought since that you have to write your lectures.'

'I never write lectures,' said I. 'I don't believe in it.'

'Holy cat!' said he.

The man behind me coughed significantly and poked me in the back. I moved on once more, and left my friend the teller shaking his head over me.

At my next visit he was very arch.

'You're not overworking, I hope,' said he.

'No more than usual,' I replied.

He took this for humor and laughed.

'I suppose,' he continued, 'that if you professors worked like us business men, you'd all be dead in a month.'

'Yes, possibly,' said I, 'but not of overwork.'

And once more I left him, this time to puzzle over my occult remark. What he made of it I do not know.

When my business friends think that they know me well enough, they invariably quote Bernard Shaw to the effect that 'those who can, do; those who can't, teach.' They except present company, of course, for they have no desire to hurt my feelings; yet they really cannot resist the quotation. I am not sensitive, probably because I have not the business man's admiration for doing (in all senses). I realize, too, that Shaw's apothegm might read with equal truth or falsity if, instead of 'teach,' the last member was 'preach' or 'talk' or 'write,' all of which verbs express Mr. Shaw's own specialties; and to turn the point of a jest against the jester is always cheering.

It is the lack of practical advantages and material rewards that makes the business man dubious of teaching as a profession. In any practical sense it certainly is the most futile of professions. Possibly the business man, contemplating himself as one product of teaching, catches a hint of the futility — But that is neither here nor there; commonly enough, at any rate, he cannot see why any human being should

pursue a vocation the results of which are so impalpable. A physician cures diseases and makes money; a lawyer wins cases and makes money; even a clergyman, although he makes little money, secures conversions and fills churches; but what, what does a college professor do?

I am inclined to echo the query. I do not know what he does. There are many obvious answers, of course. He educates, whatever that may mean; he passes on the accumulated information of the race — at least, he tries to do so, though perhaps he and his clan, when all is said and done, remain the sole carriers of most of it. He may be popular with his students, but is as liable to be unpopular or to be merely tolerated. He earns little money. All things considered, is it any wonder if the practical man, looking over the professor's rewards and recompenses, seizes on his vacations — that is, the time he spends in *not* practicing his profession — as the most tangible?

Here and there a teacher frankly admits that he teaches chiefly for the vacations; and it would be affectation for any of us to pretend that we do not like holidays, even though they may be one cause why, during the rest of the year, we work at all hours of day and night, and seldom have time for the business man's slender solace of thinking how tired he is. They can hardly serve, however, as a sufficient initial inducement for becoming a teacher.

Most teachers, I suppose, wonder at times why they are teachers. When they are despondent, they say that it is because one dark day they began; when they are sentimental, they say that it is because the profession is altruistic; when they are cynical, they say that it is because one must pay one's bills. There are so many pleasant professions which they might have entered. The grocery business, for

instance, has always seemed attractive to me. Think how well one could study human nature across the counter, and how richly one could catch the 'local color' of the neighborhood. Weighing out sugar, too, might count as a contemplative man's recreation, and measuring spices and condiments from the corners of the world would give a fillip to fancy. Even better would be the old-book business, despite its mustiness and dustiness, because of the opportunity it would afford for unmethodical reading—the only kind worth anything. To dip into bundle after bundle of old books, taking them as they chanced to be brought in and without an inkling of the contents, would be even better than browsing in a library.

My interest in these pursuits has been only now and then acute, or at most has been of the nature of an intermittent fever; my desire to be a farmer threatens to become chronic. I have observed, in fact, that all college professors dream of some day becoming farmers; some wishing to grow potatoes, some pickles, some pigs, some peaches, some pigeons. Each has his specialty 'in Spain.' Mine is strawberries and raspberries, chiefly, although chickens and apples are not far behind.

I used to subscribe to the *Rural New Yorker* and the *Farm Journal*, but they were so scornful of 'farming on paper' that I had to give them up. Farming on paper is really rare sport. I have planned entire farms, drawing them neatly on paper, with dotted lines to show the rows of berries and crosses to indicate trees. I have planted my crops, and cultivated them, harvested them, marketed them—always at a surprising profit, and without a moment's worry about weather, caterpillars, birds, or beetles. My hens have all laid two hundred eggs a year; my berries have all sold for twenty-five

cents a box. Not a cow ever had hoof-and-mouth disease; not a pig ever had cholera. My farm was always situated on a New Hampshire mountain-side, overlooking lakes and rivers and sunsets. A soil which in reality produces blueberries and sweet fern, where it does not extrude rocks, on my farm is a foot in depth, as soft and moist as brown sugar, and fertile as an English meadow.

In view of such inducements to enter other vocations, I am surprised myself that I have continued to teach. There must be something that keeps me at it, and I can only conclude that I do keep at it because I like it, because it is good fun. Not all my brethren seem to find it fun, or, if they do, they 'take their pleasure sadly'; but perhaps they are weightier people than I. If they have convinced themselves of recompenses in the profession that I cannot discern, I will not begrudge them.

To the business man the idea that one can enjoy teaching is novel. Perhaps his memory of his school-days is not rosy, but full of irksomeness. Get him to talk about his teachers, and he usually begins with Mr. X, who 'flunked' him, continues with Mr. Y, who was a victim of his tricks, and ends with Mr. Z, who was an ignoramus ignominiously unveiled. Obviously, no man who taught him could be happy; *ergo*, all teachers are disappointed men or incapables or pedants. The logic is shaky, but popular. Whatever the premises, the conclusion is that teaching is not a man's work.

This observation leads me to another that we will consider parenthetic. It is that the favorite fiction of teachers is the reverse of that of the general run of men. Both imaginatively embroider their youth; but the latter usually convince themselves that they were much lazier and wilder boys than they really were, while the former even more

strangely delude themselves into thinking that they were much more diligent and studious.

To return to our subject, the answers to the question how to be happy though teaching are many. If one is a propagandist, one may look upon the classroom as a forum in which to promulgate socialism or sex-antagonism or social service or love of poetry or agnosticism. If one is a moralist, these may not seem equally valuable to the recipients; but in that case one can be very happy combatting the views of one's errant or erring colleagues. Since, following Emerson's law of compensation, Nature has seen to it that there shall be no lack of moralists in the profession, all perhaps works out well in the end. If one is utilitarian, one may make efficiency an idol and devise the neatest systems of gauging intelligence, regulating study-hours, composing syllabuses, and imposing quizzes, until recitations proceed with the pressure and dispatch of an engine-room, and the product can be measured in kilowatts and foot-pounds. If one is a sentimentalist, it is pleasant to study the personalities of one's students, encourage their advances, listen to their spiritual histories, and mingle one's sighs with theirs, or even one's tears. Once more, if one is lazy or is endowed with a strong sense of professorial dignity, one may deliver lectures with the impersonality of an oracle; as who should say, 'Take it or leave it; I have spoken. But ask me no questions, and do not speak to me on the street.'

These are all workable conceptions of teaching, but they are all complicated and burdensome. Perhaps even here 'it is the lazy man who takes the most trouble,' for in this modern democratic world nothing is harder to achieve than aloofness; but the others all seem to me to suffer from the teacher's special complaint, hypertrophied

conscience, an enlarged sense of duty. This is an insidious disease aggravated by faculty meetings, educational magazines and conventions, college presidents, and pedagogical cant. The Psalmist had it in mind when he wrote, 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.' The cure of bad cases is difficult; when the disease is advanced, alleviation is hopeless. Would we 'cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart, therein the patient must minister to himself.'

We have in this world all kinds of organizations for making bad people good and good people better, but I know of none for making too-good people — well, let us say, normal. We have all known people who would have been greatly benefited by an occasional 'spree,' with perhaps a night in jail, but whom no one is courageous enough to corrupt. It is not their fault that they are so good: all the forces of their social circle work to make them more respectable.

Analogously, all the forces of the educational world conspire to make us teachers more conscientious — a good deal as if a well-meaning friend, wishing to help Sinbad the Sailor, had filled the pockets of the Old Man of the Sea with cobblestones. This may be good homœopathy, but, as we have seen, in these cases the patient must minister unto himself. Now, the business man has long since recognized the value of mottoes and maxims, and hangs them, neatly printed and illuminated, wherever he can see them often. Seeing 'Do it now,' and 'Have you said "Thank you" and "Good-day"?' and 'Close the door softly,' a hundred times a day, he sometimes remembers to do it now, and say 'Thank you,' and close the door without banging. Similarly, I suggest that we teachers adopt a few maxims to serve as palliatives or alternatives for conscientious hypertrophy, such as,

'Beware detail,' or, 'No matter what you teach, the student will learn something else,' or, 'Hammer essentials,' or, 'Teach for twenty years hence.'

Time has a magic sieve which works as does no sieve known to the tea-merchant or the ash-sifter. If you are sifting bird-shot and bullets, you can prophesy which will pass through and which will not; but the sieve of Time, which we call 'memory,' has a disconcerting way of retaining the little and releasing the big quite as often as of acting as a normal sieve. Perhaps it is because little things have become crystallized while the big things are still amorphous, liquid. If they are so, it is the teacher's fault: he has taught pettily, not largely; he has hammered details, not essentials, and has taught for to-day, not for twenty years hence.

It is amusing what things we remember from our own teachers: from one, an anecdote; from another, a scrap of information; from another, a point of

view; from another, a conviction; and, sad to relate, from many, nothing. They talked to us, let their personalities play upon us, advised us, scolded, bored, cajoled. Undoubtedly, the sum of their influence went to make us different from what we should have been without it; yet often the last thing we remember about them is the facts they taught us. The one who made us work hardest may be the least remembered, and the one through whose classes we dozed and dreamed may be speaking to us clearly still.

There is nothing depressing for the teacher in this. I suppose that it can all be summed up in a maxim or two more: 'A little man never really taught a large subject'; 'A teacher is as big as the man inside him'; 'In teaching, as in art, there is no good work without joy.' I should like to develop each of them at length, but the impulse to do so probably has its source in conscientiousness. Let us 'beware detail.'

THE CASE FOR HUMILITY

BY R. K. HACK

I

DURING the last year, there has been a sharp revival of interest in educational reform. Everything which we thought was safely tied has broken loose from its moorings; and it is natural that we should be in desperate search of guidance in those fields of activity which promise us some measure of control over our future. I do not wish to suggest that there is any shortage of

guides; on the contrary, they are presenting themselves in abundance, and they are all perfectly confident that they know precisely what we must do in order to guarantee that the next generation shall be well educated. But I do wish to suggest that there are at least two difficulties which prevent us from accepting their guidance. Not only are they at war among themselves concerning the way in which we should go, but they have failed to achieve the

humility which is indispensable to genuine reform.

We have only to recall the recent literature of the subject in order to be convinced that these difficulties are real. Our experts are divided into two rival classes; and they are spending more energy in the pursuit of dialectical victories than in the search for truth. This battle of the experts has of course its amusing side; and we have been familiar with it for centuries under the name of the battle of Ancients and Moderns. But the public is growing weary of being amused. We want guidance; and instead of giving us what we want, such men as Mr. Abraham Flexner and Professor Shorey are exchanging eloquent abuse. That is the first difficulty; and it is serious enough. But if it becomes manifest that neither party to this quarrel has taken the trouble to found his programme of reform upon a confession of wrongdoing, then we shall have to request their resignation as guides, reduce them to the ranks, and proceed to think for ourselves.

Now, it is notorious that a confession of sin is not worth much unless it is personal, unless it is made by the man or the party or the nation that committed the sin. It does not require much humility to confess the sins which some one else has committed. And the Humanists and the Moderns are both engaged in the delightful task of confessing each other's sins. Examine Mr. Flexner, who is a typical Modern, and you will find that his writings are one long denunciation of the way in which Latin and Greek and mathematics and history are taught. Current teaching, says Mr. Flexner, is an abominable failure; and so is everything which is connected with it, subjects, schedule, and teachers — all these Mr. Flexner would have us throw away as rubbish. Afterwards, Mr. Flexner would have us

set up a shining new school, in which there are to be only new subjects, new methods, and new teachers; but we must not allow this part of the programme to distract our attention from the negative and abolitionary section. It may for a moment appear that the Modern is making a genuine confession of wrongdoing; but only for a moment. Fortunately there is a simple and sure test which we can apply to him.

Mr. Flexner and his fellow Moderns never by any accident begin their 'confessions' by saying, '*We* have done wrong'; on the contrary, they always begin by enlarging upon the blackness of the sins which the Humanists have committed. And that is not a sign of humility; that is not a doctrine which is calculated to awaken us to a sense of our own failings. We are only too willing to listen to accusations which are brought, not against ourselves, but against some third party. We know that something indeed is wrong. Here is a world in chaos; and our need was never more bitter than the next generation of men should have more control over themselves and their destiny than we have attained. And in the face of these facts the Moderns come and proclaim to us that the trouble lies, not with us, but with the Humanists! The future will be secure, if only we will make the Humanists serve as the scapegoats of the present; and so the Modern, with the lash of his derisive satire, bids us drive from the City of Learning all the old and evil 'traditional' subjects, Latin and Greek, history and literature, and with the subjects those who are engaged in teaching them.

The Modern, therefore, is proudly confessing the sins of the Humanists; and the fact that some of the sins are real and others imaginary is no reason why we should accept the Modern as our guide to a better education. The Modern not only fails to point out to us

wherein we have erred: he does not even know that we have erred. He is literally telling us to reform by sinning harder; and to a world which has for ages suffered from the blind tendency of men to worship power and wealth for their own sake, a world whose chiefest sins are abuse of power, tyranny, and greed, — in the very midst of a war in which science and industry have at man's bidding been combined into a single instrument for the destruction of men, — the Modern proclaims that the proper thing to do is to make the education of the future exclusively scientific and industrial. That is Reform — with a vengeance!

Until the brain of the Modern is stung sufficiently awake for him to realize that science and industry are not divine, being supreme over man, but are mere tools which man has made for his own service and which, like every tool, are susceptible of abuse, the Modern will continue not to deserve his reputation as an expert in education. He is so busy confessing the sins of the Humanist that he has lost all contact with the world about him. His doctrine sounded plausible enough in the years before the war; but to-day that gospel of the nineteenth century has an odd and pathetic ring. For how many years have men fought and suffered and died in the naïve faith that science would make them whole! Science, of course, is knowledge; and knowledge is not virtue. But what a terrible price we are paying for that simple lesson! And it would be ridiculous, if it were not tragic, that Mr. Flexner and his fellow worshippers of science should always be insisting that they and their doctrines are peculiarly modern. They were modern, in the last century; but they withered, let us hope forever, in 1914.

Before the Modern departs to the ranks, let us recall his one virtue. It

can scarcely be called an intellectual virtue, but it is none the less precious on that account. The Modern does at least believe that our education is susceptible of improvement; and the realization of this fact is an indispensable preliminary to reform.

II

Now let us turn to the Humanists. Let me say at once that I have the utmost sympathy with what the Humanist represents. It is the business of the Humanist to understand and to interpret the record of man's spiritual achievement, as it is presented in history and art and literature; and there is no nobler business than that, and none which ought to be a surer guaranty that the men who follow it should be able to give the public expert advice upon educational reform.

But unfortunately the Humanists have contracted a habit of never appearing in public except to damn the Modern. They confess the sins of the Modern with fully as much delight as the Modern confesses theirs; but we have seen reason to believe that this game of vicarious confession has been unduly prolonged. The Humanists must bear their share of the guilt. You cannot help a man to reform simply by telling him that you will be quite contented if he does not become any worse than he is now. And that is just what the Humanists are always doing; for their conception of reform is negative. They have been attacked so often by the Modern that they have come to associate the very idea of reform with the specific 'reform' which the Modern proposes. And because the Modern proposes to reform by abolishing humanism along with the Humanist, the Humanist very naturally — and very foolishly — dreads reform just as a child might shrink from eating bread if he

were constantly told that bread would poison him.

Examine Professor Shorey's brilliant essay 'The Assault on Humanism,' and you will see that Professor Shorey is not unlike such a child. His essay is an excellent piece of polemic. He ruins all the so-called facts and figures and arguments presented by Mr. Flexner; and then he sits down in the midst of the wreckage and exults because another reform is dead. His choicest epithets are reserved for those who are silly enough to believe that any intentional improvement in education is possible. All such people are 'impatient revolutionaries'; and they have always had the incredible folly of thinking that education, as it is, is a 'no less unsatisfactory and bungling makeshift than marriage, government, the distribution of property, or life itself.' In other words, Professor Shorey feels that it is just as stupid to believe that education is susceptible of improvement as it is to believe that the institution of marriage, government, the distribution of property, and life are also susceptible of improvement. And yet, if Professor Shorey is right, the human race is in a bad way, and we are doomed to perish with our sins upon us. If we cannot help ourselves, then surely the gods will not help us.

The only gleam of hope which Professor Shorey allows to penetrate is his reminder — addressed to the 'disdainful Humanist' — that 'these crudities are inseparable from the wasteful process of human evolution, and that the final outcome of agitation is sometimes a good unforeseen by the agitator.' Now, it may be all very well for the lower animals to put their faith in evolution and the passage of time, though I doubt if the lower animals find the results much to their liking. But surely the 'disdainful Humanist' goes too far when he ventures to give such advice to

men. Let us have less disdain, and more humanism. It is not the summit of wisdom to deride all reform merely because Mr. Flexner is called a 'reformer'; and the policy of obstruction, which has too often been practiced by the Humanists, will prove, if they adhere to it, fatal both to them and to humanism. Change is sure to come, in education as in everything else; and the only question for the Humanist and the public is whether these changes shall be made in accordance with an intelligent plan or by the Mr. Flexners of this world. The Humanist therefore must abandon his complacency, which is a hard task, and set about the construction of an intelligent scheme of reform, which is a still harder task. But he may lighten these labors by reflecting that the alternative is suicide.

III

We have now examined the two principal classes of educational experts, and we have found that they are engaged in a stupid and distracting quarrel. Each of them is vaguely aware that our system of education is imperfect; but what remedy has either one of them to propose? The Humanist advises us to let things alone; and in so doing he forgets that neither humanism nor common sense has anything to say in praise of men who have let things alone. It would be difficult to imagine a remedy more frivolous, if it were not for the Moderns, who have surmounted the difficulty, and who advise us to sever our bonds with the past and to worship science and industry. The very magnitude of their error sheds some light upon the direction in which we must search for the truth; and it is the direction of the search which really matters, inasmuch as the absolute truth is and will remain inaccessible, and all that we can hope for is an

approximation. Let us therefore avoid condemning the Moderns and their proposals as useless. Their utility as a warning cannot be exaggerated.

The Modern is still dreaming. To every one except the Modern, it has become plain that science and industry are not panaceas. All men, except the Modern, are aware that knowledge is not virtue, and that our science, which has endowed us with vast powers over nature, has signally failed to enable us to control ourselves. This is the confession of sin which we must prefix to any scheme of reform: *though masters of the world, we are not masters of ourselves*. And therefore the problem of education is essentially the same as the problem of government: how shall men subdue their own desires and turn them into the channels of right action? If it is possible to discover some of the reasons why we have failed in this effort to attain self-mastery, then it will also be possible to suggest what new demands we must make of education, and in what ways the system that has broken down must be amended.

Fortunately there is no need to resort to abstruse metaphysical argument. The catastrophe which has overtaken the world has its origin in a sort of absent-mindedness; and it is precisely like the lesser catastrophes which penalize absent-mindedness in the individual. Between the ridiculous errors of action which we find in all the anecdotes of absent-minded men, and the tragic criminality which characterizes the actions of a Prussian autocrat, lies a kinship too close to be denied. Between the philosopher who walks with one foot in the gutter and the nation which invaded Belgium there are indeed many differences, but in this one respect they are alike: *they do not know what they are doing*. The Germans believed that they were so acting as to secure for themselves a glorious and

happy future; and the vast interval between their belief and the fact is the measure of their absent-mindedness.

Transpose and heighten the maladjustment of consciousness to action which makes the philosopher laughable; intoxicate a nation with power, drug it with self-worship, drill it into insensibility; and you will produce a nation which is far less aware of what it is doing than was the philosopher. But absent-mindedness which is so transposed and heightened becomes no laughing matter; and the maladjustment of consciousness to action which, on the lower plane, endangered only the individual, may, if it spreads through a whole nation or body of nations, endanger the world. In the present crisis, when hatred runs high, it is fatally easy to believe that Germany was the only nation which was thus infected. But the truth is that the rest of the western world was suffering from the same malady.

Examine the record of the nineteenth century, of the epoch which closed three years ago, and you will find that it is a record of increasing absent-mindedness on the part of men and nations who imagined that they were doing one thing but who were actually engaged in doing something else. They imagined that they were making the future secure by their feverish activity; they imagined that they had only to devote themselves to science and to industry in order to be happy. But, as a matter of fact, the whole tendency of their activity was to make the future insecure; and their blind faith in science and industry is being repaid by the unspeakable misery of war. The relation between their former faith and their present misery is plainly one of cause and effect. How should a world which thought that it was already saved pay attention to what it was doing? Since men believed in automatic progress, it

was only natural that they should abandon themselves to the task of multiplying wealth and power in every form, and that they should cease to inquire whether these vast new powers were likely to be well and wisely employed. It was only natural that they should come to regard Germany, which was first in science and industry, as a model nation. But there is one respect in which their faith in automatic progress is startlingly unnatural. It is easy to comprehend the results of their faith. But how could their faith be so profound? How could an age which boasted of its knowledge of the past fail so completely to profit by human experience?

The nineteenth century failed because it refused to make the incessantly renewed effort of attention to past and present, the effort which is the price of consciousness; and the extent of its failure is measured in the most positive manner by the shock of the awakening in 1914. We are familiar enough with the fate which overtakes a man who fails to make this effort of attention to past and present; we say of him that he is incapable of learning by experience. But what shall excuse our folly if we refuse to apply this familiar lesson to the nineteenth century?

No power on earth or in heaven can save men from making mistakes. But there does exist a power which can save men, *if they will but make the effort to use it*, from making the same mistake over and over again. In the case of the individual, we call that power memory; and we say that in memory is stored the past experience of the individual. But we are always forgetting that the mere storage of past experience in memory does not in the slightest degree guarantee that the individual will not repeat the mistake he has already made, and therefore does not guarantee his self-control and his mas-

tery over the impulse of the moment. On the contrary, it is notorious that all his memory and his experience will go for nothing, unless he puts forth an effort of voluntary attention. Without that effort to understand his past, to grasp it, and to carry it with him so that it may illuminate the decisions which life forces him to make in the present, he cannot be free and he cannot be master of himself; and just in the proportion that he relaxes that effort, he loses his hold upon his past experience and upon his humanity, and sinks back into an existence like that of the lower animals, bestial, dominated no longer by his own spirit, but unconscious, the slave of instinct and of impulse, mechanically carrying out activities of whose direction and tendency he is unaware.

Such was the fate of the nineteenth century. Lulled into a false security, it lost its hold upon the past experience of the human race; and men abandoned their minds to the oldest of all delusions—to the belief that the possession of power is the sufficient pledge of a happy and virtuous future. Under the influence of this delusion, they divinized every form of power; but most of all, they worshiped science and industry, in the blind assurance that science and industry would save the world. And thus they made once more an ancient and deadly error. How ancient an error this is, and how often men and nations have succumbed to it, it would be impossible to say. History, which is the memory of the race, records the irretrievable ruin which has overtaken those men and those nations; but the men of the nineteenth century suffered all the precious experience which is implicit in history to go to waste, and they relaxed the effort to comprehend and to vivify the past, until in the later decades before the war men came to regard the study of the past as frivo-

lous and unpractical, and under the cover of this mad delusion began to expel the study of the past from its last strongholds in school and college.

IV

What then must we do if we would win some measure of control over ourselves? There is no easy way. The price of this control is an intense and painful effort of attention to past and present, a struggle to pluck ourselves out of the pit of unconsciousness into which we had fallen. Our first need is to get rid of complacency, and to substitute for it a humble recognition of our vices of thought and action. Faith in science and industry has survived the war; and we must shake ourselves free from the lying 'philosophies' and the evil systems which that faith has begotten. This means, of course, that we must accomplish a conversion of our whole attitude. In regard to government, such a conversion is already taking place, in thought as well as in fact; and the philosophies of the state which were fashionable a few years ago are rapidly crumbling.

But in regard to education, the first moves have yet to be made. Here are Mr. Flexner and his associates, still bound, as if enchanted, within the limits of the old delusion. We must leave them to their fetish-worship, for they are probably incurable.

But what shall we say of the current educational practice and theory, upon which Mr. Flexner made so violent an assault? Is it so good that it deserves to go unchanged? Shall we join Professor Shorey and the Humanists, and abandon it to the lovingkindness of evolution?

The changes which a genuine conversion demands of us will indeed be radical. Education has during the last century become more and more a drill

designed to produce power; but we must make of it a path to freedom and to self-control. Instruction in science will be a part of our plan, and a necessary part. But the greatest failure of our educational system, the weak point toward which we must direct our energies, is not the instruction in science, is not the instruction in history and literature and the humanities in general, although there are abundant and serious defects in that instruction. The weak point is the very fact that *we have relied upon instruction to produce educated men*. We want, that is to say, a certain result, in the shape of men who are free and self-controlled; and we have been attempting to get that result by a complicated mechanism of instruction and drill. The tragic absurdity of such a process consists in the attempt to treat living human beings as if they were so much matter, and as if any mechanical process could take the place, in a student's mind, of that prolonged and constantly renewed effort which must be furnished from within by each student for himself. Look at the history of education during these last decades, and you will find it a record of innumerable alterations in curriculum and in methods of instruction. Every one of these alterations has been designed to perfect the working of the machine and so to afford an absolute guaranty that the product would be correspondingly improved. But it was inevitable that failure should result from every alteration which was based upon such a mechanical philosophy; and so our colleges struggled on, enmeshing themselves still more deeply with each new attempt, trying one device after another, and constructing a hierarchy of administration whose sole function was to keep the clumsy machine, somehow or other, going.

The truth is that no mechanism of instruction will produce the result

which we desire. It is obvious that the faith in such a mechanical process is next of kin to the faith in science which blurred the minds and perverted the purposes of men; and if we are capable of learning by experience, we shall remake our whole system of education in the light of a principle which is not new, but which is in fact as old as civilization. This principle teaches that freedom and self-control must be won by each man for himself; and the installation of this principle in the heart of our educational system will mean that hereafter the chief emphasis will be placed upon learning and not upon instruction, upon the effort of the student *to acquire and to understand* and not upon the ways and means by which facts are presented to him.

This effort to acquire and to understand is aborted by our present system, as life is always aborted by mechanism. We are commonly told that the American student suffers from every intellectual vice: he refuses to think for himself, has no interest in intellectual pursuits, crams his lessons by sheer force of memory, and shakes off his apathy only to devote himself to the frenzied diversions of sport or of social ambition. As a statement of fact about the American student, this is not altogether untrue; but as an accusation implying that the student is responsible for these defects, this is addressed to the wrong quarter.

To what sort of an intellectual world is the American student introduced? He attends a specified number of classes each week; he is compelled to memorize the facts and theories contained in the lectures and in the assigned reading; and at the end of about four months he is compelled to take an examination on the subject-matter of the several courses which he is following. If he passes the examinations, he has automatically deposited to his credit in

the college 'office' a fixed mathematical fraction of the degree to which he aspires. To obtain the degree, he has only to repeat the same process through four years. In different colleges, this process is varied in many ways; but in all colleges, the requirements are complicated, and in all colleges they are so designed as to prevent the student from obtaining the degree without having undergone a certain minimum amount of instruction.

It is not at all marvelous that such a system fosters the very apathy which it was intended to prevent. Now, if we adhere to our principle, we shall indeed realize that no system will produce educated and self-controlled men; but we shall also realize that the least that we can do is to insure that the system shall be, not a hindrance, but an aid to the attainment of that difficult end. Lectures and curricula and examinations we must have; but the knife must cut away the countless entanglements which we have so thoughtlessly built up. To mention one point only, scores and hundreds of courses are offered each year; and all fields of learning have thus been split into sections and sub-sections. The degree, as we know, is awarded to a student when he has 'passed' some sixteen of these fragmentary courses. What chance has such a student to put forth the effort of attention to past and present on which his self-mastery depends? His time is frittered away in the performance of petty fractional tasks; the whole weight of the system encourages him to memorize, and his occasional attempts to add understanding to memory are baffled by the apparent lack of relation between one series of facts and another.

Worst of all is what happens to the student when he approaches the study of the past. We have seen what critical importance must be attached to such study, provided that it consists in an

attempt to grasp the experience of the past and to make it one with our own experience; and we know therefore that the calling of the Humanist is a high and difficult calling. How then has the Humanist — the teacher of history and of literature, of Latin and Greek and philosophy — fulfilled his duty of interpretation of the past?

It must be said that the Humanist has every reason to practice the virtue of humility, and to set about mending his ways. Little by little, the worship of science and the methods of quantitative analysis and of external measurement have spread throughout the humane disciplines and have sapped their vitality. The past is the record of the struggle of the human spirit to win dominion over external nature and to win dominion over itself. The history of man's relations to external nature is therefore but a portion of that record; and it is not the more important portion. Keenly interested as we must be in the history of science, it is the other half of the record which is of first importance; and it is the function of the Humanist to deal with the other half, to tell the story of the human spirit in its strife for self-mastery. And since that story has not been one of unbroken progress, since the victories won have always been incomplete, and since the failures have stained the world with blood and suffering, it becomes the duty of the Humanist to take account of the failures as well as of the victories, to show us how men have slipped into unconsciousness and barbarism as well as how men have sometimes achieved a partial vision and a partial liberty. For human life continues, and the failures of which men have been guilty in the past are our failures also.

But during the last century humanism has been perverted by the almost universal worship of science; and the quantitative methods which have

served men so admirably in the measurement of matter have been imported into the study of art and literature, history and philosophy. These methods, misnamed scientific, are no more capable of dealing with the human spirit and its history than a bayonet is capable of 'civilizing' the man into whom it is thrust. They assassinate the spirit, and leave only the body behind. In the majority of our histories, and even in the study of art and literature, these methods have done their perfect work; and in place of the living organism, they have given us a huge body of dead facts, linked together by a facile determinism, or restored to a semblance of life by some mad and private thesis of the author. So, for example, Mommsen turned his history of the Roman Republic into a glorification of absolute military monarchy; and his genius cannot blind us to the fact that he thus lent his genius to the service of evil. So, for example, the 'scientific' students of Homer seized upon two immortal poems, analyzed them into distorted and writhing fragments, and then assured a naïve world that these fragments had no author. There would be no end to the accumulation of such folly, if the Humanists were to continue the employment of such methods; and it would be a waste of time to enumerate examples. The libraries are full of examples; and under them the history of the human spirit is buried.

We shall therefore say to the Humanist that he has misconceived his duty. He should be the last of men to preach a gospel of quietism; he should be the last of men to obstruct change, provided that it be made in the direction of self-control. For change in that direction is always accompanied by an effort to understand the past, and such change is of the very essence of humanism.

It is the lack of that effort, it is the

blind contempt of the past, which, united with the worship of science, stamps the proposals of Mr. Flexner as an assault upon liberty; and it is quite true that educational 'reform' of that sort would be a disaster.

But it is also true that genuine reform is desperately needed; and before our educational system can furnish us the help that it should, the Humanist must learn to practice humility, to abandon his faith in the mechanical and quanti-

tative methods which belong to science, and to set about the task of reinstating the past in the present. If the Humanist will do his part, he will not be always on the defensive against the attacks of the materialist; instead, he will fight for a positive end, the primacy of the human spirit. Otherwise, the humane disciplines will perish one by one; since it is not Latin and Greek alone which are now in danger, but our whole understanding of the past.

THE MILITARY GEOGRAPHY OF PALESTINE

BY H. SIDEBOTHAM

I

THE entry of the British troops into Palestine has brought the war into a country which has probably been more fought over than any country in the world. If Palestine had not had greater fame as the Holy Land, its geography might well serve as a textbook for the complete history of military strategy and tactics, so interesting have been the combinations of forces that have met on its few roads and in its narrow valleys, so long and varied the story of its battlefields. The geography of Palestine has been exhaustively treated from almost every point of view save that from which the writer approaches it in this paper. Now that Palestine has become one of the campaigns of the war and that not the least important, it may be interesting to gather up some of the leading facts in its long military history which throw light on the present campaign

and on the political future of the country.

A great advantage which a writer on the geography of Palestine has is that he is dealing with names of men and places that are, to English-speaking people at any rate, as familiar as the figures of his own history, and the names and places of his own country. The United States, indeed, largely owing no doubt to the great part that Puritanism played in its early history, has borrowed very freely from the Bible for its own place-names. It has three Jerusalems and nineteen Salems, two Bethanys, ten Bethels, two Bethlehems, three or four Zions, two Shilohs, six Hebrons, and five Carmels. These are trivial instances, but they show how close the place-names in Palestine have lain to American sentiment and they make of its geography almost a home subject. Some it will offend as a sort of desecration to associate these place-names with the mili-

tary jargon of this war; but more, it is hoped, will find their reading of Biblical history enriched by a new touch of realism and modernity.

Every geographer has pointed out that Palestine is arranged in longitudinal sections, — a coast plain, a hill country which is a prolongation of the Lebanon to the south, the deep depression of the Jordan Valley, and the hills east of Jordan. Between the coast and the blue hills of Moab across Jordan is a distance of barely more than one hundred miles, but in that switchback of a country you pass through every variety of climate. On the coast at Gaza you are really in Egypt, for the sea here is a backwater of the Nile, and the Syrian coast plain is a prolongation of the Nile Delta. From the plain you rise through rolling downs broken by narrow passes, the scene of so much fighting in the early history of Israel and in the Crusades, up the steep wall of the Judæan plateau, stony and barren for the most part, but with here and there a deep pocket of good land, down into the depression of the Jordan Valley, the deepest trench to be found anywhere in the world; and across Jordan are the highlands of Moab and Gilead, where you get keen frosts in winter and fresh heather-scented winds in summer.

From the south side there are only two ways in which Palestine has ever been invaded: one, 'the way of the Philistines' along the coast from Egypt, which is also the way of Sir Archibald Murray and General Allenby; the other, the way from east of Jordan, which was the way of the Israelites when they entered the country, and, later, of the Arabs. When the Israelites crossed Jordan near Jericho, they found the great wall of Judæa straight ahead of them; and for hundreds of years afterwards, until the time of David, they were never able to scale it. They

trickled into Judæa by devious paths, and lost their individuality among the tribes of the country. The main body found their way into Samaria, and failing to gain access to the maritime plain, turned north and poured across the plain of Esdraelon into the hills of Galilee.

The whole history of the Old Testament Israelite is the story of the separation of the northern tribes in Galilee from their brethren in Samaria, and of the establishment in Judæa, at Jerusalem, of a new Jewish kingdom markedly different in character from the kingdom of the north: exclusive where it was tolerant and facile, and theocratic and spiritual, whereas the kingdom of the north was secular and material. The reasons for this difference were mainly geographical. Judæa was separated, not only from the rest of the world, but from the rest of Palestine, by deep ravines and difficult passes; it is the natural keep of the castle, and the same causes that made it so difficult for the early Israelites to capture it, made it later the citadel alike of the narrowest bigotry and of the purest faith. The rest of Israel lay more open to the world; and between Galilee and Samaria ran the great highway of commerce and war in the ancient Semitic world.

This road entered Palestine from the east near Beth Shan, followed the wide plain of Esdraelon which breaks the continuity of the Palestine Lebanon, crossed the hills by a low pass near Megiddo, and so became the coast road to Egypt. This great highway is the most important single fact in the history of Palestine. The Eastern gate at Beth Shan was never in their whole history in secure possession of the Israelites, but always stood wide open to invasion. This was the way by which Gideon's Midianites came, and later the Assyrians.

At the sea end of the plain there is another gate near Acre. This was the gate that Egypt held when Sisera, Egypt's 'prancing proconsul,' oppressed the Israelites under Deborah and Barak, by his Canaanitish levies in Galilee. This is the gate that Napoleon tried in vain to close from the sea during his invasion of Palestine. 'If it had not been for Djazzar I should have been Emperor of the East,' said Napoleon. Later in life, Djazzar and the Turks, thanks to the assistance of the English under Sir Sydney Smith, held the gate against all the French attacks, and Napoleon, afraid of leaving it open to a descent from the sea, of which since the battle of the Nile the British had undisputed command, had to abandon his schemes of conquest and beat a retreat to Egypt. Neither was this gate ever in possession of the Israelites.

A third gate into Palestine was at the south end of the Philistine plain at Gaza, and right through Jewish history, down to the time of the Maccabees, an enemy was always in possession at Gaza too.

Thus you had a great trunk road traversing Palestine; and the three principal points in it—the eastern end at Beth Shan, the southern end at Gaza, and a middle bastion in the neighborhood of Acre—were always in the possession of enemies. The Israelites of the Old Testament lived overlooking the bridge between Asia and Africa, and not a single point of vantage on that bridge belonged to them. This was the great cause of their political failure. From the southern end of the bridge came the Egyptian invader, from the eastern end the Assyrians; and the history of the Israelites on either side of the road is the history of a people flooded out of their valleys as the tide of invasion rushed in from either end, and forced them to take refuge in their hills, and then returning

to the lowlands as the floods subsided.

It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened if there had been no Philistines between the Israelites and the sea, and the ancient Jewish kingdom had become a maritime state. There is no word for a port in ancient classical Hebrew, and though the Israelites once or twice in their history touched the sea, it was only for a brief period. Despite the Song of Deborah, Dan did not 'remain in his ships'; perhaps she was only sneering at maritime ambitions which were destined never to be realized. Joppa was never Jewish until Sion Maccabæus took it at the end of the second century B.C. 'He took Joppa for an haven and made an entrance to the isles of the sea'—an exultant phrase that reveals the tardy satisfaction of an age-long ambition. Julius Cæsar, always pro-Jewish, allowed the Jews to keep Joppa, but there was of course no maritime future for them under the Romans.

If the Jews of the Old Testament had had Joppa, the history of the world might well have been different. The sea favors the small nations and enables them to play a bigger part in the history of the world than they could otherwise do. The Jews might have become a colonizing people like the Phœnicians, and have carried over the seas the political independence, which, imprisoned as it was on land, was crushed to death between the great military empires. They might even have fought against Rome side by side with Carthage, have turned the scale in favor of their ally, and have made the Mediterranean a great Semitic lake. In that case the great Mediterranean empire of the Saracens would have been anticipated by fifteen hundred years. The Jews of the northern kingdom, always more easygoing and less spiritual in nature than the Jews of Judæa, would have given their stamp to the national char-

acter, Palestine would not have been the head of the religious world, and the Jews might have acquired secular greatness at the cost of their fame in religious history.

Yet it is a hard fate for the Jews always to have been compelled to obtain religious fame at the expense of secular misery, and it is no wonder that they should have revolted against always being impaled on the horns of this dilemma. The modern Zionist movement is almost purely secular in its inspiration. It desires a distinctively Jewish culture in Palestine, but it has cut itself loose forever from the ideas of theocracy which Judæa imposed upon the country. If Jewish Palestine is ever to have a great secular future it must have access to the sea and command of it, if not in its own right, at any rate by the proxy of the protecting power.

II

The long wars, then, between the Israelites and the Philistines may be regarded as a struggle, in which the Israelites are almost invariably beaten, for the fresh air of the sea. The ambition of the Philistines was to get possession of the whole road between Egypt and the Syrian desert. The most famous of their battles — that on Mount Gilboa in which Saul and Jonathan fell — was fought right at the eastern end of the Plain of Esdraelon, and Saul's body was fastened to the walls of Beth Shan, which, as we have seen, is the eastern gate of the plain. Clearly the Philistines had all but succeeded in their ambition to cut Palestine in two, by their occupation of the great trunk road. And although the rise of Judæa under David restored the unity of Palestine, it was broken after Solomon's death by the division of Palestine into the northern and southern kingdoms — a division

which was permanent, for it corresponded with two contrasting national ideals, of material success and of spiritual purity, of easy tolerance and of narrow formalistic orthodoxy, of the Sadducees and of the Pharisees. As a general rule, the northern kingdom, after Syria had been conquered by Assyria, leaned on Egypt, the southern kingdom on Assyria, the political principle being to be friends with next door but one; just as, in the Balkans, Serbia leaned on Russia for protection against her neighbor Austria, and Bulgaria on Austria because Austria was not her neighbor.

Whether from lack of enterprise or from policy Egypt in Biblical times never realized her opportunities in Palestine. The oldest letters in history — the Tel Anarna tablets — are full of complaints from the feudatory kings of Canaan about Egypt's refusal to protect them against marauders from the desert, including among these the Israelites themselves. Egypt often overran Palestine, but she never maintained her rule there; and when an enemy came, her friends in Palestine were left to look after themselves, like the Bedouin tribes on the Sinai frontiers in this war, when we retired to the Canal before the Turkish invaders. Yet there can be no doubt that, if Napoleon was right a hundred years ago in regarding Gaza as the key of Palestine and of Egypt too, the construction of the Canal, the railway (the great conqueror of the desert), and the aeroplane have vastly strengthened this view. The Sinai Desert, never impassable, is now, given time and command of industrial resources, hardly a serious obstacle. Some rectification of the Egyptian frontier there will have to be after this war, and the only question is, whether the frontier should be withdrawn from El Arish toward the Canal, or whether it should be extended so as

to include Palestine. It is hardly conceivable that the British should withdraw from the Egyptian frontier to the Canal after a campaign in which they have been successful; and if the frontier is to be changed it is much more likely to be moved forward so as to include the maritime plain and the plateau of Judæa.

There is a school of thought in Great Britain which is prepared to go much further than this. It is argued that under modern conditions of warfare there is no real security for Egypt unless the protecting power is also the protecting power in Palestine. But such an extension of military responsibilities in itself is highly distasteful, not merely to Liberals, whose traditional policy it is to oppose any changes that would involve the country in foreign complications, but also to many Imperialists and Conservatives, who dislike the addition of fresh protectorates which are unsuited to form part of an Imperial Union.

For this and for other reasons, the idea of annexing Palestine has, in certain unofficial quarters, sought to ally itself with Zionism, and it is maintained that by settling the Jews in the country, and reviving the old Jewish state, Great Britain could at one and the same time greatly strengthen her most dangerous land frontier in Egypt and render a service to humanity by removing its oldest national grievance. A society has been formed, with its headquarters at Manchester, which runs a magazine called *Palestine*, to promote these ideas, and which has had a *succès d'estime*. The British government has not yet fully disclosed its official policy, but undoubtedly this new alliance between Zionist ideals and British interests in the East is gaining ground and may have a profound effect on international policy. In consenting to this alliance, Zionists are of course thinking

of the interests of Jewry, not primarily of the British Empire, for they are an international and not a national organization; but it is interesting that they should at present see in Great Britain their best hope of realizing their national ideals and should aspire to the status of a British dominion as that which gives most promise of its early fulfillment.

But circumstances of course may change, and one suggestion which has been put forward is that Palestine should be internationalized and that the best international managing trustee would be the United States, precisely because it is remote and has no selfish interests to serve. However that may be, it is curious to find this thousand-year-old problem of the relations between Egypt and Palestine still persistently awaiting its solution.

The maritime plain, which, in the hands of the Philistines baffled the ancient Jewish ambitions toward the sea, is valuable because it gives access to Esdraelon. To many, Jerusalem is the capital and centre of the country, but in fact it lies apart from the best and most valuable districts. There is no country in the world at once so open to invasion and yet so plenteously provided with strong places. Judæa toward the sea is protected, first by a sheer wall of hills, and then, in front of that, by a range of downs known as the Shephelah, crossed by few narrow and difficult passes. It was in these passes that the great historic battles of Palestine's history took place. The most famous of them all is Ajalon, just north of the route now taken by the railway from Joppa. It was here that Joshua bade the sun stand still so that he might have longer light to smite his enemies. It was up this valley that the Philistines pressed when their invasion made a crisis in the history of Israel which led to the establishment of the

monarchy. Here Judas Maccabæus won his greatest victories over the Greeks, and here Saladin and Cœur de Lion fought their battles.

Gisart, of the Crusaders, is the Gezer where David smote the Philistines; and here, too, just before the final cataclysm at Jerusalem, the Jews won a startling victory over Cestius Gallus, the Roman general. A second pass, the Vale of Sorek, which the railway from Joppa to Jerusalem follows, was the scene of many of Samson's exploits, and the recurrent battlefield of Ebenezer was in this valley. In the next valley, coming south, David killed Goliath, and further south still is the valley in which Sennacherib's army was stricken by the plague and came to grief. This last is the Wadi el Bizair, running across the hills from Hebron to Ashdod, and it was by this valley that the Turks in the last engagement in Palestine rushed down the reinforcements which saved Gaza for a time from the British attack.

The Hebrew prophets, who preached a policy of splendid isolation from the quarrels of Egypt and Assyria, were undoubtedly right if we accept their point of view in secular politics, which was conceived in the narrow selfish interests of the southern kingdom and its maintenance as a citadel of the pure faith. So difficult is Jerusalem to approach, that it would have been quite possible for the southern kingdom if it had pursued a strictly prudential policy, to maintain itself in isolation almost indefinitely. In his wars with the Greeks, Judas Maccabæus never had more than a mere fraction of the people actively on his side, but he managed to hold these difficult passes with the merest handful of men; and when he was finally beaten it was by a characteristically clever manœuvre of the Greeks, who marched right round the mountain walls of Judæa and slipped

into the country by a pass in the south-western corner.

Napoleon very characteristically cut all these difficulties in his Egyptian campaign. He advanced northward along the shore, taking Gaza and Joppa on the way, crossed the hills at the low and easy pass of Megiddo into Esdraelon, threw out one detachment on his left to seize Haifa and besiege Acre, and then boldly advanced into the hills of Galilee, defeating the Turks under Mount Tabor. He entered Palestine in the second week of February, 1799; was at Gaza in the third week and at Joppa in the fourth week; began the siege of Acre on March 5; seized Safed in Galilee on March 31; and was ready for the Turks at Tabor at the end of April. Had he captured Acre and secured himself against the descent from the sea, there is no doubt that he would have kept Palestine. Holding the great trunk road from Gaza to Beth Shan, he had only to wait until Jerusalem, isolated from its supports, surrendered. The calculations of Vespasian and Titus seem to have been much the same, for they thought by occupying the great trunk roads to compel the surrender of Jerusalem and avoid the necessity of a siege.

Since this paper was written the world has learned with profound emotion of the capture of Jerusalem by Allied forces under General Allenby, who succeeded Sir A. Murray as commander-in-chief in Palestine. Having taken Beersheba and Bethlehem to the south, he reduced the port of Gaza which had successfully resisted Murray in the spring. Joppa soon fell, and Allenby, marching eastward into the hills, threatened Jerusalem from the northwest, while the force at Bethlehem, working to the northeast, completed the isolation of the Holy City, which was evacuated by the Turks and entered by the Allies in December, 1917.

III

Unless Palestine remains under the sovereignty of the Turk,—and after all that has happened that seems exceedingly unlikely,—its most probable future is as the home of the revived Jewish state—a state, which, in its governing principles of polity, will have far more in common with the old northern kingdom than with the narrow theocracy of Judæa. Arrangements would have to be made for the custody of the Holy Places, of which there are many, both Christian and Mohammedan, and only a Jewish state whose ideas have been strained of everything resembling religious bigotry, could, with fairness to other creeds, be set up in Palestine. About that there is not likely to be very much difficulty, for the Jewish character, in its long period of adversity, has lost its ancient religious intolerance, and indeed its besetting sin now is a too great adaptability and a too ready assimilation to other civilizations.

More serious, however, than the religious difficulties are the conditions under which the new Jewish state might be expected to become strong and self-supporting, whether as a dominion of the British Empire, or as an American territory (for this alternative should not, in the opinion of many Englishmen, be left entirely out of account), or as an internationalized state under the guaranty of a league of nations such as President Wilson contemplates. One of the conditions of progress which has already been discussed in this paper, is access to the sea such as the ancient Jewish state never had. The whole of the coast of Palestine as far north as Carmel, and including both sides of the great bay to the north of Carmel, Haifa, and Acre, would clearly have to be Jewish. The coast northward from Acre is cut off

from Palestine by the range of the Lebanon, and is essentially a part of Syria rather than of Palestine. If the ancient glories of Tyre and Sidon, and of Antioch, are revived, it will be, not by a Jewish state, but by the power that holds Syria, and the maritime aspirations of the new Jewish state will be satisfied by the possession of Haifa and the ports of the Philistine plain, and by an outlet at the head of the gulf of Akbar, the old Ezion-Gaber to which King Solomon sent his ships.

But quite as important to the future of the Jewish state as access to the sea is a strong natural frontier to the north and a foothold east of the Jordan. The natural frontier of Palestine on the north is the old Dan, the modern Baneas, where the Leontes and the Upper Jordan are separated by the towering ridge of the Lebanon range. Baneas is the key of Upper Palestine, because it commands the only entry from the north. The Egyptian Ptolemies won Palestine from Syria at Gaza. Antiochus of Syria won it back from them near Baneas. The Franks and Saracens contended for it fiercely in the days of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem and an expedition sent by Louis, in the Ninth Crusade, after conquering all the Jordan Valley, had to withdraw because it failed to conquer Baneas. In possession of Baneas, the Jews, if they abandoned, as they should, all pretensions to the Syrian coast north of Acre, would have a natural frontier in the great range of the Lebanon and command of the only entrance from the north.

There are two military causes of the failure alike of the ancient Jewish kingdom and later of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. One is the failure to establish this natural frontier on the north, and the other the failure either to hold Damascus themselves or to keep it in the hands of a friendly power. All was

well with the Kingdom of Israel so long as it was on friendly terms with Damascus. But when Damascus fell to Assyria, Palestine too succumbed to the military depotism. Precisely the same thing happened to the Latin kingdom. Damascus in the hands of friends made a splendid bulwark, but its fall to the Turks was the beginning of the end of the Latin rule. Damascus is to the north what Gaza is to the south — the port of the Syrian Desert as Gaza is of the Sinai Desert; and it is most desirable, in the settlement of the northern frontier which follows the war, that the Jewish state should not only be firmly established on the hills of Upper Galilee as far north as Baneas, but should have friends at Damascus, which may be in the hands of the Arabs, but more probably will fall to the lot of the French.

If the arrangements in Galilee are satisfactory, we can imagine the Jewish state falling heir to the economic advantages which the Germans hope to secure by the project of the Bagdad railway. This railway was to drain the trade and wealth of Mesopotamia, — which under wise rule is destined to have a future as great as its past, — to the north and Constantinople. In the future this trade may be diverted through Galilee, along the 'way of the sea,' to Haifa. It is not generally realized how great a part Galilee played in the life of the Jews. Constantly overrun in Old Testament times, the Jews of Galilee were outside the main stream of national history. Later, it was the seat of an opulent Greek civilization, which the Maccabees missed no opportunity of ravaging; but when the great rebellion came under Nero, it was the Jews of Galilee who offered the most obstinate resistance from their

mountain fastnesses, and sent the most gallant contingent to the defense of Jerusalem.

The rule of the Romans, who built roads to secure free communication from end to end of the land, brought about a greater degree of unity among the Jews than they had ever known before; and perhaps the Jewish rebellion was not the mad outburst of fanaticism that it is usually supposed to have been. Indeed, had the Jews been able to establish a working alliance with the Parthians, there is no reason why they should not have thrown off the Roman yoke. Nearly a century later, when the second great rebellion took place while Trajan was campaigning in Mesopotamia, it was the descendants of the Jewish exiles in Babylon who offered the fiercest resistance to his arms. With better organization, the Jews were numerous enough and able enough to do in the East what the Arabs did later. The Arabs, in fact, stepped into the shoes of Jews massacred by the Romans, just as the Turks later stepped into the shoes of the Arabs massacred by the Mongol invaders. In these later and tragic chapters of Jewish history under the Romans, Galilee, not Jerusalem, was the headquarters of Jewish nationalism; and Galilee, not Jerusalem, will be the great commercial and economic centre of any new Jewish state.

All the more important, therefore, is it that any new Jewish state should have room enough in Galilee to move freely, and a friend at Damascus who will give her a footing on the great inland sea of the Syrian Desert, the Mediterranean of the Semitic world, with rich and prosperous Semitic communities, Arab and Jewish, dwelling round its shores.

THE RETURN OF MR. SQUEM

BY ARTHUR RUSSELL TAYLOR

'A GOOD-LOOKER and a high hooker!' This was the verdict of Mr. Squem upon Miss Cynthia Browne.

Professor William Emory Browne had been asked down to the country-house of his widower brother, on the ocean, to dine and stay the night, and his niece had written him to bring any one he liked.

The professor had at once thought of Mr. Squem, traveling representative of the Mercury Rubber-Tire Company, to whom he was indebted for services openhandedly rendered in a pinch — a railway accident. 'Just the way to recognize him,' thought the professor, and was rather comfortable. Indeed, reflecting upon the opportunity thus opened to Mr. Squem, he almost glowed. Behind was the feeling — a bit zestful — that in this way he would be exhibiting to his brother's household a unique and quite amusing person — providing the party with an experience. A singular blend of motives, which Mr. Squem could not possibly have understood.

Professor Browne's brother had come into the world and lived in the world with just one object — to make a million dollars. This he had done, and there seemed nothing more to say. Yes, one thing more: he had fathered Cynthia, now a girl of twenty-two, with the ghost of a soul-starved mother — who, in common with everything else, had stood aside for the million dollars — looking out of her eyes. The brother, the brother's daughter, and a Mr. Dudley Ledgerwood, were the people whom Professor Browne invited Mr.

Squem to the country-house to meet — and to amuse.

Mr. Squem arrived in state, bearing a large suit-case and a hat-box, the latter's maiden appearance, though it had been a treasured possession for five years. The house and its scale impressed him, and particularly a fountain — copy of Verrocchio's Boy with the Dolphin — well placed before the main entrance; but he could not help feeling a certain bareness, not to say meagreness, in the room to which he was conducted by the very correct maid. True, Tony's Seven Chair Sanitary Shaving Parlor was not more immaculate, and if he knew a good bed, there it was; but the room lacked in color-warmth, — Mr. Squem thought of his own green carpet and red walls, — there were but three wall pictures, and they most unstriking, and the mantel was destitute of such decorative bric-à-brac, picked up at Atlantic City and elsewhere, as the guest loved. Mr. Squem noted these limitations, then adjured himself to 'quit knocking,' and proceeded to dress for dinner. He was the only one who did, the butler excepted, the three other gentlemen being in light summer clothes.

Miss Cynthia greeted him with frank cordiality; rarely had his 'pleased to meet you' received so warming a comeback. She was a thoroughbred — her features, her carriage, her total, persuaded Mr. Squem of that. Yes, a thoroughbred — a good-looker and a high-hooker! Her father came out of his million-dollar grave long enough to

assure the visitor that he was welcome, and then ceased to exist, and Mr. Dudley Ledgerwood bowed faintly, looking over Mr. Squem's head.

This Mr. Ledgerwood was a life-weary person of thirty-five, with the bored expression of one permanently waiting for a train. He seemed chronically tired, but not so tired as certain who encountered him. He had trained a really capable mind upon things which he was certain were affected by very few. He wrote — always from a quite Olympian standpoint — occasional reviews of books for magazines of limited circulation, and was suspected of having dark designs upon a Book of his own. He was bare of any convictions, their place being taken by a passion for being — different. So his life went in dissatisfiedly sniffing things. His thoughts were not intentionally other people's thoughts, or his ways, where he could help it, their ways. A mysterious providence had given him considerable money.

The dinner struck Mr. Squem as an all-right thing and function, although simpler than at some hotels he knew, and he wondered a bit that there was no orchestra. They had scarcely finished the soup before Professor Browne, thinking it time for the entertainment to begin, remarked, —

'Mr. Squem, though an active man of affairs, is no stranger to liberal culture. Perhaps he will tell you about his Universal History.'

'No good,' said Mr. Squem with decision, 'no good! You see,' — he frankly took in the company, — 'I only got as far as the sixth grade — and you know you feel that, when you begin to shuck the day coach for the Pullman and have your clothes built for you and hang out at four-per hotels. You sure do. Something is n't there. I felt it after I got to giving sixty straight for a sack-suit, and after I got my car —

some car, believe *me!* Well, I was telling the professor here how maybe I could put it there — the thing that was n't — by chewing up a thirty-five dollar Universal History I bought — something elegant and classy. But it was no go — no go. I want to tell you I lit into that thing for fair — loaded up on the pyramids and the Monroe Doctrine and radium and a lot of other things. But it did n't put over what was n't there, — not one little bit, — and I kept on getting up against people who made me feel it. So I say it was no good, — relish an olive, Miss Browne? — I give it to the Home for the Friendless.'

'Lamentable!' said Mr. Ledgerwood. 'Really' —

A diversion came at this point, the punctilious butler for the first recorded time spilling something. It was mushroom sauce, and a very little trickled down the left and right arms of Mr. Squem and Mr. Ledgerwood, seated side by side. The latter bent upon the man a look which might have penetrated armor-plate. He was extremely irritated and let it be seen. Not so Mr. Squem.

'Whoa, George!' — he beamed reassuringly upon the unhappy butler. 'I'm no Lillian Russell. No milk-baths for me!'

Miss Cynthia instantly covered up.

'So sorry,' she said, 'so very sorry!' And then hurriedly; 'Oh, I do so thank you, Mr. Ledgerwood, for the picture — my note was the poorest thing. Will you try to know what a satisfaction it is, and what a prize to own? I'm going to have it brought — my uncle must see it. You'll envy me,' she added to Professor Browne.

Then there was borne in, and placed for all to see, such a painting as Mr. Squem had never in all his days, outside a junk-shop, beheld; a copy of the Recanati Annunciation of Lorenzo Lotto; exceedingly old and dingy, and

with blisters here and there — a fearful wreck, in a woefully tarnished frame! Why was it there?

‘Well enough,’ said Mr. Ledgerwood with languor, as candles were shifted here and there before the canvas, ‘and by way of being early — fairly early. Of course it’s been “comforted” a bit. The vehicle is reasonably clear, with something of the original’s subtle qualities of tint.’ (He had cribbed this phrasing from Mr. Berenson.) ‘The lights and shadows, too, are treated with — ah, genuine science, as there. Does the cat here at all suggest the lion of the Hamburg St. Jerome, Professor Browne?’

Professor Browne was — as Mr. Ledgerwood devoutly hoped would be the case — unable to say, and further conversation permitted a display of impressive connoisseurship — worth giving a picture for any day. At length the professor turned to the silent and still astonished Mr. Squem.

‘What do you think of the picture?’ he asked. ‘How does it appeal to you?’

What Mr. Squem really thought, and what he had for some moments been affirming to himself, was that the whole thing was enough to make a man swallow his tonsils. What he said, surveying the cat affrighted at the angel, was, —

‘Some scared pussy!’

A silence followed, which at length pricked him to a sense of his guest’s duty. ‘Just been out to Denver,’ he said, ‘over the Q. First time in years. It’s a spry burg, and no shrinking violet, either. Something happened to me there once.’

‘Tell us about it,’ urged Professor Browne with ringmaster’s readiness.

‘Well, you see it was this way — no spinach for me, thanks. I was on my first long trip. Had n’t been west of Pittsburg before, and I never hope for a ride like that again. Gee! those brush-

balls rolling over the prairie — hundreds and hundreds of ‘em rolling and rolling! Spookish things. And the wooden-toothpick fence-posts — miles and miles of *them*. Then old Pike’s looming up, not twenty minutes off, you’d bet; near enough to spit on, you’d say, but staying there, just staying there, for hours! A Denver man in the seat ahead says, “I *thought* it would make your jaw drop on your wish-bone” — and he was right. It was great!’

‘*Hæc olim*,’ volunteered Mr. Ledgerwood, with a touch of chill.

‘We did n’t stop at that place,’ said Mr. Squem. ‘It was an express. Well, I went into the diner an hour this side of Denver, — anything I can reach you, Mr. Browne? — and when I’d squared for my meal, do you know, I had just sixty-seven cents left? Sixty-seven cents, — and I did n’t know a soul in Colorado, — not a soul! Figured I’d be about three days too soon to find a draft from the house, and my only baggage was one of these bird-size grips. Well, I took a hack at the station for White’s Palace Hotel, — it hurt me fifty cents, — and I stood up at the green-marble counter and hancocked the register and asked for my mail. Nothing doing, as I supposed. No mail. So there I was, a right smart from home, as they say in Baltimore, with nothing I could put up for my board and nobody in the state I could strike for a dollar. They’d had an awful pest of hotel dead-beats, too, with smooth stories, just before — and *me* there, with seventeen cents!’

‘What a situation!’ said Miss Browne. ‘But surely there was the telegraph.’

‘Nobody was taking any chances on collect-wires East,’ said Mr. Squem. ‘They’d as soon set up mileage to Chicago. *That* would have meant a swift kick. As I said, others had been

there before me, and some of them were doing time right then.'

'What *did* you do?' Miss Cynthia was keen with the question.

'I went and bought a shave,' said Mr. Squem. 'I needed it. While the mahogany brother was mowing me, — it was a tonsorial parlor I was in, not a shop, — he says, "You need a hair-cut," and I says, "I need the *price*," — and told him all about it. "Why," he says, "you look good to me. Have the hair-cut, and this shave, too, on the place, till you get your letter. Sure, that's all right."'

Mr. Squem fingered his demi-tasse a moment, then said slowly, —

'That coon was sure an answer to prayer; *I was* up against it. He'll never know what he did for me, but I've never forgot him. I've been giving twenty-five a year to Shiloh Baptist Church ever since. Well, I had the hair-cut, and a sea-foam, too, and got out of the chair and let him chalk it up. I wanted to celebrate some way, for my nerve was back, so I went to the bar and got a grown person's drink. It was fifteen cents, and I had two cents left. Then I leaned down by the bar and dropped the two cents in a spittoon and went broke.'

Miss Cynthia's eyes snapped.

'Then,' continued Mr. Squem, 'I walked straight up to the hotel desk, as independent as a hog on ice, — excuse me, Miss Browne, — and says to the lady-cashier, "Ten dollars, please, and charge to Room 17."'

'Applomb!' interjected Mr. Ledgerwood.

'No, not a plum,' said Mr. Squem, 'a peach. She was a peach. She pushed the ten right across. Seemed kind of sorry I had n't made it ten more. I did, two days later, and it came just as easy. She sensed the confidence in me, see — the ginger that barber put there. I never could have done it without

him. On the fourth day my draft came and I was on Easy Street.'

Mr. Ledgerwood had not enjoyed this narrative in the least, and the less because Miss Cynthia evidently had. She was not merely amused: she was positively — it seemed to him almost admiringly — interested. Said he, with an access of sourness, —

'*Chacun à son goût*. Traveling about in that happy-go-lucky way — with insufficient funds — smells of the *canaille*. It has a suggestion of vagrancy.'

'You mean I was going too short?' inquired Mr. Squem innocently. 'Well, just that morning I'd had a twenty-dollar yellow-back pinned to my undershirt, — excuse me, Miss Browne, — but I met a man on the train, — selling on commission he was, and business had been bum, — who'd been wired to come home to a mighty sick kid, and he had n't the money to get there. His mileage was out and he was going to be put off. So I had to unpin the twenty.'

Miss Cynthia leaned forward. 'That was *dear* of you!' she said impulsively.

Mr. Squem looked puzzled. 'Had to do it, of course,' he said. 'Anybody would.'

As the party rose from the table, he left a silver dollar at his place. He thought it might be helpful to the other man in evening clothes.

There were two hours on the porch in the summer-night quiet, to the accompaniment of some excellent cigars of Mr. Squem's providing. He had brought them along and insisted that they be tried. 'Yours are no good,' he jocularly informed the host. Professor Browne made some further effort to display his protégé, but Mr. Squem had noticed that the master of the house was treated as a sort of necessary furniture, and to the astonishment of the other two men actually succeeded in thawing him out and getting him

alive. It was a great surprise, and infinitely warming to Professor Browne's brother; and to Miss Cynthia it seemed a kind of beautiful miracle. She could not remember when she had seen her father's eyes light up or heard him laugh, and it made a catch in her throat.

As the evening wore on, she sat down at the piano in the open-doored room and began to play. Mr. Ledgerwood and Professor Browne continued an earnest discussion of some problem connected with Renaissance Art, but Mr. Squem fell silent before the music stealing to the porch from within. It was of a type unfamiliar to him, and he was sure it would not whistle. Under other conditions, it is doubtful if he could have held it music at all; but there was something in it, as things were, which strangely moved him, and there was an effect and a concord within, which, as it was not maimed by any attempted expression, made the spindling spiritual experience of Dudley Ledgerwood show as mockery indeed.

Mr. Squem sat on the edge of his bed in the twelve-dollar silk pajamas which he had bought expressly for this occasion, and, as he preluded sleep with a cigarette, thought about the stage of the evening and the persons of the play.

'Some swell shack,' he soliloquized. 'That big hall, — and the kid in the front yard squeezing the mackerel, — such things cost real money. But then, no dress-suits; and that ratty old picture — of all the cold gravy! — That man with the cocoanut whiskers,' — thus he recalled Mr. Ledgerwood, — 'he's some sour brother, but then he's sick. That's easy; he's a sick man. Professor Browne is the best ever. Let me do all the talking and hugged the

wall; took a back-seat himself. George, I got to do more of that! That brother of his, poor duffer! All he needs is somebody to fuss over him and wake him up. Miss Cynthia!' — he hesitated, unwilling now to apply the complimentary phrase of some hours before. 'All to the good,' he sighed, and the music that would n't whistle was back with him. He surveyed himself at full length in a mirror door. 'It is n't there,' he said, 'not there!' And then again, 'All to the good!'

In another part of the house the butler showed a maid the silver dollar, which some way seemed to him more than money — seemed to have properties lacking in money.

'He is n't a gentleman,' he said; 'of course, not at all a gentleman. But he's all right — all *right!*'

In the drawing-room Miss Cynthia addressed Mr. Ledgerwood. 'Oh, I know,' she said, 'any one would say I was impossible if I were put in a story — or else that I'm one of the kind who run away with the chauffeur. But I've met a gentleman at last, — I don't care what you say, — a gentleman at last. You remember in *The Flight of the Duchess*, —

So all that the old Dukes had been without knowing it, This Duke would fain know that he was, without being it.

I've been thinking of that all the evening. Don't you see, — can't you see, Mr. Ledgerwood, — that we've had something *real* here to-night — that one of the old Dukes has been here?'

And then —

'No one can be a gentleman and feel being so. I've known the kind who feel being so. Mr. Squem does n't, — and he's a gentleman!'

THE ANCIENT BEAUTIFUL THINGS

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I AM all alone in the room.
The evening stretches before me
Like a road all delicate gloom
Till it reaches the midnight's gate.
And I hear his step on the path,
And his questioning whistle, low
At the door as I hurry to meet him.

He will ask, 'Are the doors all locked?
Is the fire made safe on the hearth?
And she — is she sound asleep?'

I shall say, 'Yes, the doors are locked,
And the ashes are white as the frost:
Only a few red eyes
To stare at the empty room.
And she is all sound asleep,
Up there where the silence sings,
And the curtains stir in the cold.'

He will ask, 'And what did you do
While I have been gone so long?
So long! Four hours or five!'

I shall say, 'There was nothing I did. —
I mended that sleeve of your coat.
And I made her a little white hood
Of the furry pieces I found
Up in the garret to-day.
She shall wear it to play in the snow,
Like a little white bear — and shall laugh,
And tumble, and crystals of stars
Shall shine on her cheeks and hair. —

It was nothing I did. — I thought
You would never come home again!’

Then he will laugh out, low,
Being fond of my folly, perhaps;
And softly and hand in hand
We shall creep upstairs in the dusk,
To look at her, lying asleep:
Our little gold bird in her nest;
The wonderful bird who flew in
At the window our Life flung wide.
(How should we have chosen her,
Had we seen them all in a row,
The unborn vague little souls,
All wings and tremulous hands?
How should we have chosen her,
Made like a star to shine,
Made like a bird to fly,
Out of a drop of our blood,
And earth, and fire, and God?)

Then we shall go to sleep,
Glad. —

O God, did you know
When you moulded men out of clay,
Urging them up and up
Through the endless circles of change,
Travail and turmoil and death,
Many would curse you down,
Many would live all gray
With their faces flat like a mask?
But there would be some, O God,
Crying to you each night,
‘I am so glad! so glad!
I am so rich and gay!
How shall I thank you, God?’

Was that one thing you knew
When you smiled and found it was good:
The curious teeming earth
That grew like a child at your hand?
Ah, you might smile, for that! —

THE ANCIENT BEAUTIFUL THINGS

I am all alone in the room.
 The books and the pictures peer,
 Dumb old friends, from the dark.
 The wind goes high on the hills,
 And my fire leaps out, being proud.
 The terrier, down on the hearth,
 Twitches and barks in his sleep,
 Soft little foolish barks,
 More like a dream than a dog —

I will mend the sleeve of that coat,
 All ragged — and make her the hood,
 Furry, and white, for the snow.
 She shall tumble and laugh. —

Oh, I think,

Though a thousand rivers of grief
 Flood over my head, — though a hill
 Of horror lie on my breast, —
 Something will sing, 'Be glad!
 You have had all your heart's desire:
 The unknown things that you asked
 When you lay awake in the nights,
 Alone, and searching the dark
 For the secret wonder of life.
 You have had them (can you forget?),
 The ancient beautiful things!' . . .

How long he is gone! And yet
 It is only an hour or two. . . .

Oh, I am so happy! My eyes
 Are troubled with tears.

Did you know,

O God, they would be like this,
 Your ancient beautiful things?
Are there more? Are there more — out there? —
O God, are there always more?

KEEPING SCHOOL UNDER FIRE

BY OCTAVE FORSANT

I

WAS I well- or ill-advised to open schools in a city which was almost daily castigated by shells? At the outset this experiment was judged diversely. I reopened certain schools at Rheims because, the city not having been evacuated, there were still many children there. I considered that, so long as there were pupils, even if no more than a hundred, there ought to be schools, not only to enable them to continue their studies, but to protect them against the dangers of the street. This was the twofold result sought, and attained: not only did the bombardments find not a single victim, either among the staff or among the children entrusted to our care, while so many other children were killed in the streets; but also, amazing as it may appear, the teaching yielded abundant fruit.

To secure our ends it was necessary to give the teachers very careful instructions, the execution of which I myself superintended. The most important were the following:—

To the Masters of Schools at the Front

‘The “notice to parents” which accompanies this is to be posted on the door of the school, and must be read to every parent when the pupil is registered. The recesses will be as short as possible (5 to 10 minutes), and there will be no inter-class games. The children must never stand about in groups in front of the school. In case of an alarm they are to be assembled on the lower floors, preferably in the cellar, where they must be

kept until the danger has passed. If the bombardment should begin at the hour of dismissal, the children must be kept in school until it has come to an end, whatever the hour. Lastly, I remind the teachers that it is their duty always to set the example of self-possession, and to do their best to reassure both pupils and families, to prevent over-excitement, and forestall anything like a panic. In case anything unusual happens, I must be informed instantly.

It is very important to have a lighted lamp always at the entrance to the cellar; to have the pupils drilled two or three times in going down into the cellar; and never to admit to the classes more pupils than the place can accommodate.

Almost all of these schools were closed and reopened several times under the threat of the German guns, especially during 1915, when the systematic bombardments of the city sometimes raged for several hours. Some of them, which were not more than 1200 to 1500 metres from the enemy lines, demanded a particularly careful oversight. The sessions were held in cellars. These were veritable ‘schools of war,’ and for that reason I called them by the names of our military heroes. Thus we had the ‘Joffre’ and ‘Manoury’ and ‘Dubail’ and ‘Albert I’ schools. The others, which were not so near the enemy as these, but still were within 3000 or 4000 metres, were carried on in the regular buildings.

The underground classes were installed in champagne cellars, that is to say, in immense passages dug in the chalk, whose ramifications were some-

times several kilometres in length. These offered almost absolute security, while indispensable hygienic conditions were complied with: the required number of cubic feet of air-space; sufficient ventilation by means of holes bored at regular intervals in the ceiling and communicating with the outer air; temperature always uniform and high enough (55° to 57°). The furniture and teaching paraphernalia were in all cases supplied by the nearest public school; powerful kerosene lamps — for electricity, and even gas, have been lacking in Rheims for three years — attached to the ceilings by the municipal authorities, furnished the necessary light. Manifestly, this was not all that could be desired, but it was enough to enable the children to work in safety. Although, on visiting these places of refuge in broad daylight, one was at first impressed by the dimness of the light, nevertheless the eye soon became used to it, and the effect was that of an evening in a village school.

Would you like some more precise details? Let us take, first, the Joffre School, in the cellars of the German firm of Mumm, which is to-day under sequestration. It is protected by three courses of reinforced cement and a thick ceiling of mortar and earth. Of the immense apartment nine or ten metres wide by forty long in which it is installed, it occupies only a portion about twenty metres in length, and is walled off from the vacant space by a double row of casks piled one on another. Within the school-room the three classes are separated from each other by partitions made of champagne cases, and to prevent dampness and increase the light the walls have been sheathed with straw matting covered with light paper. All these details give the visitor no chance to forget for an instant that he is in a champagne town.

To brighten these catacombs, each

mistress decorated her class-room as best she could with the slender material available in a half-destroyed city. On the teacher's desk were flowers or green plants according to the season; on the walls, excellent engravings of military subjects, with a sheaf of the flags of the Allies; and, directly in front of the pupils, portraits of our great military leaders, with the national standard draped above them. On the floor above, the greater part of the store-room is used for a cantonment, and the rest as a play-room for the children.

Established in substantially the same way, the Manoury School, down to August, 1916, occupied three immense 'tunnels,' four metres below the surface, in the Pommery warehouse; one for the school-room proper, one for recreation, and one for gymnastic exercises. The mistress herself always lived in the cellars, where, indeed, all her pupils and their families had their quarters also, for the enemy lines were so near (1200 metres) that it was impracticable to take pupils from outside. She had contrived an 'apartment' for herself in a small passageway not far from the schoolroom, and there she lived for two long years, going out very rarely; a severe experience, from which her health suffered greatly.

The Dubail School was not precisely a 'cellar' school, as it was installed in a room at the rear of a basement store-room, protected by three courses of reinforced cement, and by heaps of dirt piled about it. It was lighted, rather insufficiently, by eight small air-holes, fifty centimetres wide, and had direct access to three cellars, one over the other, the lowest of which was not less than twelve metres below ground. The school consisted of a large room, some sixty metres by twenty, about three and a half metres below the ground level, and separated by a black canvas partition from the cantonment along-

side. The four classes occupied each a corner, and, thanks to the excellent discipline, the four teachers did not interfere at all with one another.

After descending the twenty steps of the dark stairway leading to the basement where the boys' school of Fléchambault is situated, you found yourself in a small room containing some sixteen to eighteen cubic metres, low-studded and so poorly lighted by a single narrow air-slit, that the children farthest from the opening could barely see to write. In the corner at the right an iron folding-bed served as a desk by day, and by night as a couch for the teacher. This was one of our most unsatisfactory establishments, and I had consented to the choice only because the district was frequently under bombardment, and the regular school-building had been hit. The most important matter of all was the protection of the children.

The organization of the schools which were carried on in their own buildings had no extraordinary features except that certain of them, as the Anquetil mothers' school and the mixed schools in the rue du Ruisseau and Place Bétheny, were held in the only rooms available in localities more or less exposed to the bombardment and sometimes half-demolished.

The active life of these swarms of children in close proximity to heaps of ruins, under the constant threat of the German guns, could not fail to create a profound impression on the visitor. As for the children themselves, the situation did not excite them in the least; for a long while they had not given a thought to it, any more than they thought of the danger of going through the streets of Rheims, where they played as soon as school was dismissed.

These schools were so satisfactory to the families of Rheims that we were obliged to take in, not only the chil-

dren of those who had sought refuge in the cellars, — for whose benefit they were originally opened, — but also pupils from without, who came sometimes from a considerable distance, without thought of the danger. Indeed, the universal indifference to the risk involved — and also, I must say, a relative diminution of the activity of the enemy artillery — led me, at the end of 1915, to open such other schools in the usual quarters, as could still be utilized. The registration of these sixteen schools, which contained thirty-six classes, rose to almost 2000 children, 1500 of whom attended regularly.

II

The 'Journal' kept by each of the principals will give an idea of the diversified life in these establishments. For example, here are a few extracts from a record kept by Mademoiselle Philippe, who was at the head of the Joffre School.

'February 19, 1915. — Plainly they are aiming at this quarter in particular. Five persons were killed yesterday afternoon in rue du Champ de Mars close by, which has been so maltreated these last two days. On my way to school I pass great splashes of blood; the wall of the cemetery is spattered with blood and with pieces of human brains! . . . I was somewhat prepared for this ghastly sight. I had braced my nerves in anticipation; but it goes beyond all that I had imagined! Mesdemoiselles Charpentier and Schmidt, my assistants, soon arrived, completely upset by what they had seen. I have given them leave of absence for the afternoon. Madame Labarre and I will look after everything to-day; to-morrow is a day of rest for everybody.

'24th. — From noon to one o'clock the Laon faubourg was bombarded; Mlles. Charpentier and Schmidt, who

live there, cannot come; I keep the classes going, with Madame Labarre's help.

'26th. — I have just been through one of the most intensely exciting moments of my life. Just as the children were dismissed, an aeroplane under fire passed over the house. It is a not uncommon incident, but this evening I was restless and nervous. I put on my coat hastily and left the school at a rapid pace. I had hardly reached the cemetery when I heard a lugubrious hissing sound, followed by the *boum! crac!* that we know so well. I did not even turn my head, but ran across Place du Boulingrin and arrived at my baker's on rue de Mars all of a tremble. On the way I saw the clerks at Mauroy's laughing and joking on the street, deeply interested in the gait of a young horse which they were trotting up and down as if death were not hovering close by. I stopped a few moments. I heard nothing more, so I went on. But I had not reached the Hôtel de Ville when another bomb, then another, flew hissing over my head. I thought that it was all up with me! Such a dreadful explosion! A piece of the shell fell so near me that I thought I was hit. I rushed to the Hôtel de Ville, where I recovered myself and was driven back in a cab. . . . I am utterly exhausted. [Mademoiselle Philippe lived in the Paris faubourg, three quarters of an hour's walk from the school.]

'March 2. — A terrible bombardment during the night. This morning the centre of the city is on fire. No school; there are almost no scholars. I have made up my mind to live in the cellar beside my school.

'3d. — At half-past eleven I was lunching in the store-room on the first floor, as usual, when I heard a terrific explosion. I went down to the floor below, where a young soldier, surrounded by the employés of the house

and several of his comrades, was polishing his shoes as calmly as you please. I learned there that a shell had just fallen on the building, near the concierge's box. Another explosion, followed by groans and heartrending cries of "Mamma! mamma!" Alas! children have been wounded. Where? It is n't in our store-room. We rush to the cellar where the school is, but the key has been taken away, and for several minutes — such long minutes! — we wait in an agony of suspense for that key, which cannot be found. And all the time those pitiful cries — "Mamma! mamma!" Through the door I see two soldiers carrying a wounded little girl. . . .

'Here is the key at last! Soldiers and workmen rush into our class-rooms, while the shells keep raining down. Soon a man arrives with his head and hands bandaged. The poor fellow, who has been temporarily deafened by the explosion, is looking everywhere for his eldest son — whom he will never see again! There are two dead, two fine young men of nineteen, intelligent and fearless, who laughed at the danger. The shell fell in the vat-rooms, bursting a reservoir. The rescuers had to take the dead bodies out of the water, so mutilated that their parents will not be allowed to see them. . . . Two families are cruelly stricken. In one the son is killed, the father, mother, and little daughter (one of my pupils) wounded. In the other, one son killed, the father wounded. I am in the most painful state of anxiety concerning some of my pupils who live in the Bétheny district and may not have had time to reach their homes during the lull. At last, as it has become quiet once more, I start for home in a cab. Certainly I shall move in here to-morrow.

'4th. — Many fewer pupils: three from outside did not come, although, luckily enough, not one of them was

hit; on the other hand, the employés are dazed with fright; the families that live in the building hesitate even to send their children across the courtyard. Yesterday's experience terrified everybody. The servant who came to put up a bed for me in my own school-room was almost killed as he crossed the courtyard. He brought us two huge fragments of a shell that fell near the lantern, without injuring anybody. A sleepless night. I heard innumerable noises, and in the last fortnight my nerves have been put to a severe test.

'5th. — The staff is complete this morning — Mles. Charpentier and Schmidt also will live in the cellars. Hereafter my school-room is, by turns, kitchen, dining-room, and bed-room. At night they put two beds beside mine, for my two fellow teachers.

'10th. — We have received, by the kindness of a territorial, a package of chocolate from the school-children of Fouësnant [Finisterre], accompanied by a very pleasant letter. We distributed it among the children, who were very much pleased. One of them undertakes to reply to their little Breton comrades.

'16th. — A case of cerebro-spinal meningitis having appeared in the refugees' quarters, I am closing the school.' [On the 18th all the refugees had moved out.]

III

The Dubail School was no less severely tried. Not only did more than a hundred shells fall in its immediate neighborhood, but three damaged the building itself, and two actually fell in the school-room, although we had no fatal results to deplore, since the children were got out on time. The first, a 210, fell on March 6, 1915, a Saturday, at five minutes to nine in the morning, when the children and their teachers

were assembled in the upper store-room ready to go down into the school-room; and the second on March 27, 1916, just as they were all going down into the cellar. There were also some other happenings not less noteworthy, as appears from the following extracts from the 'Journal' of the principal.

'Monday, February 8, 1915. — This is the opening day of the school, as announced by the only two newspapers still published in Rheims. This morning, some time before the hour fixed, a number of mothers were on hand with their children, in the store-room on the ground floor. The children were of all ages from four to twelve years, and very clean and neat. Some of them had even dressed up as they used to on the opening day. All those little creatures, who bow to the teachers on their arrival with such a radiant air, seem overjoyed to be at school again with their little comrades after such a long holiday. That is a good augury for their future assiduity and work. I have registered some new names, — I am up to seventy-six now, — and the parents have gone away after kissing the little ones they have placed in our charge.

'We all go down into the cellar. Assisted by my under-teachers, I go through a rapid examination in order to divide the pupils into three classes; and the lessons begin.

'How impressive it was — that first session in cellars less than two kilometres from the enemy lines, while from time to time shells passed whistling over our heads, to fall some distance beyond, hammering away at the city with a sinister rending crash which we shall never forget! Supplied with copy-books of all sorts and with old books often lacking several pages, all the children set to work with zeal.

'It was a lovely day. The sparse beams of the winter's sun which filtered through the ventilators in that

part of the room where I was, made a melancholy contrast to the yellowish light of the kerosene lamps set in the dark corners. And during the dictation exercise of the larger children, my thoughts strayed back to our fine school-rooms of the days before the war — so large and so pretty, above all, so healthy, with light and air pouring in in floods. What a change! To think that those 'bandits,' in order to force their *Kultur* on us, condemn us to burrow underground thus, with our poor children who cannot help themselves! And I thought: if a shell should fall on the building, what should we do with all these children? How terribly frightened they would be! And I — should I be self-controlled enough to prevent a panic? Yes, I simply *must*!

'Meanwhile the little children of the kindergarten stared with wide-open, startled eyes, but kept very quiet on their benches, apparently not at all at home. Thus discipline was easily maintained on that first day of school! Everybody worked with zest; and four hours of teaching pass very quickly. Really one would have thought that they were conscious of the part they had to play, of their duty — those little darlings who seemed to defy the German close by, following the example of their fathers who flout him in the trenches. With such children France cannot perish.

I had this afternoon 106 scholars (63 boys and 43 girls), and I am told there will be more to-morrow. All goes well.

'Tuesday, July 20. — Children present, 174. This day will remain in memory as one of the most memorable of the dreadful time through which we are passing. For an hour and a half after midday, the district about the Dubail School was subjected to a most violent bombardment by large shells. It had been unusually quiet during the

morning. Suddenly, just when we were least expecting it, there came a characteristic caterwauling, followed almost instantly by a tremendous explosion, while the square near by was filled with smoke, and fragments, large and small, of the deadly missiles fell in showers. My neighbor Floquet's house was hit. There was a general *sauve-qui-peut*.

Zzz! Another shell bursts thirty metres beyond, in the middle of the square. People hurry back to their homes and I go hastily down to my school-room in the basement. The shells are raining down on all sides, and for one full hour there is a frightful uproar throughout the city. A shell falls on the garden of the school and the last panes of glass in the last ventilator which had any left are shattered; the floor all about us is strewn with bits of glass. Since we are huddled together in the centre of the room no one is hit. At last, about half-past one, all is quiet again; we go out and learn that about fifty shells have fallen within a very short distance. No one was killed, most fortunately; but two persons coming from the bakery with their loaves were struck by fragments; one was severely wounded in the hand.

'About two o'clock the children begin to arrive, although explicit orders have been given that on days of violent bombardment the sessions are to be suspended. But they know that I am here, and as the bombardment ceased an hour ago, they want to tell me the news. "Madame, the Floquet bakery is destroyed," says one. "Leroy's mamma had a finger cut off," says another. "They seem to have struck the whole Dieu-Lumière quarter," adds a third. But there are few victims. The teachers who live near by soon arrive, and we begin the session in spite of all. There are 139 present. "Well, children, I want you now to describe in writing the bombardment we just had.

Tell all that you know, all that you saw or heard, and don't leave out anything." This evening I shall have an abundant harvest of information — and of information taken from life.

'*Sunday, July 31.* — In order to bring the school-year, filled with such tragic incidents, to a fitting close, it had been decided to hold a private reunion somewhere, in some well-sheltered place. But where? We did not know yet, but in some carefully selected spot, to which all the teachers would be summoned, with delegations of the children, and their parents if they wished to attend. Dr. Langlet, the mayor, and M. Forsant,¹ inspector of schools, decided that it should be held at the Dubail School. Up on the higher ground of the third district, if the shells come while we are there, we shall be able to await in a safe place the end of the shower.

'At half after nine on July 31, the 332d day of the bombardment, every child donned his or her holiday attire; sheafs of flags in the Allies' colors stood against the pillars and in the corners of the store-room; in the centre were the benches reserved for the delegations from the other schools; and at the entrance an unpretentious platform was arranged for some fifteen distinguished guests. The *poilus* of the nearest cantonment had turned to, with such hearty good-will, to assist me in making my preparation. Fathers all of them, those good territorials.

'The official motors arrive and the inspector receives the guests at the entrance to the school. As they start down the wooden staircase leading to the school-room, I give the signal for the first song, and 250 children's voices manfully strike up the Marseillaise. The whole roomful is on its feet with uncovered heads; it is a most impressive moment, when one reflects that we

¹ The author of this paper.

are not 2000 metres from the Boches! The slow, sweet rhythm of the second stanza, —

Amour sacré de la Patrie,

makes a profound impression; and the third, —

Nous entrerons dans la carrière, —

brings tears to many eyes. Enthusiastic applause, then, silence. The mayor is on his feet. In words of extreme gravity, throbbing with repressed emotion, Dr. Langlet congratulates the little children on their courage and their application, congratulates also their teachers, men and women, and pays tribute to the memory of those teachers of Rheims, whose names he recalls, who have given their lives for France. In conclusion he expresses his confidence in the destiny of the nation, and the hope that we shall soon see the sacred soil of our country freed from the pollution of the foreign foe.

'He is vehemently applauded, and the distribution begins. In addition to books, each pupil receives a diploma in recognition of his courageous assiduity.

'*Saturday, December 4.* — This morning, about a quarter to nine, I had nearly reached the school, when a shell whistled by and fell on the boulevard not far away. I called in all the pupils who were there, and we went down into the school-room. The teachers arrive, then more children in rapid succession, all out of breath; it seems that the shell landed in the centre of the square. The lessons continue nevertheless, although sometimes disturbed by the hissing of shells passing over. About ten o'clock the reports come nearer; I order the writing lesson stopped and collect the children on the staircase. At two o'clock, before dismissing them, I go up to the store-room. What a tumult! Courageous parents come running in to fetch their children, and I learn from them that bombs are falling on the

boulevards and the streets near by. That is just where most of our pupils live. What is to be done? I turn over to the parents the children they have come for, but those who are left behind are unhappy: they cry, and want to go home. At last we persuade them to be patient and comfort them as best we can.

'How slowly the hands move! Half-past eleven — twelve! We are still waiting for the end of this horrible bombardment; we can't think of leaving. Half-past twelve — quarter to one. How long shall we be obliged to stay like this? There are a hundred or more children here, of all ages — and there is no way to keep them quiet. The larger ones, very excited, say insistently, "Madame, I want to go home, I'm too hungry. We've seen many worse ones than this, madame," The little children, too, are over-excited and nervous; I must put an end to it; in any case the bombardment is growing less and less violent. I have the children arranged in groups, according to the streets where they live, and place each teacher in charge of those who live in her neighborhood; I myself take the children from the Barbâtre and the neighboring streets. I tell them all that there will be no afternoon session, and give the following instructions: not on any condition to go along the boulevard; to go as fast as possible through the streets, and if they hear the hissing of a shell to lie flat on the ground. The groups are to start five minutes apart. Our children are calmer now; they understand me, and, in general, they realize the gravity of the situation.

'I set out with my group. I cannot deny that I am a bit anxious. The children press close to my side, hang on my arms, and stoop over from time to time when the shells whistle in the distance. Luckily, I get rid of them one

by one all along the road, and on rue Montlaurent I deliver the last ones at their homes. What a relief!

'*Friday, January 7, 1916.* — Present, 255 pupils. To-day the session has been far out of the ordinary course. When they enter the school-room the children's curiosity is keenly aroused by two large chests. About half-past ten I have the chests opened and take out a number of little blue, green, and yellow bags which are placed on my desk in packages. All eyes question me. The children have seen similar bags hanging from the soldiers' belts, but surely these can't be for them! I distribute them among the children, who open them and find in each a pad and a pair of glasses. "Why, yes! that's just what the soldiers have!" They exchange conjectures and are unanimous in saying that the pad has a very bad smell. "But how can we use the things?" — "Attention! all watch closely. See: I put the pad over my nose and mouth; I pass the strings behind my head, bring them round in front, and tie them tight. Then I put the glasses on over it."

'After this there is little of the aspect of a school. The pupils laugh frantically and climb on the tables to see me better. I must look very comical for even the teachers have hard work to keep sober. I remove my mask. "It's your turn now, my dears; come on." And they go through the performance several times to be able to execute it well and quickly.

'*Monday, March 27.* — The session begins as usual, at half-past eight; I am giving a lesson in oral arithmetic, when all of a sudden my assistants, who have remained above, come rushing down to the stairway, crying, "The bombardment is close by!" — "Bring your children down instantly," is my reply. I am not greatly excited because of the frequency of the bombardments, which

very seldom reached the school. But suddenly a terrific noise deafens us: two shells have fallen on a house at the corner of the square, close by. The little ones begin to tremble and cry. Aided by my teachers, I quickly form them in groups — encouraging them the while — in order to take them down into the cellar. We have hardly begun to go down when we hear above our heads a tremendous crash, mingled with the noise of shattered glass. Another shell has fallen on the building, penetrating the first two concrete layers and smashing all the windows. The children who are a little way behind are terrified and begin to shriek; some soldiers who have taken refuge with us take them in their arms and quickly carry them down. The older ones, whom I am leading, remain perfectly calm; they go down quietly. Below we gather them all about us and comfort the most timid. When they see that they are safe, they soon grow quiet. But a few small girls keep on sobbing. I go up to them. “You must n’t cry any more: you’re out of danger now.” But holding me, one by the apron, another by the hand, they say, “Mamma will be killed, madame! there is n’t any cellar in our house.” — “Papa was working in the square, madame! Suppose he did n’t have time to run away?” — “Don’t be afraid, children,” I reply, kissing them; “your papa and your mamma won’t be killed; they will be able to reach some safe place. Your mamma will come to fetch you in a moment; it will soon be all over.” My assistants meanwhile are comforting others.

‘Our stay in the cellar lasted two

hours. It seemed to us extraordinarily long. So far as most of the children were concerned, it was a surprise; and it ended by amusing them; they would have liked to go upstairs to see what was going on. Some of them talked with the soldiers, who gave them bread which they calmly set about eating. At last, about twenty minutes past two, hearing nothing more, I went to make sure that the danger was at an end. Some parents hurried in to get their children, and thanked us for taking them where they were safe. The pupils quickly came up two by two, each of the older ones leading a little one. I formed them in line, and each of us took charge of a group. Then I dismissed them for the afternoon.

‘Despite the intense emotion we had undergone, we were very happy to have been able to take care of our dear charges. As for our unfortunate quarter, it was in even more deplorable case than ever: not a house uninjured! and I heard it said that there had been several victims.’

The result of the investigations that I made shows that during the thirty months that the schools were open, thirty-seven shells fell upon the school buildings and two of them went through the roof, — luckily while the children were absent, — into the rooms where the sessions were held every day. More than a thousand projectiles of all calibres fell within a space of less than 100 metres from the schools, in which space they killed seventy-six grown persons and eight children who never attended school. *Not a single teacher or pupil was wounded.*

(Next month the pupils will tell their stories.)

HIGH ADVENTURE. IV

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

SOMEWHERE to the north of Paris, in the *zone des armées*, there is a village, known to all aviators in the French service as G.D.E. It is the dépôt through which pilots who have completed their training at the aviation schools pass on their way to the front; and it is here that I again take up this journal of aerial adventure.

We are in lodgings, Drew and I, at the Hôtel de la Bonne Rencontre, which belies its name in the most villainous fashion. An inn at Rochester, in the days of Henry the Fourth, must have been a fair match for it; and yet there is something to commend it other than its convenience to the flying field. Since the early days of the Escadrille Lafayette, many Americans have lodged here while awaiting their orders for active service. As I write, J. B. is asleep in a bed which has done service for a long line of them. It is for this reason that he chose it, in preference to one in a much better state of repair which he might have had. And he has made plans for its purchase after the war. Madame Rodet is to keep careful record of all its American occupants, just as she has done in the past. She is pledged not to repair it beyond the bare necessity which its uses as a bed may require — an injunction which it was hardly necessary to lay upon her, judging by the other furniture in our apartment. Drew is not sentimental, but he sometimes carries sentiment to extremities which appear to me absurd.

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When I attempt to define, even to myself, the charm of our adventures thus far, I find it impossible. How, then, make it real to others? To tell of aerial adventure, which is so gloriously new, one needs a new language — or, at least, a parcel of new adjectives, sparkling with bright and vivid meaning, as crisp and fresh as just-minted banknotes. They should have no taint of flatness or insipidity. They should show not the faintest trace of wear. With them, one might hope now and then to startle the imagination, and to set it running in channels which are strange and delightful to it. For there is something new under the sun — aerial adventure; and the most lively and unjaded fancy may at first need direction toward the realization of this astounding fact. Soon it will have a literature of its own — of prose and poetry, of fiction, biography, memoirs; of history which will read like romance. The essayists will turn to it with joy. The poets will discover new aspects of beauty which have been hidden from them through the ages; and as men's experience 'in the wide fields of air' increases, epic material which will tax their most splendid powers.

This brings me sadly back to my own purpose, which is, despite many wistful longings of a more ambitious nature, to write a plain tale of the adventures of two members — prospective up to this point — of the Escadrille Lafayette. To go back to some of those earlier ones, when we were making our first cross-country flights,

I remember them now with a delight which at the time was not unmixed with other emotions. Indeed, an aviator, and a fledgling aviator in particular, often runs the whole gamut of human feeling during a single flight. I did, in the course of half an hour, reaching the high C of acute panic as I came tumbling out of the first cloud of my aerial experience. Fortunately, in the air the sense of equilibrium usually compels one to do the right thing; and so, after some desperate handling of my 'broom-stick,' as the control is called, which governs *ailerons* and elevating planes, I soon had the horizons nicely adjusted again.

What a relief it was! I shut down my motor and commenced a more gradual descent; for I was lost, of course, and it seemed to be wiser to land and make inquiries, than to go cruising over half of France looking for one picturesque old town among hundreds of such. There were at least a dozen within view. Some of them were a three-hours' walk distant from each other. But in the air! I was free to go whither I would and swiftly.

After leisurely deliberation I selected one surrounded by wide fields which appeared to be as level as a floor. But, as I descended, the landscape widened, billowing into hills and folding into valleys. By sheer good luck, nothing more, I made a landing without accident. My Caudron barely missed colliding with a hedge of fruit trees, rolled down a long incline, and stopped not ten feet short of a small stream. The experience taught me the folly of choosing landing ground from high altitudes. I need not have landed, of course; but I was then so much an amateur that the buffeting of various currents of air near the ground awed me into it, come what might. The village was out of sight over the crest of the hill. However, thinking that some one

must have seen me, I decided to await developments where I was.

Very soon I heard a shrill, jubilant shout. A boy of eight or ten years was running along the ridge as fast as he could go. Outlined against the sky, he reminded me of silhouettes I had seen in Paris shops, of children dancing, the very embodiment of joy in movement. He turned and waved to some one behind, whom I could not see, then came on again, stopping a short distance away, and looking at me with an air of awe, which, having been a small boy myself, I was able to understand and appreciate. I said, 'Bonjour, mon petit,' as cordially as I could; but he just stood there and gazed without saying a word.

Then the others began to appear: scores of children, and old men as well, and women of all ages, some with babies in their arms, and young girls. The whole village came, I am sure. I was mightily impressed by a haleness in the old men and women, which one rarely sees in America. Some of them were evidently well over seventy, and yet, with one or two exceptions, they had healthy complexions, clear eyes, and sound limbs. As for the young girls, many of them were exceptionally pretty; and the children were sturdy youngsters, not the wan, thin-legged little creatures one sees in Paris. In fact, all of these people appeared to belong to a different race from that of the Parisians — to come from finer, more vigorous stock.

They were very curious, but equally courteous, and stood in a large circle around my machine, waiting for me to make my wishes known. For several minutes, I pretended to be busy attending to dials and valves inside the car. While trying to screw my courage up to the point of making a verbless explanation of my difficulty, some one pushed through the crowd, and, to my

great relief, began speaking to me. It was monsieur the mayor. As best I could, I explained that I had lost my way and had found it necessary to come down for the purpose of making inquiries. I knew that it was awful French, but hoped that it would be intelligible, in part at least. However, the mayor understood not a word, and I knew by the curious expression in his eyes that he must be wondering from what weird province I hailed. After a moment's thought he said, 'Vous êtes Anglais, monsieur?' with a smile of very real pleasure. I said, 'Non, monsieur, Américain.'

That magic word! What potency it has in France — the more so at that time, perhaps, for America had placed herself definitely on the side of the Allies only a very short time before. Frankly, I did enjoy that moment. I might have had the village for the asking. I willingly accepted the rôle of ambassador of the American people. Had it not been for the language barrier, I think I would have made a speech, for I felt the generous spirit of Uncle Sam prompting me to give those fathers and mothers, whose husbands and sons were at the front, the promise of our unqualified support. I wanted to tell them that we were with them now, not only in sympathy, but with all our resources in men and guns and ships and aircraft. Alas! this was impossible. Instead, I gave each one of an army of small boys the privilege of sitting in the pilot's seat, and showed them how to manage the controls.

The astonishing thing to me was, that while this village was not twenty kilometres off the much-frequented air route between C—— and R——, mine was the first aeroplane which most of them had seen. During long months at various aviation schools I had grown accustomed to thinking that aircraft were as familiar a sight to others as to

us. And yet here was a village not far distant from several aviation schools, where a pilot was looked upon with wonder. To have an American aviator drop down upon them was an event, even in the history of that ancient village. To have been that aviator — well, it was an unforgettable experience, coming as it did so opportunely with America's entry into the war. I shall always have it in the background of memory, and, if health and fortune hold good, it will be one of the pleasantest of many pleasant tales I shall have in store for my grandchildren.

However, it is not their potentialities as memories which endear these adventures of ours now. Rather, it is their contrast to any that we have known before. We are always comparing this new life with the old, so different in every respect as to seem a separate existence, almost a previous incarnation.

Having been set right about my course, I pushed my biplane to more level ground, with the willing help of all the boys, started my motor, and was away again. Their cheers were so shrill and hearty that they reached me even above the roar of the motor. As a lad in a small, middle-western town, I have known the rapture of holding to a balloon guy-rope at a country fair, until the world's most famous aeronaut shouted, 'Let 'er go, boys!' and swung off into space. I kept his memory green until I had passed the first age of hero-worship. I know that every youngster in a small village in central France will so keep mine. Such fame is the only kind worth having.

A flight of fifteen minutes brought me within sight of the large white circle which marks the landing field at R——. J. B. had not yet arrived. This was a great disappointment, for we had planned a race home. I was anxious about him, too, for I knew that the godfather

of all adventurers can be very stern at times, particularly with his aerial god-children. I waited an hour, and then decided to go on alone. The weather having cleared, the opportunity was too favorable to be lost.

The cloud-formations were the most remarkable that I had ever seen. I flew around and over and under them, watching at close quarters the play of light and shade over their great billowing folds. Sometimes I skirted them so closely that the current of air from my propeller raveled out fragments of shining vapor, which streamed into the clear spaces like wisps of filmy silk. I knew that I ought to be savoring this experience, but for some reason I could not. One usually pays for a fine mood by a sudden and unaccountable change of feeling which shades off into a kind of dull, colorless depression.

I passed a twin-motor Caudron going in the opposite direction. It was fantastically painted — the wings a bright yellow and the circular hoods over the two motors a fiery red. As it approached, it looked like some prehistoric bird with great ravenous eyes. The thing startled me, not so much because of its weird appearance, as by the mere fact of its being there. Strangely enough, for a moment it seemed impossible that I should meet another *avion*. Despite a long apprenticeship in aviation, in these days when one's mind has only begun to grasp the fact that the mastery of the air has been accomplished, the sudden presentation of a bit of evidence sometimes shocks it into a moment of amazement bordering on incredulity.

As I watched the big biplane pass, it was with relief that I became conscious of a feeling of loneliness. I remembered what J. B. had said that morning. There *was* something unpleasant in that isolation, something to make one look longingly down to earth; to make

one wonder whether we shall ever feel really at home in the air. I, too, longed for the sound of human voices, and all that I heard was the roar of the motor and the swish of the wind through wires and struts — sounds which have no human quality in them, and are no more companionable than the lapping of the waves would be to a man adrift on a raft in mid-ocean. Underlying this feeling, and, no doubt, in part responsible for it, was the knowledge of the fallibility of that seemingly perfect mechanism which rode so steadily through the air; of the quick response which that ingenious arrangement of inanimate matter would make to an eternal, inexorable law, if a few frail wires should part; of the equally quick, but less phlegmatic response of another fallible mechanism, capable of registering horror, capable, it is said, of passing its past life in review in the space of a few seconds, and then — capable of becoming equally inanimate matter.

Luckily nothing of this sort happened, and the feeling of loneliness passed the moment I came in sight of the long rows of barracks, the hangars and machine-shops of the aviation school. My joy when I saw them can be appreciated in full only by fellow aviators who remember the end of their own first long flight. I had been away for years. I would not have been surprised to find great changes. If the brevet monitor had come hobbling out to meet me holding an ear-trumpet in his palsied hand, the sight would have been quite in keeping with my own sense of the lapse of time. However, he approached with his ancient, springy, businesslike step, as I climbed down from my machine. I swallowed to clear the passage to my ears, and heard him say, 'Alors, ça va?' in a most disappointingly perfunctory tone of voice.

I nodded.

'Where's your biograph?'

My biograph! It is the altitude-registering instrument which also marks, on a cross-lined chart, the time consumed on each lap of an aerial voyage. My card should have shown four neat outlines in ink, something like this —



one for each stage of my journey, including the forced landing when I had lost my way. But alas! having started the mechanism going on leaving A—, I had then forgotten all about it, so that it had gone on running while my machine was on the ground, as well as during the time it was in the air. The result was a sketch of a magnificent mountain-range, which might have been drawn by the futurist son, age five, of a futurist artist. Silently I handed over the instrument. The monitor looked at it, and then at me, without comment. But there is an international language of facial expression, and his said, unmistakably, 'You poor, simple prune! You choice sample of mouldy American cheese!'

J. B. did not return until the following afternoon. After leaving me over C—, he had blown out two spark-plugs. For a while he limped along on six cylinders, then landed in a field three kilometres from the nearest town. His French, which is worse, if that is possible, than mine, aroused the suspicions of a sturdy patriot farmer who collared him as a possible German spy. Under a bodyguard of two peasants armed with hoes, he was marched to a neighboring château. And then, I should think, he must have had another historical illusion, this time with a French revolutionary setting. He says not, however. All his faculties were concentrated on enjoying this unusual adventure; and he was wonder-

ing what the outcome of it would be.

At the château he met a fine old gentleman who spoke English with that nicety of utterance which only a cultivated Frenchman can achieve. He had no difficulty in clearing himself. Then he had dinner in a great hall hung with armor and hunting trophies, was shown to a chamber half as large as the lounge at the Harvard Club, and slept in a bed which he got into by means of a ladder of carved oak. This is a mere outline. Out of regard for J. B.'s opinions about the sanctities of his own personal adventures, I refrain from giving further details.

Our final triangle was completed uneventfully. J. B.'s motor behaved splendidly; I remembered my biograph at every stage of the journey, and we were at home again within three hours. We did our altitude tests and were then no longer *élèves-pilotes* but *pilotes-aviateurs*. By reason of this distinction, we passed from the rank of soldier of the second class to that of corporal. We hurried to the tailor's, where the wings and star insignia were sewn on our collars and our corporal's stripes on our sleeves. For we were proud, as every aviator is proud, who reaches the end of his apprenticeship and enters into the dignity of breveted military pilot.

II

Six months have passed since I made the last entry in my journal. J. B. was asleep in his historic bed, and I was sitting at a rickety table, writing by candle-light, stopping now and then to listen to the mutter of guns on the Aisne front. It was only at night that we could hear them, and then not often, the very ghost of sound, as faint as the beating of the pulses in one's ears. That was a May evening, and now it is late in November. I arrived at the Gare du Nord only a few hours ago.

Never before have I come to Paris with so keen a sense of the joy of living. I walked down rue Lafayette, then through rue de Provence and rue du Havre, to a little hotel in the vicinity of the Gare St. Lazare. Under ordinary circumstances not one of these streets, or the people in them, would have appeared particularly interesting; but on this occasion it was the finest walk of my life. I saw everything with the enchanted eyes of the *permissionnaire*, and sniffed the odors of roasting chestnuts, of restaurants, of shops, and of people, never so keenly aware of their numberless variety.

After dinner I walked out on the boulevards from the Madeleine to the Place de la République, through the maze of narrow streets, to the river, and over Pont Neuf to Notre Dame. I was amazed that the enchantment which Hugo gives it for me should have lost none of its old potency, after coming direct from the tremendous realities of modern warfare. If he were writing this journal, what a story it would be! I ought to give it up, but that second self which is always urging one to do impossible things, keeps saying, 'Of course it's absurd. I grant you that you're not big enough for the job. But don't be too ambitious. Remember what you started in to do: "Simple narrative—two members—Escadrille Lafayette." Tell it as it falls out of your pen. Who asks you to do more than that?'

It will be necessary to pass rapidly over the period between the day when we received our *brevets militaires* and that on which we started for the front. The event which bulked largest to us was, of course, the departure on active service. Preceding it, and next in importance, was the last phase of our training and the culmination of it all at the School of Acrobacy. Preliminary to our work there, we had a six-weeks

course of instruction, first on the twin-motor Caudron and then on various types of the Nieuport biplane. We thought the Caudron a magnificent machine. We liked the steady throb of its powerful motors, the enormous spread of its wings, the slow, ponderous way it had of answering to the controls. It was our business to take officer observers for long trips about the country while they made photographs, spotted dummy batteries, and perfected themselves in the wireless code.

At that time the Caudron had almost passed its period of usefulness at the front, and there was a prospect of our being transferred to the yet larger and more powerful Léotard, a three-passenger biplane carrying two machine-guns besides the pilot, and from three to five machine-guns. This appealed to us mightily. J. B. was always talking of the time when he would command not only a machine, but also a 'gang of men.' However, being Americans, and recruited for a particular combat corps which flies only single-seater *avions de chasse*, we eventually followed the usual course of training for such pilots. We passed in turn to the Nieuport biplane, which compares in speed and grace with these larger craft, as the flight of a swallow with the movements of a great lazy buzzard. And now the Nieuport has been surpassed, and almost entirely supplanted, by the Spad of 140, 180, 200, and 230 horse-power, and we have transferred our allegiance to each in turn, marveling at the restless genius of the French in motor- and aircraft-construction.

At last we were ready for acrobacy. I will not give a detailed account of these trials by means of which one's ability as a combat pilot is most severely tested. This belongs in the pages of a textbook rather than in those of a journal of this kind. But to us, who were to undergo the ordeal, —

for it is an ordeal for the young pilot, — our typewritten notes on acrobacy read like the pages of a fascinating romance. A year or two ago these aerial manœuvres would have been thought impossible. Now we were all to do them as a matter of routine training.

The worst of it was, that our civilian pursuits offered no criterion on which to base forecasts of our ability as acrobats. There was J. B., for example. He knew a mixed metaphor when he saw one, for he had had wide experience with them as an English instructor at a New England prep. school. But he had never done a barrel turn, or anything resembling it. How was he to know what his reaction would be to this bewildering manœuvre, a series of rapid, horizontal, corkscrew turns? And to what use could I put my fading knowledge of Massachusetts statutes, dealing with neglect and non-support of family, in that exciting moment when, for the first time, I should be whirling earthward in a spinning nose-dive? Accidents and fatalities were most frequent at the school of acrobacy for the reason that one could not know, beforehand, whether he would be able to keep his head, and do the right thing at the right moment, with the earth gone mad, spinning like a top, standing on one rim, turning upside down.

In the end we all mastered it after a fashion, for the tests are by no means so difficult of accomplishment as they appear to be. Up to this time, November 28, 1917, there has been but one American killed at it in French schools. We were not all good acrobats. One must have a knack for it which many of us will never be able to acquire. The French have it in larger proportion than do we Americans. I can think of no sight more pleasing than that of a Spad in the air, under the control of a skillful French pilot. Swallows perch in envious silence on the

chimney-pots, and the crows caw in sullen despair from the hedgerows.

At G.D.E., while awaiting our call to the front, we perfected ourselves in these manœuvres, and practiced them in combat and group flying. There, the restraints of the schools were removed, for we were supposed to be accomplished pilots. We flew when, and in what manner, we liked. Sometimes we went out in large formations, for a long flight; sometimes, in groups of two or three, we made sham attacks on villages, or trains, or motor-convoys on the roads.

It was forbidden to fly over Paris, and for this reason we took all the more delight in doing it. J. B. and I saw it in all its moods: in the haze of early morning, at midday when the air had been washed clean by spring rain, in the soft light of afternoon — domes, theatres, temples, spires, streets, parks, the river, bridges, all of it spread out in a magnificent panorama. We would circle over Montmartre, Neuilly, the Bois, St. Cloud, the Latin Quarter, and then full speed homeward, listening anxiously to the sound of our motors until we spiraled safely down over our aerodrome. Our monitor would smile knowingly when he looked at the essence-gauge, but he never asked questions. He is one of many Frenchmen whom we shall always remember with gratitude.

We learned the songs of all motors, the peculiarities and uses of all types of French *avions*, pushers and tractors, single motor and bi-motor, monoplace, biplace and triplace, monoplane and biplane. And we mingled with the pilots of all these many kinds of aircraft. They were arriving and departing by every train, for G.D.E. is the *dépôt* for old pilots from the front, transferring from one branch of aviation to another, as well as for new ones fresh from the schools. In our talks with them, we

became convinced that the air-service is forming its traditions and developing a new type of mind. It even has an odor, as peculiar to itself as the smell of the sea to a ship. There are those who say that it is only a compound of burnt castor oil and gasoline. One might, with no more truth, call the odor of a ship a mixture of tar and stale cooking. But let it pass. It will be all things to all men, I am conscious of it as I write, for it gets into one's clothing, one's hair, one's very blood; but if I should attempt to analyze it, to say what it is to me, some of my fellow aviators would be sure to say, 'Nobody home.'

We were as happy during those days at G.D.E. as any one has the right to be. Our whole duty was to fly, and never was the voice of Duty heard more gladly. It was hard to keep in mind the stern purpose behind this seeming indulgence. At times I remembered Drew's warning that we were military pilots and had no right to forget the seriousness of the work before us. But he himself often forgot it for days together. War on the earth may be reasonable and natural, but in the air, it seems the most senseless folly. How is an airman, who has just learned a new meaning for the joy of life, to reconcile himself to the insane

business of killing a fellow aviator who has just learned it, too? This was a question which we sometimes put to ourselves in purely Arcadian moments. But I would not have it believed that we did not answer it, or that we were two silly sentimentalists who either lived or cared to live in a fool's paradise. We would have been shamed into answering it as we ought, from a feeling of obligation if for no weightier reason. Our training represented a costly investment on the part of a government which was fighting for its existence. We knew that returns were expected from it, and were never so glad as on the day when we were asked to begin payments.

I was sitting at our two-legged table, writing up my *carnet de vol* . Suzanne, the maid-of-all-work at the Bonne Rencontre, was sweeping a passageway along the centre of the room, telling me, as she worked, about her family. She was ticking off on her fingers, the names of her brothers and sisters, when Drew put his head through the doorway.

'Il y a Pierre,' said Suzanne.

'We're posted!' said J. B.

'Et Hélène,' she continued.

I shall never know the names of the others.

(To be continued)

A MAYOR IN ALSACE

BY DANIEL BLUMENTHAL

I

THE question of Alsace-Lorraine cannot be thrust aside at the time of the general settlement of accounts to which the future peace congress will have to give its attention.

The war did not break out over Alsace-Lorraine, but nothing is more certain than that the brutal treatment of which France was the victim, at Germany's hands, in 1871, had had its influence on the policy of the whole world in the matter of armaments. All the nations said to themselves that what had happened to France might well be their own fate to-morrow, if they neglected to take the precautionary defensive measures, that were demanded against an empire which, as Germany did, aspired to the hegemony of the world, and of which war had been, from time immemorial, the national industry.

The only claim of right — and that was nullified by being founded on violence — on which Germany has relied, down to the present time, to justify her occupation of Alsace-Lorraine, depends upon the treaty of Frankfort (1871). As Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg in the first days of August, 1914, tore up this document, together with divers other 'scraps of paper,' Alsace-Lorraine should be restored to France without the necessity of any previous retrocession on Germany's part.

The restoration of those provinces to France, unconditionally, is moreover the only solution that will fulfill the un-

changing aspirations of their native population, which forms the vast majority of the present inhabitants — 1,500,000 out of 1,900,000.

The native Alsace-Lorrainers, with very few exceptions, have always given evidence of their immovable attachment to the French fatherland, and of their inextinguishable hatred of Germany. There are two principal reasons for this: the community of ideas and feelings with France, and Germany's inability to stamp out that frame of mind and to assimilate the population to *Deutschthum*, to germanize it by means of the procedure suggested by the famous *Kultur*.

We must remember that the Alsacians and Lorrainers have always been extremely independent in character, permeated with principles of justice and equality; and that they saw in the establishment and consolidation of the Third Republic the means of realizing their democratic longings.

It was at that moment that they were torn from their fatherland, to be incorporated by force in a detested enemy state, where autocratic government was the essential condition of prosperity in its militaristic policy. And even then they were not to enjoy the rights — albeit closely restricted — of German subjects. They were placed under an exceptional régime: instead of being German citizens, or, at least, German subjects, they became mere objects of domination.

That is why Germany was destined to fail lamentably in all her efforts to

amalgamate Alsace-Lorraine with Germany: the gulf between the native population and the immigrants became wider and wider; and we may say that the new generation was more bitterly opposed to the new masters than the generation of 1871 had been.

In the different constitutions which the German Empire bestowed, one after another, upon the 'Reichsland,' there was no change in the essential features which characterize to this day German domination in Alsace-Lorraine. The King of Prussia, who, in the capacity of German Emperor, possesses the executive power, is the most important factor in the legislative power — which is contrary to every modern conception of a well-governed state according to the principle of separation of powers.

The democratic forms with which Germany delighted to mask the autocratic substance of her institutions never deceived anybody in Alsace-Lorraine, where political progress had made much greater strides since the great Revolution than in Germanic countries.

The present constitution of Alsace-Lorraine, which goes back to 1911, provides for a parliament consisting of a first and second chamber. Now, the first chamber is so made up that the Emperor is always sure of an overwhelming majority. He can name half of the members, and among the other half there are persons whose functions necessarily make them dependent on the government.

To pass a law, the assent of both chambers and the Emperor is required, so that the latter has two votes to one in the legislative deliberations.

All the proposed laws concerning Alsace-Lorraine are first submitted to the Prussian ministry, which gives its opinion thereon from the standpoint of the interest of Prussia. Only when

that interest is fully protected, can a law be passed in Alsace-Lorraine.

Germany has chosen to lay great stress on the concession of three votes to Alsace-Lorraine in the Federal Council; but these three votes must, according to the constitution, receive their instructions from the Statthalter, who is an official appointed by the Emperor and may be removed by him at any moment. So that these votes are absolutely at the disposal of the King of Prussia, German Emperor.

Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, with his customary cynical frankness, has not hesitated to emphasize this dependence upon the King of Prussia of Alsace-Lorraine's representatives in the Bundesrat. Being questioned in the Prussian parliament concerning the danger of the grant by the Empire of this representation, the Chancellor declared explicitly that that danger did not exist because the Emperor controlled the votes.

When I, in my turn, took the liberty of interpellating the government of Alsace-Lorraine concerning this assertion of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, Von Bulach, the Secretary of State, replied in the first place that he did not know whether the assertion was accurately reported by the press; and when, a few days later, I laid before the First Chamber the official report of the Prussian Assembly, in which the Chancellor had made his declaration, poor Herr von Bulach could think of no other reply than, 'There must be some mistake.' But, despite my urgent and repeated questions, he was very careful to do nothing to clear up the alleged mistake.

The tension between the people and the government became greater after it was perceived that the new constitution was in reality only a vulgar fraud.

A few incidents soon made it plain that the gulf between the sentiments of the Germans and those of the Alsace-

Lorrainers, far from being filled, was growing wider and wider.

The 'Sporting Club of Lorraine,' an association of young native Lorrainers, had drawn down upon itself the thunders of the police of Metz by the French cut of its uniforms, and by its songs, which were altogether devoid of patriotic German spirit.

On the pretext that a concert, given to invited guests only, was in reality a public meeting, the police rushed into the hall. As a result of the dispersion of the assemblage there was a procession through the city, a clash with the military guard, prosecutions and convictions for alleged sedition.

At the hearing in the police court of Metz, where I had the honor of defending Alexis Samain, it was proved beyond dispute that the only individual who really was guilty of an act of rebellion was not a member of the society in question, but a German immigrant, an ex-convict, who, seeing a commotion in the street, had instantly joined the crowd in order to take an active part against the troops.

The club was dissolved by a decree of the prefecture of Metz confirmed by the Imperial Council of Strasburg, contrary to the law concerning the liberty of associations.

With the same contempt for the laws, the government proceeded to dissolve the club called 'The Memory of Alsace-Lorraine,' whose purpose was to keep in order the graves of the French soldiers buried on the territory of the 'Reichsland.'

At Colmar, which has always been a very active centre of political life, the antagonism between the government and the people became more and more pronounced.

When, in 1910, it became evident that the new constitution with which they proposed to favor us would not be approved by the country, the govern-

ment proceeded to abolish the Delegation of Alsace-Lorraine, the only parliamentary representative of the two provinces. On the very evening of this act of violence, I summoned a number of my colleagues in the Delegation to meet at the Hôtel de France at Strasburg, where we laid the foundations of a new party, the 'National Union,' which should unite all Alsatians and Lorrainers in a common effort to crush the Prussian autocracy. The centre of activity of this party was at Colmar, where the Abbé Wetterlé and the lamented Preiss and myself immediately opened the campaign, being opposed by the government with all the means at its disposal.

The first meeting that we held at Colmar was marked by disturbances, the disorder being fomented by government agents. The municipal police of Colmar, of which I had always, by agreement with the municipal council, declined to yield control to the state, was headed by the mayor,¹ whereas in the other three large cities — Strasburg, Mulhausen, and Metz — the police was in the hands of the government. Thus at Colmar there was this abnormal situation, that the commissioner of police was at the same time an official of the Sûreté Générale, subject to the orders of the prefect, and a municipal official who received his instructions from the mayor.

The commissioner at this time was a Lorrainer, a most worthy man, who performed his duties with scrupulous exactitude, and fell a victim to his honesty. Among his other functions was that of playing the spy — a painful task which I did nothing to make easier for him. After the above-mentioned meeting of the National Union, the prefect tried to extort false testimony from him by inducing him to say, contrary to the truth, that I had made an

¹ The author was Mayor of Colmar.

improper use of the municipal police by putting it at the service of a political party.

The commissioner was removed, but I gave him a place in the municipal service, from which, however, he was expelled by the present mayor, who is a Boche of the worst sort.

At about the same time, we had at Colmar the notorious suits against Hansi the cartoonist and Abbé Wetterlé, for alleged insult to the manager of the Lycée at Colmar, who had been Hansi's model in his famous cartoon on Professor Knatschke. Preiss and myself, as counsel, took part in the defense, which the accused had urged us to undertake, and, by agreement with our clients, and at their request, we attacked the whole régime.

The political atmosphere was heavily charged. Whenever a society, singing, or instrumental, or gymnastic, returned from a competition in which it had taken part in France, the other societies of the city acted as escort, and the German agents had occasion every time to report the display of ribbons in the French colors, French flags, and clothes of French cut.

Whatever came from France was subjected to a meticulous surveillance, and I well remember the tragi-comic story of the arrest of the occupants of an automobile coming from France and flying French flags. The inquiry showed that the owner, who was in the car at the time, was no other than a German lieutenant colonel on the way from Schlucht to his home at Munich.

A performance of the *Daughter of the Regiment* in the theatre at Colmar gave rise to an interminable investigation, because a spy reported the appearance on the stage of an alleged French flag which was said to have aroused suspicious enthusiasm among the audience.

The so-called Grafenstaden affair marked another stage in the govern-

ment's hostility to the people. On the pretext that the manager of the Alsatian Société des Constructions Mécaniques had manifested anti-German sentiments, the government demanded his dismissal, under the threat of causing the withdrawal of the orders for locomotives which that company received regularly from the Prussian railways.

The government seized the opportunity to demand, in general, that those establishments in Alsace-Lorraine having natives of the provinces among their employés and their directors should make room for Germans in their undertakings.

Acting in concert with the above-named company, I took this matter before the First Chamber, to protest against the illegal interference of the government in private business. The result of my intervention was an interpellation in the Second Chamber, which ended with a vote of censure against the government.

Finally, there came the Saverne [Zabern] affair, which covered Germany with disgrace and ridicule. Every one knows that extraordinary story, which resulted in the replacement of the entire government of Alsace-Lorraine by Prussians utterly devoid of any spirit of fair dealing toward the oppressed people of the 'Reichsland.'

A young lieutenant of the 99th Regiment of Infantry, one Baron von Foerstner, belonging to the garrison of Saverne, was in the habit of insulting the Alsatian recruits by calling them 'Wackes.' One day he said, in the course of a lesson in drilling, 'I'll give ten marks to any one who knocks down one of these dirty Wackes'; and a subaltern standing by added, 'I'll give three marks more out of my pocket.'

These opprobrious words were soon generally known, and there followed a period of excitement among the whole population of the town, which was one

of the most peaceable in Alsace. The lieutenant, whenever he went out, was followed by a crowd, mostly of young men, who hooted at him and hissed him as soon as he appeared. Being recognized one day in the village of Dettweiler, as he passed through with his company, he ordered his men to charge the crowd, which was expressing its antipathy to him, and finally displayed his courage on the person of an unlucky lame cobbler, who could not run away, by striking him over the head with his sword.

At Saverne, Colonel von Reuter had at once taken the lieutenant's side, and began by treating the town as if it were in a state of siege, arresting without discrimination everybody who happened to be on the street, including even German officials, among others a judge and a prosecuting attorney, and confining them in the cellar under the barracks.

There was a trial, acquittal of the guilty officers, interpellation in the Reichstag, and censure of the government; but, as always happens, the Reichstag, after an outburst of independence, ended by submitting, by a majority, to the militaristic caste, and the result was that the despised German civilians and soldiers combined to deal the Alsatians still harder blows.

In the last fortnight of July, 1914, the excitement in Alsace-Lorraine was intense. There were unusual movements of troops — summonings of reservists, and strange manœuvres in the neighborhood of Strasburg. The authorities published unofficial notes, seeking to create a belief that they were simply military manœuvres of the sort that are regularly held at that season of the year.

At Strasburg, it was customary, after guard-mounting, for the band to play on Place Kléber. Contrary to all precedent, there was nothing now to be

heard but patriotic hymns and war-songs, which the mob of German immigrants sang with fervor. In the public halls there were noisy all-night manifestations on the part of the same class of the inhabitants.

At Colmar it was observed that the families of officers and public functionaries were preparing to move.

II

On July 31, going to the mayor's office about four o'clock, I heard the newsboys crying out the declaration of the imminence of war. I had no sooner reached my office than I received a call from several soldiers who brought placards from the general commanding the district, in which it was said that the Emperor had proclaimed the imminence of war. The military authorities claimed to exercise civil powers. There followed a series of instructions for the mayors, conceived in a domineering tone to which we were not accustomed from the civil authorities, although they were not distinguished for the amenity of their methods. Among other things, it was said that no one was allowed to ride in a motor-car, and I was ordered, as my most urgent present duty, to see to it that all the pigeons in Colmar were killed, and to be present in person at their execution.

I ordered the proclamations to be placarded and devoted myself to settling the most important current matters, being frequently interrupted by members of the Municipal Council and by friends seeking information and my opinion on the state of affairs.

While I was thus engaged I received a message from the prefect, informing me that Geheimer Justizrat Diefenbach, counsellor of the Court of Appeal of Colmar, had been appointed Mayor of the city by Staathalter von Dallwitz. I at once sent for him and turned every-

thing over to him. He expressed a desire to have a talk with me the next day, so that he might speedily be posted as to municipal affairs.

I took leave of some of the officials of the mayoralty and of several friends, saying that I should probably see them the next morning. Then I went out, with my two daughters, and walked toward the railway station along the main street of the city. At that time, we were occupying a villa at Les Trois Épis in the Valley of Munster, and we intended to return thither.

On the way we saw anxious faces on every side, and I could read on the features of many of my compatriots this significant question, 'What are you doing here still?' I knew — indeed, it was notorious — that I was at the head of the famous blacklist of suspicious persons who were to be arrested in the event of mobilization. Now, mobilization was imminent. The Germans were standing about in groups and seemed decidedly uneasy. The way in which they looked at me was wholly unsympathetic.

My children and I decided to try to reach Switzerland, and we agreed to meet at the Hotel de l'Univers at Bâle in case we should be separated *en route*. I sent for railway tickets for Bâle, but I soon learned that the next train would not start for several hours and that we could not be sure of its reaching Bâle.

The order forbidding riding in motor-cars was not as yet known throughout the city, so that I was able to use that means of locomotion without attracting attention. I set out, with my two daughters, and ordered the chauffeur to drive us to the woodland inn of Le Neuland, an unfrequented neighborhood. Before we reached that point I told the chauffeur to drive on toward the Rhine. We arrived after an uneventful journey at the gates of the town of Neubreisach, about seventeen

kilometres from Colmar. There we were stopped by a sentry, who informed us that nobody was allowed to pass in motors.

After a brief consultation with my daughters, we decided that I should try to make my way through the Grand Duchy of Baden while they endeavored to reach the rendezvous by way of Alsace.

I walked into Neubreisach, while my daughters turned back toward Colmar in the motor.

I had taken but a few steps, when I was overtaken by a soldier from the guard-post, who informed me that his chief had ordered him to take me before the officer commanding the place because my having tried to drive through in a motor-car had a suspicious look.

On the way back, one of my acquaintances in Neubreisach said to me that, if it was a matter of establishing my identity, he would gladly put himself at my disposal as a witness. I thanked him and begged him not to think of anything of the sort.

Arrived at the post, I was shown into a room where an elderly general was glued to a telephone which rang incessantly. Holding the receiver in his hand, being greatly agitated by his unforeseen task, — the manifold demands of the service due to the imminence of war, — he ordered everybody out of his office. Thereupon the soldier who had brought me in took me to a guard-room where there were numerous soldiers and a row of camp-beds. I had been there above an hour when I heard a subaltern say to my keeper, 'Why, you ought to tell the general that this gentleman is still here.'

The soldier did not seem overjoyed by the prospect of confronting anew the general's ill-humor. But still he had no choice but to carry out the order, and after a few moments he took me before the general, stating as the cause of my

arrest the fact that I had tried to pass through the town in a motor-car.

Thereupon ensued a scene which, today, looked at from a distance, seems to me genuinely farcical. The following colloquy took place between the general and myself:—

‘Don’t you know that it is n’t permissible to pass in a motor-car without a special permit from the proper authority?’

‘Why, general, I have no desire to pass in a motor-car.’

Thereupon the general looked at the soldier with a questioning expression. The soldier, evidently frightened and unaccustomed to come in direct contact with a general, stood open-mouthed.

‘Where do you wish to go?’ asked the general.

‘To Fribourg.’

‘What are you going there for?’

‘To look after my business.’

‘But you can’t go in a motor-car.’

‘Why, general, I have no motor-car.’

Again the general looked at the soldier, who continued to hold his mouth open without uttering a word. This same thing was repeated at least ten times. The general kept on asking questions of one sort or another, which inevitably ended with, ‘But you can’t go in a motor-car,’ and my reply, ‘But I don’t want to go in a motor-car.’

At last the general shouted at me in an excited tone, almost in a passion, —

‘But what do you want then?’

‘To go to the railway station,’ I replied.

With that, he turned to the soldier and ordered him to escort me to the station.

‘Thanks, general,’ I said; and I went out with the soldier.

Amid the numberless questions that that excellent commandant at Neubreisach asked me, obsessed as he was by the motor-car question, he had forgotten to ask who I was.

When we reached the station I learned that the departure of trains for Fribourg was uncertain; whereupon I said to my companion in a tone of command, ‘The general ordered you to escort me to the station; the train will not start for several hours; I have all the information I need, and you can go.’

And he went.

As I knew that there would be no train for Fribourg for a long while, I gave my friend time to disappear, then left the station myself and set out on foot for Altbreisach, a few kilometres from Neubreisach, on the other side of the Rhine, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. On the way I witnessed again and again the pitiful spectacle of the requisition of horses, which were unharnessed from the carts of the peasants who stood by in despair at the loss of their beasts. Automobiles without number, carrying officers of the General Staff, passed us at full speed.

On the bridge over the Rhine I was stopped by a patrol who demanded my identification papers. I offered a visiting-card printed in German type, which mentioned only the fact that I was a lawyer. The head of the patrol saluted me courteously and let me pass unmolested.

Arrived at Altbreisach, I sought shelter in a small inn, to await the time when the next train was supposed to start. After another long wait at the station, I finally took a train for Fribourg. In the compartment that I set out to enter in the first place, I saw some officers’ wives from Colmar who knew me well. I drew back instantly and took my seat in a third-class compartment, where, mingled with reservists, I finally arrived at the station at Fribourg. Thanks to the delay in the running of trains, I was in time to secure a seat there in the last train from Berlin to Bâle.

We had barely started when the

trainmen announced that the train would not go as far as Bâle, but certainly would go as far as Leopoldshöhe, a station on the Baden frontier. There, in the middle of the night and in very bad weather, everybody had to leave the train; the travelers' baggage — of which I had none whatever — was thrown out onto the platform, and it was announced that no one could cross the frontier without a special permit from the military officer in command at the station.

The travelers, notably a number of women, remonstrated vigorously, for there are no hotels in Leopoldshöhe — not even a sizable inn. As I walked about I noticed a group of people speaking the dialect of Bâle. I heard a woman exclaim, 'I must go home, I have a sick child!' and another lament, 'What will my husband say if I don't come home!' At last a voice shouted, 'I know the way to Bâle and I am going.' I joined this group, without a word, and we started, guided by the Bâle people.

After walking about half a kilometre we were halted by a patrol consisting of a sub-lieutenant and a subaltern, who, revolver in hand, called out, 'Halt!' They declared that we must go back, that no one could pass without a special permit.

A tall fellow claiming to be an Austrian exhibited some papers, but the officer replied that he was not talking of papers of that sort, but of a special permit issued by the military commandant of the station of Leopoldshöhe.

The women began to remonstrate, and the lieutenant, who was very nervous, perhaps not feeling very sure of his ground, finally went his way with his companion, saying, 'Go on, for heaven's sake! but you won't get very far all the same, for you'll run foul of the advanced posts.'

We kept on and met, at a short distance

away, a young man from Bâle on his way to Leopoldshöhe, who said, —

'You would do better to go back to Leopoldshöhe, for they would n't let me enter Bâle after six o'clock.'

The party went forward, none the less, but we were soon stopped again by a sentry. We halted, but the women, who were not accustomed to the manual of arms, continued to move about. Thereupon the soldier exclaimed, word for word, 'If any one moves again, he'll get a bullet in his belly.' With that the pretended Austrian said to him, 'You don't understand your instructions at all; the least you can do is to send for an officer.'

The soldier followed his advice; he went away and returned a moment later with a subaltern who took us to a small house which, I afterwards learned, was the custom-house, and which sits almost astride the German-Swiss frontier.

Access to the house was gained by two staircases going up to a platform; on one side was Germany, on the other Switzerland. On the platform stood a young lieutenant, with a cigarette between his lips, smiling and contemplating with satisfaction some two-score men who were encamped before the house.

No one could cross the frontier except by going up one staircase and down the other, after passing across the platform, because a wire fence barred the way everywhere else.

Everybody began to talk at once, and I made out little more than that there was small chance of getting through. While I was standing in front of the little house, a soldier from Colmar accosted me. I pressed his hand and put my finger to my lip. He understood and carried the conversation no further.

Thereupon I determined, in order to clear up the situation, to enter into a

parley. I went up on the platform and said to the officer, in good German, —

‘You can readily understand, lieutenant, that persons who left Bâle this morning to attend to their affairs at Fribourg could not know that they would have to have permits in order to return at six o’clock in the evening.’

The lieutenant said, very courteously, ‘Why, that is plain enough,’ and motioned for us to pass.

The rest of the party came behind me. While I was going down the stairs, another soldier — not the one I just mentioned — said to those nearest him, ‘I say, there’s the Mayor of Colmar.’

I do not know whether the lieutenant heard this remark, or whether, even if he did, it meant anything to him; but I felt tremendously relieved when I saw, a few steps away, a Swiss customs officer, who directed us to a place near at hand where we should find a tramway running to Bâle.

About one o’clock in the morning, I arrived safe and sound at the Hôtel de l’Univers, where I saw at least five hundred persons denied admission. I found a little corner in the hall, and I recognized many people from Mulhausen and its neighborhood.

I was worrying over the fate of my children, when, about two in the morning, I heard my older daughter’s voice in front of the hotel. I rushed out and found both of my daughters and my young son — who is to-day a volunteer in the French army — overseeing the unloading of their baggage which some men from Saint-Louis (a German frontier station) had brought in barrows.

After I had installed my little family in such quarters as I could find, I had them tell me of their exodus from Alsace.

On leaving the gates of Neubreisach my daughters had returned at full speed to Colmar, and had driven thence, in the same motor, to our villa at Les

Trois-Épis. There they found my son, who, by a truly providential chance, had returned that very evening from the department of Le Bas-Rhin where the school that he attended had been closed a few days before the regular holidays on account of the disturbed condition of affairs. They hastily put together some few effects, found by great good fortune a second chauffeur, and started for Bâle by way of Alsace. The young man was dressed so that he might pass for a girl.

They arrived without accident, if not without incident, at St. Louis, where travel by motor was still forbidden, but where many persons crossed the frontier that evening without papers. The motor was stopped several times on the road, but the travelers were taken for members of officers’ families intending to take refuge in Switzerland.

While I was waiting for my children at the hotel, I was much diverted by the conversation of a gentleman who came and told me his grievances.

‘Don’t you suppose,’ he said to me, trembling with excitement, ‘that it’s possible to find an automobile here to cross the frontier? I am a colonel on the retired list, but I am named as commandant at Altona in case of mobilization; and if I’m not there the second day after the promulgation of the order of mobilization, I don’t know what will happen to me.’

I pretended to sympathize with him in his perilous plight. ‘But after all, colonel,’ I said, ‘you have a right to be in Switzerland, and if you are kept away by the physical impossibility of being on the spot at the appointed time, your superiors will understand perfectly that it’s not your fault.’

‘Ah, mein Herr,’ he exclaimed, ‘you don’t know the military men!’

‘Oh, yes, I do know them!’ I replied. ‘Besides, I beg you to believe that there are some people who, as a conse-

quence of what is happening now, may find themselves in a more delicate position than yours. Your case does n't seem to me alarming.'

But he was inconsolable, and I could hardly conceal my satisfaction at the discomfiture of that Teuton who had missed his appointment. I have no knowledge of what became of him.

As for myself, I know that the next morning seven men, under a commissioner of police, appeared at my then abode with the purpose of arresting me. It is needless to say that they went away empty-handed.

Later, I learned from the German newspapers that I had been shot; and a fortnight later still, just as I was starting for Paris, I read in a German journal at Berne that I was interned in the fortress of Rastadt in Baden.

I have not told everything, either concerning the events of the last years before the war, or concerning the incidents of my departure from Colmar, because I am bound to maintain some

reserve on account of certain persons who are still under the yoke of the enemy. But all that I have told, I lived through, saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears.

Since I left Colmar the information that I have received through Switzerland has been very indefinite, and I cannot hope to learn the truth previous to the entry of the French and Allied troops into the annexed provinces, of which we hold thus far only a small portion. I know that my property has been seized, that I have been made the object of numerous prosecutions each of which involves the capital penalty, and that they have done me the honor to declare that I have forfeited my German citizenship.

But I know, also, that now Alsace-Lorraine forms a part of the French *patrie*, and that the accused are the ones who will, at no distant day, rise up as accusers, and will demand, aye, and obtain, that justice be done on their executioners.

THE CLUE

BY WILLIAM TOWNSEND PORTER

May 24, 1917.

THIS afternoon, at three o'clock, the French began to prepare for storming the crest of Mont Blond. In an hour the Germans made up their mind that an assault was intended. The artillery fire, which had been continuous before, now swelled to a torrent. Each side placed a barrage. The German barrage covered our slope and the little valley between us and the top of the next

hill. Between four o'clock and midnight, more than 10,000 heavy shells fell within a radius of a thousand feet from our cave. I took the count from time to time with my watch.

We were driven at once into our deeper refuge. The little stuffy hole was packed with men, knee to knee: stretcher-bearers, surgeons, my orderly, and myself. The three surgeons played baccarat. I sat on the edge of

a plank and watched the game. We had an acetylene light. The shells fell all around, shaking the place and repeatedly putting out the light. The noise was remarkable. The air was filled with screams, hisses, and loud reports, followed by the slide of masses of earth. Many shells were so close that a strong push of hot gas was felt. At six o'clock the Moroccans took the ridge by storm. At midnight the bombardment slackened but did not cease.

With the dawn the wounded came in a stream, and were laid in the upper room. The wounds were of all sorts. The worst was a completely crushed jaw, in a man with a dozen slighter wounds. One man had a hole through the temple into the brain—a hole two inches long and half an inch wide. Another had a smashed leg, a bad head, and in the thigh a wound the size of a small orange.

I watched the blood-pressure carefully. Imagine a cellar with a plank floor covered with clay an eighth of an inch deep. A horrible tub full of bloody dressings. Two stretchers on the floor. Ten men in a space 10 by 12 feet, shoulder to shoulder. Two candles. Sand-bag walls. The roof so low that I am always hitting my helmet against the beams. The air thick with the smell of blood, sweat, alcohol, iodine, vomit. Everywhere a smear of clay—the chalky clay of Champagne. The continuous scream, roar, crash of shells. A rain of small stones, dirt, pieces of steel. Every few seconds a profound trembling, as a shell strikes closer. Four men passing bandages and iodine in the half-light, over backs, under arms. The cries of the wounded. The litter of bloody garments. The fresh cases, obliged to lie outside, under the fire, until the room is cleared. The *brancardiers*, bent under the load of the stretcher, slouching off with the dressed wounded. The dawn, the failing moon,

the thick vapors and acrid stench of the barrage. The blasted hillsides smoking under the continual rain of death. Countless fresh shell-holes all around us. The graves reopened.

They are bringing down the dead. They lie sprawling on the slope just below us, half sewed up in burlap, like pieces of spoiled meat.

Such was the battle for the crest—a 'minor operation' in this great war, but an excellent example of the most violent artillery fire. The blood-pressure remained normal, not only in the unwounded men, but also in the wounded. As it happened, there were among them no fractured thighs and no case of multiple wounds through the subcutaneous fat.

May 25. To-day two or three rather elderly soldiers came in, with the plea that they were sick. The doctor, who has a soft full beard, large brown eyes, and a very gentle manner, said, 'You are not sick. You are only tired. But all the world is tired here.'

During the evening, one of our own shells fell short. It struck squarely in our own trenches near the crest of Mont Haut. Immediately up went two rockets, each with three green flares, meaning 'Great Jerusalem! Lift your nose.' Thus admonished, the humiliated seventy-five raised its muzzle and the next shell fell over the ridge.

May 26. Just before daybreak there was drum-fire—continuous roars from all the batteries. This lasted two hours. I got up and crawled into the upper cave, but was at once driven down again. After the fire slackened, I went out—about two feet out—and Gérard prepared my toilet—a shave and face-wash. I have not had any of my clothes off during the last three days and nights. After shaving, I went out to brush my teeth. The air was clear and brisk, the sun not fully risen. To stand on the open slope of the hill, in

the keen wind of dawn, under fire, and use a tooth-brush, was really exhilarating. It was the first time I have ever enjoyed brushing my teeth.

At nine o'clock we put a barrage on Fritz. At this he quite lost his temper. The noise was awful. Naturally, we went 'down' again. But his rage lasted only a short time. Then Gérard came to tell me there would be a Mass in the lower cave. 'Is there a priest among you?' I asked. 'Yes,' replied Gérard, 'we have two ones; the both very brave.'

The Mass was a touching ceremony. The early Christians worshiped thus in the catacombs of Rome. A very small portable altar had been placed at the end of the tiny passage. Two candles burned upon the altar. The men stood elbow to elbow or kneeled in the bunks — martyrs not yet dead. The priest was a private in the infantry. Over his dirty uniform of horizon blue — the faded symbol of worldly hope — he had drawn the vestments of the Church that teaches Hope eternal and unsoiled. His grave strong face was lighted with sincerity and faith. The clear word of promise and of consolation mingled with the roar of German shells, beasts seeking whom they might devour.

About ten o'clock, the major turned up to fetch me to dinner, or *déjeuner*, at Headquarters. It was to be my farewell to Mont Blond. He had a great stereoscopic camera, with which he took my picture standing at the mouth of the cave. Then we went off, with Gérard and another orderly to carry my things. The major has a quick and almost jaunty walk. In ten minutes we arrived at the *poste*.

An officer went with me up to the observatory, a pit in the chalk on the top of the hill. The breeze was fresh, the sunshine delicious, and the view very extensive. Behind us, the slopes of Mont Blond and Mont Haut, smok-

ing with shells, white with craters, trenches, and dust. In front, the plain of Châlons, green and smiling, with the spire of a church, and the villages of Mourmelon-le-Petit and le Grand. To the right, the Montagne de Rheims, with Épernay and its vineyards. After that diabolical cave all this was very sweet to me. I dozed in the sun, when suddenly a soldier, who was digging near us, threw down his tool, and with a warning cry rushed under cover. We jumped for our lives. An aeroplane sailed over us, half a mile up.

A hawk is hovering in the sky —
To stay at home is best.

After a delightful hour we returned to the gallery for lunch. It was quite a feast. There was one white plate, produced in my honor. The rest ate the whole meal out of one aluminium porringer apiece. It is useful to eat each course clean, to scour the porringer with bread, and then to eat the scourings.

After an excellent meal, I set out for Mourmelon-le-Petit. Two officers went a little way with me. It was hard to part with such kind friends. For success with these people there are three points to be observed: to be perfectly brave, to be always smiling and gay, and to be enchanted with your bed, your food, the dirt — in short, with everything. Fortunately, I do not mind shelling; few men do.

The walk across the plain to the Farm of Constantine, where the motor-ambulances wait, was not unpleasant, though a battery of seventy-fives directly *en face* made a deafening racket. The ambulance driver, an Englishman, worn, prematurely gray-haired, covered with dust, had lived for years at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and knew my friends there well. He was very cross about the gas-shells; he could not see to drive with his mask on. After a

dazzling, dirty ride, we reached the *ambulance de triage* at Mourmelon-le-Petit. Here are brought all the wounded from the *postes de secours* at our immediate front. It will be a good place to try the respiration method for the treatment of shock.

May 27. Mourmelon is a small village, justly called 'le Petit.' Its glaring streets are white with lime-dust, which indeed lies everywhere. The dirt is quite inconceivable. The ambulance consists of a number of old barracks in a walled compound. On my arrival, the *médecin chef* gave me a very kind welcome. He is a bacteriologist by profession, and before the war was Assistant Director of the Pasteur Institute in China, where he had met my colleague, Dr. Strong, during the pneumonic plague.

I sleep alone in a small ward. My ward has five beds, a wooden floor thick with dirt of all descriptions, and painted canvas walls. Naturally the furniture is crude. But what a delight to strip once more and to bathe in clear cold water — about one quart! Last night I slept hard, but to-day I feel the strain of the terrible scenes that I have been through. Our *popote*, or mess, is excellent.

After supper, the *médecin chef* and I took a long walk over the Field of Châlons. It is a green almost level expanse, traversed here and there by roads lined with trees. The sun had set, the air was cool and luminous. The cannonade seemed for the first time without sinister meaning. The plain was covered with small shell-holes. In the distance, on rising ground, against the horizon, galloped a train of limbers bearing ammunition for the insatiable cannon.

May 28. I am very tired. The glare, the dust, the endless stream of broken men, — ten thousand passed here in the last six weeks; one hundred and

sixty-five last night between midnight and 6 A.M., — the necessarily great inadequacy of treatment — all this, added to my reaction from the sickening scenes on Mont Blond, is depressing enough. I have had to think to-day. That was a bore.

The respiratory machine has undergone a transformation. It is now, in fact, a tomato-can with a tube ending in a rubber mouthpiece. It has been cut in two and each half shoves over a collar of tin, so that it may be drawn out like an accordion. The patient is to breathe in and out of this can, filling it with the carbon dioxide he exhales. As the gas increases, so will his respiration. To wash the can with fresh air, the two halves are pulled apart. Nothing could be simpler.

This hospital is a *triage*. It sorts the wounded. Those who can be moved are sent in suitable lots to Châlons and elsewhere. One hospital specializes in abdominal wounds, another in fractures, and so on. Only the most mangled are treated here. The cases of shock are among them.

To-day I was presented to General X——, one of the high command hereabouts. He is a man about five feet seven, slim, fit, handsome uniform, great star on his breast, intelligent, courteous. He was pleased at my having been in the barrage; he said it had been a very severe action — *acharné*.

Our *médecin chef* is very kind — much interested in my physiology and helps me with everything himself — says he is at my disposition day and night. But it is an awful load; there are such numbers of these battered fragments, and I know so little. It wrings the soul. A fine young officer came in to-day — shell in the abdomen.

I wish I were at home with you. I shall never be able to get these sights and sounds out of my mind, or the smell of rotting flesh out of my nose.

May 29. To-day, the chief and I tried an experiment on a *blessé* with multiple shell-wounds and very low blood-pressure. It was a failure. The respiration was not increased, and the blood-pressure was not raised. Neither was the chief's opinion of the method, though he was much too wise to be skeptical. My spirits were not elevated by the occurrence. Last night I was very tired. Indeed, I am tired to-day also. My bed is next a great ward filled with wounded, only a canvas wall between. Promptly at daybreak one of these sufferers begins to call, 'Garçon! Garçon!' The monotonous, feeble, penetrating wail rises with clock-like regularity every few moments until broad daylight. There are no nurses here, only ignorant *poilus*.

This afternoon I got a soldier as subject and tried the machine in the presence of several deeply attentive officers. Nothing doing. The breathing remained almost calm. Immense shrugs from all beholders. I do not see why it should work on animals and not on men. They brought me another man, a finely built youth, and intelligent. Another failure. This time the shrugs were so *exaltés* that I thought the spectators would put out their tongues at me. Then the soldier said, 'But, monsieur le major, my nose is still open.'

O clever youth! Inspired young man! The officer whose duty it was to stand guard at the nose had put the clip too high up. Ten hands reach the recalcitrant organ. I look to see the nose pulled off. But no. It successfully resists. This time it is stopped for sure. The youth announces thickly that he can breathe only through his mouth. The instrument is now applied to the mouth. Listening to the artery, I get for a base measurement a clear *bruit* just above the minimum normal blood-pressure. 'Commencez!' I cry. Off we go. In fifty seconds, he is pump-

ing merrily. The heart bounds. The blood-pressure goes up. Three cheers for *les États-Unis*. Bring back the first rebel. His nose is closed this time. It is all but squashed flat. Again a success. *Voilà! C'est fini*. Profuse thanks to the *expérimentés*. Conclusion: another triumphal demonstration that men are like dogs.

May 30. It remains now only to get a couple of smashed thighs with low blood-pressure. It is practically certain that we shall have a rise also with them. They may come in any minute. It is very calm to-day. No cannonade to speak of. This morning the Boches dropped three shells on the railway station about two minutes from here. But their aim was good; they did not hit us. Just above me is a hole in the roof through which a shell fell a few weeks ago. A fragment sailed out the front door, narrowly missing the *médecin chef*.

This waiting is slow work. I am writing in the big *pavillon de réception*. It was a soldiers' theatre. It is here that the sorting takes place. On the dirt floor, near my feet, lies a soldier on a stretcher. He has had a heavy thump on the chest and breathes with difficulty. Between us is a great brazier, half-full of red-hot coke. The air is keen to-day. Tea is to be served for me at four o'clock. As I speak English, they fear I should die without my tea. I wave my hands, but it is no use. After our dinner, we drink a hot decoction of the blossoms of the lime tree. They firmly believe that it helps the digestion. Who can refute it! The connection between faith and peristalsis is too strong to be denied.

The chief regrets that there are no women here. He thinks they would help the service. They would no doubt teach these *poilus* how to wash. Such dirt! The chief has lent me a clothes-brush. 'It is for the horse,' he explains,

'but I believe the brush for the horse is better for man than the brush of the shops.' *Mon avis*: I shall need a curry-comb soon.

May 31. To-day there were several cases of shock. I tried the respiratory machine. It did not work. All the muscles of these poor creatures were relaxed. Their lips would not close on the rubber mouthpiece. I am off for Paris to-morrow, to have made a frame enclosed in a kind of bag. The patient's head will go inside and carbon-dioxide gas will pass into the chamber from a pressure cylinder. The bag will be tied round the neck. The new device will have two advantages. First, the patient will have nothing to do but to breathe; he need not close his lips on a respiration tube. Second, the treatment need not be interrupted to wash out the apparatus with fresh air. There will be plenty of carbon dioxide and a hole can be left in the chamber, through which the patient will be able to get all the oxygen he needs. But probably, by the time that this apparatus has been made and tested, the fighting in this region will have quieted down, and it will then be necessary for me to go elsewhere.

My stay at the Massif de Moronvillers has been very profitable. I have demonstrated that the blood-pressure is not altered by a barrage fire said to be as violent as the worst in the great drive at Verdun. Further, I have myself examined more than a thousand wounded. Save a few wounds of the abdomen, in which the blood-vessels or their nerves in that great vascular region were probably directly injured, there has been no case of shock except after shell-fractures of the thigh and after multiple wounds through the subcutaneous fat. In these, closure of the capillaries by fat-globules is known to take place. This is strong support for my discovery that shock may be pro-

duced in animals by injecting fat into the veins.

As might have been expected, the making of the new apparatus in Paris in war-time was a slow business. When it was finished, I tested it at the Collège de France in the laboratory of my kind friend, Professor Gley. It worked very well. A wire frame covered with a thin caoutchouc bag enclosed the head. Carbon-dioxide gas passed into this bag from a pressure cylinder controlled by a regulating valve. On its way, the gas bubbled through a flask half filled with water. The rate of passage could be told by counting the bubbles. When the inspired air contained about three per cent of carbon dioxide, the subject's respiration was doubled and the blood-pressure was plainly greater. Sufficient fresh air was obtained through an opening in the bag.

By this time the fighting at the Massif de Moronvillers had sunk to the habitual offensive; there were no longer enough wounded at Mourmelon-le-Petit. As only one in a hundred casualties has shock, I needed at least one hundred wounded a day. Since the point at which attacks might be made could not be foretold, it was necessary to obtain *carte blanche* to go anywhere on the French front. For this I went to Grand General Headquarters at Compiègne.

I felt at home at Compiègne. Months before, the French government had made me consulting physiologist to the Carrel Hospital there. I walked again in the wonderful beechen forest. I stood upon the terrace of the Château, where Napoleon's Austrian bride had looked amazed along the entrancing vista, cut in one night through miles of billowing green by her all-powerful spouse. Compiègne fell to the Huns when the wave of invasion rolled over northern France. But they did not

harm the place. It was the Kaiser's plan, it is believed, to receive upon the celebrated terrace the submission of the dignitaries of France. Instead, one fateful day, during the battle of the Marne, there came over the wire words pregnant with the fate of civilization: 'Foch has pierced our centre. Fall back at once.'

In my former days at Compiègne, the great Château had been a sleepy place, almost deserted. It was now the seat of Grand General Headquarters. No doubt it would be profoundly altered. There would be many guards, a stream of officers coming and going, a crowd of automobiles, a rush of aides bearing messages. To my astonishment, it was scarcely changed. This centre of perhaps the greatest intellectual activity in the world was as quiet almost as the grave. A lonely sentinel guarded the iron gates. A single limousine stood within the court; the chauffeur drowsed in the warm June sun.

Madame C—— and I were admitted to a tiny room, economically boarded off from one of the salons. Presently a soldier led us up the ancient stairway to the third floor, where we traversed interminable corridors paved with brick. We passed door after door, each of which bore a white paper stating the name and business of the inhabitant. We met not a soul.

Finally, we arrived at the door we sought. We found within a pleasant officer at a large desk. He might have been writing his memoirs, so easy and good-natured was he. I stated my case, while my benevolent companion made signs behind my back that I was some kind of rare bird. Even the good are full of guile. The officer did not penetrate this aura. Next day I received a magic square of blue paper, giving me full powers and requiring every French officer to further my researches.

Returning to the Ministry of War, at Paris, on the Boulevard St. Germain, I obtained an order of transport, providing free passage and all civilities on the railways. A message was telephoned to the front, ordering a limousine and an officer to meet me at a certain station. The next day I departed, in the company of an enormous cylinder of carbon-dioxide gas. I reached a station near Soissons, where I was most politely conveyed to Division Headquarters. Here the general brought out a map on which were marked the *postes de secours*, the sorting hospitals, and other administrative details. Soon I found myself just behind the Chemin des Dames, welcomed by a friendly médecin chef, in private life Professor of Surgery at the University of Marseilles.

June 24. This is a hill country. The road to the Ambulance crosses a fold in one of these hills. On the left is a cliff, separated from the road by a narrow strip of ground holding a single line of low stone houses. On the right, a few others cling to the slope. It is Vauxtin. Below the village is a little valley containing barracks and stables. Beyond it the road rises to a rounded summit on which are the great tents of the hospital. It is almost a motor-ambulance. There are electric-light generators mounted upon an auto truck. There is an automobile dove-cote, with homing pigeons. The tents, with the exception of those used for operating-rooms, have dirt floors. There is good air, much sunshine, a wide view, a large and competent staff. The surgical results are excellent.

The staff sleep in the village — in caves dug in the cliff. I live in a house. It has a small courtyard, shut from the road by a wall. There is a wide gateway, closed by iron doors. Upon this yard open sheds in which are cows, swine, poultry, pigs, and rabbits. In

the centre is a dunghill, a pool of liquid manure, and several indolent open drains. My room has a dirty brick floor, dirty walls with great cobwebs, and a dirty duvet, of a color once red. The sheets are coarse but clean. There is no soap-dish, no towel, no anything but a small, battered tin basin and a rusty tin water-can. The door will not lock, or even latch. Two dogs, three cats, and all the chickens, wander at intervals through the manure and into the chamber of the interesting stranger. The cats find the duvet comforting.

I am writing on our mess-table in the adjoining courtyard. We eat in the open, protected from rain by some flimsy tarred paper. Near my bench is a rabbit-hutch. Two large and fluffy hens, each with many chicks, are trying to teach me how to manage a family. I should be more interested if they would show me how it is that my family manages me. The proprietors of this court are a wrinkled, leathery couple who are evidently moved by the example of the prudent Noah; they seem to have at least one pair of each species of animal indigenous to these parts. Their owners think that, pending the arrival of the flood, it would be a waste of energy to clean the court. Our supper consisted of onion soup, omelette soufflé, hash in slabs, green peas, lettuce salad, confiture, toasted war-bread, and coffee.

At ten o'clock, the apparatus was tried on the médecin chef. If he does not complain, the soldiers will not. The experiment goes smoothly and the chief is entirely comfortable.

June 25. It is nine o'clock, and I am sitting at the door of my shock tent, writing on my knee. I was called at 5.45 A.M. and worked without food till 1 P.M. Then an hour for dinner, and after this more work till 8 P.M. Then supper and a pipe, and here I am.

We have had five cases of shock.

Three recovered; one was hopeless from the start; and the fifth could not be treated — constant vomiting and hemorrhage. A day full of dreadful sights. The battles here are fiercely fought; there are more than ten German divisions on our immediate front. The carbon-dioxide treatment is undoubtedly an advantage. Probably it is of considerable advantage. Just how much, can be determined only after many observations. But at least a forward step has been taken.

Yesterday I went for a walk to the end of our plateau, separated by a few miles from the Chemin des Dames. It was dusk. The flashes of the guns, the flares, and the smoke-clouds were all visible. Many years ago, the ladies of the French court had villas there and used to drive along the Chemin des Dames to get the view from the long, high ridge.

We had a grand lunch to-day. Tuffier and his aide were guests. The smoke from the green wood of the cook's fire mercifully deadened our capacity to smell his stove five feet away and the manure-pool ten feet away. After all, the rich agricultural aroma of rabbit and of cow is not so bad. The wrinkled peasants, proprietors of this demesne, enjoy these ancestral odors.

Pomona loved the straw-built shed,
Warm with the breath of kine.

The old dame has stolen out to catch a glimpse of the great surgeon. She stands with bared head before a plastered wall, on which a vine has drawn a pattern of classic beauty.

The lunch is interesting. An officer tells us his experience at Verdun. He might be describing the barrage on Mont Blond. I am comforted. He at least will know that I have spoken truth. Our feast had reached the cheese, eaten in the hope that its sharp

savor may correct our earlier excesses, when the air fills with a series of loud bangs mixed with the barking of pom-poms. A Boche is trying to hit the barracks and stables down the slope of the hill. Last week sixteen horses were killed by a single bomb. This time the aviator is missing his mark. His bombs are falling at the edge of the low cliff above our heads. Our party leaves more or less hastily for the shelters under the cliff. The sensible ones run. Tuffier and I walk. After a minute or two we conclude that our German friend has done, and we sit down again. Our waiter fetches a jagged piece of steel which had struck about four feet from the plank on which rest my poor old bones at meal-time. I have saved the piece for daughter. But don't be alarmed. This is a quiet enough place. All the hills are bearing haycocks. The fields are poorly cared for, naturally, but there seems, nevertheless, much precious fodder.

Last night it rained, but to-day has been fine and cool. I hated to spend the long, sunny hours in an intolerably hot little room over the remains of what was once a whole man. The wounded are so patient, poor dears.

June 27. After writing you yesterday, I went almost at once to bed. It was still light. The cows and the chickens were at rest, but the peasants were cackling and soldiers and ambulances were constantly passing my open window. This window is three feet above an open drain at the side of the road. Nevertheless, I was soon asleep — fortunately, because at two o'clock a rat-

tle at the shutter and a hoarse voice called me to a shock case. I dressed hurriedly and stumbled up the dark hill to the ambulance. I found the surgeons just bandaging the stump of an amputated thigh. The man was pulseless. The head surgeon turned him over to me — they always do: the more desperate the case, the more pleased they are to bestow him on some one else. The man was taken to my tent and all the surgeons stood by to see what would happen. He was placed head down on a sloping table. Six large electric lights were arranged between him and his blanket. The mask was put over his head and the carbon dioxide turned on. In three minutes his pulse reappeared. Every one was much pleased.

I am anxious to get back to Paris to try out a new idea, an electrical method for raising the blood-pressure.

It is not my purpose to give an account of the busy weeks that followed and the long series of experiments in the laboratories of the Collège de France. The harvest was, as usual, a pennyworth of new truth in an intolerable deal of disappointment.

In August, I sailed for my own country, bearing with me the certainty that the carbon-dioxide respiration treatment of shock was at least of some advantage.

The voyage home was exciting. It was given chiefly to playing chess with a submarine officer. He maintained the high traditions of the United States Navy. I was usually beaten.

(The End)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE AUTHOR AS CRITIC

UNDER cover of the blessed anonymity of the Contributor's Club, I hope to have space to say something which touches me nearly. I have that to say which cannot be signed. Yet I distinctly want to say it.

I spent certain years of my youth in an academic post where it was not only my privilege, but my duty, to sit in the seat of the scornful. It was my business, that is, to recommend to the young of my own sex such authors and works as seemed, to my slightly greater experience of literature, worth while. I was paid a living wage for being a highbrow. And I was a highbrow: so completely one that I could with impunity confess to the most frivolous undergraduate my keen delight in a good detective story. It was perfectly well known that I took an equally keen delight in seventeenth-century prose.

Now the miles are many between me and Arcadia. I no longer occupy that academic post. I am no longer paid for being a highbrow. It is not of the slightest official importance what I think, either of Hooker or of Maurice Leblanc. Of course, I did not know, when I was there, that it was Arcadia. Arcadia is always a place that you have left. Let me explain why I now know that, in truth, it was.

While I was being a critic at so many hours a day, I could say what I thought. In fact, the more literature one scorned, the better highbrow one was. Oh, Academe *is* Arcadia! I was free to admit that I did not consider Thomas Hardy absolutely first-rate, because we all knew what 'first-rate'

meant. It meant first-rate, from the point of view, as nearly as we could get it, of Time itself. I might point out to a class the value of De Quincey's prose, and at the same time condemn some of his more obvious artificialities. I could say that Thackeray was a snob — and prove it. I could give it as my opinion that Mr. Chesterton was usually very clever, sometimes very silly, often very illogical. I was at perfect liberty to denounce the literary product of the day — for a highbrow is not supposed to be very enthusiastic about his contemporaries. And certainly no one expected me to like the things in the magazines. Yes, it was Arcadia.

Now I had naïvely supposed that, imperfect though one's own perceptions and judgments may be, one's right to standards as rigid as one can make them was unassailable. Such is not, I find, the case.

A few years ago, I began to 'write' — worse, to publish. I have, since I began, published quite a bit of stuff of my own. It did not occur to me, when I blithely began, that, because my own work was being printed, I must straightway give up the privilege of saying what I honestly felt about other people's work. Why, because I write plays myself, — I do not write plays, — should it be forbidden me to say that I do not personally enjoy seeing the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw? Why, because I write verse myself, — I do not write verse, — is it unpardonable of me to say that I do not care for the irregular margins of Miss Amy Lowell? Yet so it is. The moment one 'writes' one's self, one must not presume to criticize any one else who writes. Not

so much, either, because of manners, as because an author is not supposed to utter a word about any work of art save one that he can obviously better himself. That is: unless my own novels are as good as Paul Bourget's, I may not say that Paul Bourget is second-rate — even though, in the same breath, I make myself clear by saying that Balzac is first-rate. It may never have occurred to me that my own novels were anything like so good as Paul Bourget's; but every one will say that I think they are better. Every one will at once leap to compare my work with his, to the great detriment of mine. In other words, you must give up your standards, if you are going to write anything yourself — or else keep the silence of the grave about them.

I have had bitter experience. I know whereof I speak. Because I once — in answer to earnest solicitation — ventured to express my opinion about a certain author (my opinion appeared in print) I was deluged with attack. Editorials, letters to the newspapers, anonymous letters addressed to me personally. The burden of them all was: did I think that my insignificant product could be matched with the work of that great man? My own insignificant product had never occurred to me in that connection. I judged him, as I supposed any enlightened person did, from what I knew about the achievements of the great masters in his *genre*. In a class-room, it would have been a simple duty to attack him, if discussion of him had come up. But because I 'write,' I have lost all claim to my fastidiousness.

Yet we all listen to critics, and some of us take some of them seriously. And very few of our most famous critics do creative work of their own. There is no reason to suppose that, if they took to novel- or verse- or play-writing, they would be any better at it than Sainte-

Beuve, let us say, or Jules Lemaître, at their 'creative' work. Matthew Arnold wrote good poetry; but he did not write so good poetry as Shelley or Byron or Wordsworth, all of whom he freely criticized. Ought he and these other gentlemen to have held their critical tongues forever because they wrote, themselves, second-rate fiction and poetry and plays? No sane person really thinks so; for any sane person knows that the greatest critical acuteness does not necessarily involve the least creative ability — that the two things are quite separate. We cannot silence all our critics because we suspect that they could not write as good novels, say, as the novelists they criticize.

Now, it is very easy to say that each had better stick to his own *métier* — let the critic criticize and the author write. As a rule, that would not be such a bad thing — though we should lose if we applied it, retrospectively, to Dante, for example, or Ben Jonson. But in just one way the rule would be certain to work perniciously. For whether or not the possession of a rigid literary standard tremendously improves the creative work of an author, it is certain that the lack of literary standards is, in the end, bad for our authors. The public seems to take it as an assertion of arrogance that a poet or a novelist should have a poor opinion of the product of any other poet or novelist. In fact, if X says of Y that he is not so great as Shakespeare, people leap to the conclusion that X considers himself as great as Shakespeare, and proceed to sit on him. And unless X is Mr. Bernard Shaw, they are probably mistaken in their conclusion.

Nothing makes more for humility than to keep the great works constantly in one's mind; just as nothing makes more for conscientious work on one's own part. That fact is assumed in Arcadia-Academe; that is why Arcadia-

Academe is such bad preparation for the market-place. In Arcadia we assumed — over-optimistically, no doubt — that all writing folk were doing their best — perfectly conscious, meanwhile, that there were infinite grades of goodness in their heterogeneous achievement. And certainly it never occurred to any of us that it could ever conceivably be our duty, if we ourselves came to 'write,' to criticize our fellow toilers any less rigidly than we did ourselves. It would not, perhaps, be the best manners for a novelist to spend all his leisure time in pouring insults on the heads of other novelists, even on the assumption that he deserved his own insults equally with them. But the present public attitude amounts to muzzling.

Surely it is not right that a man who is working hard at writing should be expected to abandon forever all his critical sense about writing in general. For it is not merely uttering the criticism that people object to: they object to its being mentally made. And I feel sure that it would be better for us all if we had things out, on the basis of common intellectual standards, in the Arcadian — the academic — spirit. It is inconceivable to me that, if any one wrote an essay on my work (I certainly do not expect that any one ever will), he should be rigid with me only in case he had never himself written my kind of thing, but should lay himself out in meaningless and dishonest flattery, if he had happened to print a few pages, himself, in the *genre* that I affect.

It is strange that an editor ever asks an author to write him a literary essay. But it is one of the seven wonders of the world that an author ever does it.

THE PERILS OF TELEPATHY

The present period is marked by an increasing distrust of science. We are waking up to the fact that some of the

fairest provinces of uncertainty are threatened by the invasion of accurate knowledge. The encroachments of scientific exactness upon guesswork are so insidious, that unless we strengthen our defenses in time, we may lose some of our trustiest strongholds. We have been used to view one spot as well nigh impregnable to clear understanding, and that spot is our own self. For a good many æons we have lived along comfortably, each in a sturdy tower, divining each other's interior only by fallible peepholes, and communicating, when we care to communicate, by means of safe little subterfuges called words. We have been reasonably secure from approach by earth, air, or sea. The whole fabric of society is built on the assumption that we can never get at each other, never really know what our next-door neighbor is up to.

It is about time that some one noticed that science is plotting a descent upon this pleasant privacy. If we flatter ourselves that we are going to be allowed to think our own thoughts in isolation, it is high time that we listened to some of the threatening voices that go unheeded. I quote one such, which advocates introducing to this mortal scene the chief inconvenience incident to post-mundane existence.

'One could communicate with extraordinary swiftness and ease by imagination alone. Talk soul to soul, as it were. It is a simple trick and can be practiced between human beings while on earth, and is indeed the best form of conversation.'

Do we actually fail to perceive the audacity of the menace implied? The mere indecorousness of naked sincerity is the least of the evils that telepathy will let loose upon us. Courtesy could not exist in a world where people perfectly understood each other. Our manners are none too good as it is, but how the beast and the boor in all of us.

would break forth if never controlled by the effort to appear more polite than we feel! If the thoughts, for example, of guest and host were utterly undressed, the one before the other, how long would the gentle amenities of hospitality survive? Who would have the courage to go to a dinner if he had to endure the clatter of people's thoughts about him pounding their way into his brain? Yet in the passage just quoted telepathy is actually advocated as a practice to be encouraged! Fortunately most of us are still so clumsy at it that we are not ready to forego the use of the tongue when we wish to speak; yet at times we are so shortsighted as to deprecate the use of words. Let us, rather, cheerfully continue not to understand each other, mindful how much worse off we should be if we *did* understand.

Although telepathy has not yet come into popular social usage, we occasionally meet people not ashamed to exhibit it as an accomplishment. Such people are most discouraging to conversation. When a person knows what we are going to say before we say it, the effort of expression seems futile; the racy epithet, the felicitous phrase go unspoken. There would presently be no *bons mots* to be quoted; life would not be enlivened by the twinkling passage of repartee, that light rebound of thought and word, striking against surfaces they cannot pierce. When there are no walls for talk to knock against, and no gates to be opened or shut to other people's penetration, the art of conversation will die, and social intercourse be reduced to a fatuous smirking at each other's faces—or perhaps to a fierce clawing of them, when the thoughts of all hearts shall be revealed.

The universal employment of telepathic communication would do away with another prerogative of society, the right to gossip. In our present im-

perfect means of knowledge, everybody presents a different aspect to everybody else. To gossip is to bring forward for discussion all the data each observer has gathered; it is a comparison of various angles of misunderstanding tending to diffuse unenlightenment and thus to protect the person under examination from an intrusively accurate analysis. Now, if his soul were presented in the same crystalline fidelity to each of us, he himself would neither enjoy privacy of spirit, nor we our game of guessing.

If telepathy were once established as being what its advocates claim, 'the best form of conversation,' several established arts, several enjoyable diversions, would fall into immediate desuetude. Novels and plays would cease to be written. Romance and drama are constructed on the assumption that we can never really know one another's thoughts, combined with the illusion that we *can* if we try. We go to the play, we go to the book, because we delight to observe the infinite permutations and combinations of impact arising from the truth that people cannot read each other's purposes. If the puppets on the stage—the playhouse stage and the world stage equally—all knew each other's intentions, there would immediately result, for the actors, the paralysis of the plot, and for the audience, all the boredom of omniscience. It is because none of us can tell where other people want to go that we bump into them. Telepathy would introduce the possibility of precaution and thus deprive life of its chief stimulus, unforeseen contact. What we enjoy in a novel is seeing how the author is going to steer his characters to their goal when they are continually being shoved away from it by collisions. In a wretched Utopia, where everybody understood everybody else, there would be no fun in either reading or writing,

and literature would languish and disappear.

What keeps life going is that it keeps us guessing. Our pet vanity is our power to divine character. Human idiosyncracies are a mystery forever alluring and forever eluding. Now telepathy proposes to come in and reform all this, proposes to teach us how to read souls as easily as spelling-books. Science has the effrontery to present the innovation as ushering in a millennium. I have no desire to go marching into a privacy that bewitches me with invitation so long as I merely peep. Suppose I should find only dust and emptiness in rooms now magic with surmise!

I have shown how a system of telepathic communication would disrupt our social life and destroy the literature constructed to reflect that life. There are, however, two darker and deeper dangers incident to letting everybody use the aerial apparatus. If the introduction of telepathy would undermine social intercourse, it would absolutely annul solitude. The wings of the dove could never outdistance the impudent wings of the wireless. Anybody who wished could send his thoughts forth to investigate anybody else's nest in the wilderness. Privacy would rapidly become a prehistoric privilege. Solitude is the chief support of the affections: it would be impossible to love your fellow man if you knew you could never get away from him.

Last and most painful peril of all: it is not only my own and my neighbor's retirement that I would preserve impenetrable to mutual invasion: but there are other regions I do not wish to enter with any clear certainty, the skyward chambers of my own high tower of secrecy, where I sometimes entertain a mysterious visitor. If telepathy taught me the language of the spirit, I might inadvertently learn to under-

stand my own. Let not science be so sacrilegious. When I loaf and invite my own soul, I want the guest to come to me without any telepathic eavesdropping on the part of other people, and without any profaning analysis on my own part. Let no telepathy interrupt my communing with that august presence, my own soul.

FLETCHERIZING IN LITERATURE

We are all of us familiar with the teachings, if not with the actual writings, of Mr. Horace Fletcher. Moreover, most of us believe those teachings, in substance, to be true. To our shame, however, it must probably be confessed that few of us practice them with any degree of faithfulness. The principles which, between meals, seem acceptable as well as sound, are apt to vanish suddenly when we sit down to a substantial feast, and feel ourselves equipped to do it justice. When the grim form of indigestion steals toward us under cover of the night, however, and we awake to feel his grasp upon our vitals, we resolve henceforth to Fletcherize. The master of mastication, we decide, shall have another faithful and obedient disciple.

It is not given to many men — or women either — to lend their name to a popular cause or movement of reform. But this is a distinction which belongs to Mr. Fletcher. Whether he deserves the honor or not, is another matter. There is no new thing under the sun, and we have it on the authority of the omnivorous Macaulay that the famous Count Rumford unfolded to the Elector of Bavaria a very practical scheme for economizing on the rations of his soldiers. The plan of the scientific count was very simple. The soldiers were to be compelled 'to masticate their food thoroughly.' For, said the man of science, a century and more ago, 'a small

quantity of food thus eaten would afford more sustenance than a large meal hastily devoured.'

Whether or not the Elector of Bavaria acted upon Count Rumford's counsel, history does not say. Perhaps he lacked compelling power over the jaws of his soldiers, and kept on over-feeding them. The Kaiser, however, might issue orders as to the amount of mastication to be applied to bread and sausages in the army and among civilians, and so solve, in part, the present lack of food-supply in Germany. One wonders that it has not been considered, and I hesitate to write these words lest they furnish the Teutons with a weapon whereby to nullify in part the blockade which England has established.

It is a poor teaching, however, which does not apply to more than one of life's departments. Adaptability is a law of life as well as an attribute of genius. Man does not live by bread alone. The mind is fed by books. I want to suggest, therefore, that we need another Mr. Fletcher to apply this doctrine, not to the dining-room, but to the reading-room; and not merely to the pantry shelves, but to the shelves of our public libraries. There is a form of literary gluttony prevalent at the present time, which is positively distressing, and which bodes ill for the mental health of coming generations. In our schools and colleges, stuffing is mistaken for studying, and cramming for learning; while among the public generally, skimming takes the place of careful reading, and reading comes to be a substitute for thought.

Mental health would certainly be promoted if people should select carefully a few good viands and chew them thoroughly. Many people complain, for instance, of their wretched memories. They read a book this week and have forgotten all about it the next. Perhaps it is well at times that they

should forget it. Perhaps there was nothing in it worth remembering. But the process is not wholesome. We remember things when we have cause to think about them; without careful thought there is nothing for memory to lay hold upon.

We cannot, of course, lay down any hard-and-fast rule in regard to things like these; nor did Mr. Fletcher himself seek to do so in setting forth his famous system. 'One person,' he declared, 'may dispose of a morsel of bread in thirty mastications so that the last vestige of it has disappeared by involuntary process into the stomach. Another person, of similar general health and appearance, selecting as nearly as possible an equal morsel of bread, may require fifty acts of mastication before the morsel disappears. The next week, by some change of conditions, this order may be reversed.' The methodical Mr. Gladstone, who was no less punctilious at the dinner-table than he was at his desk, found saving grace in the number thirty-two. 'Chew each morsel of food at least thirty-two times,' was the mathematical announcement that he made to the world, as solemnly as if he were dealing with an item in a national budget.

But, as Mr. Fletcher well remarked in referring to the English statesman's rule, 'the dictum has little value except as a general suggestion. Some morsels will not resist thirty-two mastications, while others will defy seven hundred.' He himself had found, so he tells us, that 'one-fifth of an ounce of the mid-way section of the garden young onion, sometimes called "challot," has required seven hundred and twenty-two mastications before disappearing through involuntary swallowing. After the tussle, however, the young onion left no odor upon the breath, and joined the happy family in

the stomach as if it had been of corn-starch softness and consistency.'

Much the same, of course, may be said of books and the amount of study they require. Some pieces of writing are like the 'challot,' while others are quickly and easily disposed of. There can be no doubt, however, as regards the general value of the Fletcherizing process. It is thus that men have always disciplined themselves and attained to mental strength. We all know how it was with Lincoln, for example, and how it likewise was with Franklin. What seemed the early disadvantages of these men — their lack of many books — became their best and most effective means of education. They digested thoroughly the little literary food they had. In the scanty library of Franklin's father was a copy of Plutarch's *Lives* which the youthful Benjamin 'read abundantly,' chewing its chapters many times. His real education began, however, when he met with 'an odd volume of the *Spectator*.' He bought it: read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. Moreover, he adds in his Autobiography, 'I thought the writing excellent, and wished if possible to imitate it.' Whereupon he began the wholesome process of reading certain of the articles, putting them aside, and, after a few days, endeavoring to reproduce them in his own words, following out the general sentiments as he remembered them.

There was education for you! And it was the kind of education which the wisest nearly always have pursued in building up a wholesome digestion and educating taste as well as style. Demosthenes, for instance, — to give a classic instance, — is said to have copied out the entire History of Thucydides six times, in order thoroughly to familiarize himself with the matter and the manner of the great historian.

Moreover, Fletcherizing such as this

is not only good for the digestion, curing flatulency and building up substantial tissue, but it promotes, as well, the pleasures of the palate. One gets the whole taste out of the food absorbed. Count Rumford knew and stated this fact, too, before the days of our modern prophet. In his essay on Food he wrote, 'The idea of occupying a person a great while, and affording him much pleasure at the same time, in eating a small quantity of food, may perhaps appear ridiculous to some; but those who consider the matter attentively will perceive that it is very important.'

But its importance from a dietary point of view is incommensurate with what it has to teach us in regard to the joys of literature. One need not follow Ruskin's advice and read 'word by word, and syllable by syllable, and even letter by letter'; but there is a satisfaction in dwelling upon sentences and tasting their hidden meanings, with which the passing pleasures of the palate cannot be compared.

This truth is one of which we were reminded in that delicately shaded little story entitled 'Nothing,' which appeared at some time in the *Atlantic*. A blind woman was made to speak, and what she said revealed the depth and clearness of the author's insight into things of this kind. Her words were these, and they may be earnestly recommended to many people who imagine that they see: 'By taking plenty of time I managed to learn some books by heart: and I found it was much more interesting to sit and think about one paragraph for an hour, than to read twenty pages. Even a few words are enough. Take "Be still, and know that I am God"; or, "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace." There's no end to those sentences.'

Nor is there. But, at the present time, the sad fact is that many people hardly make a beginning on them.